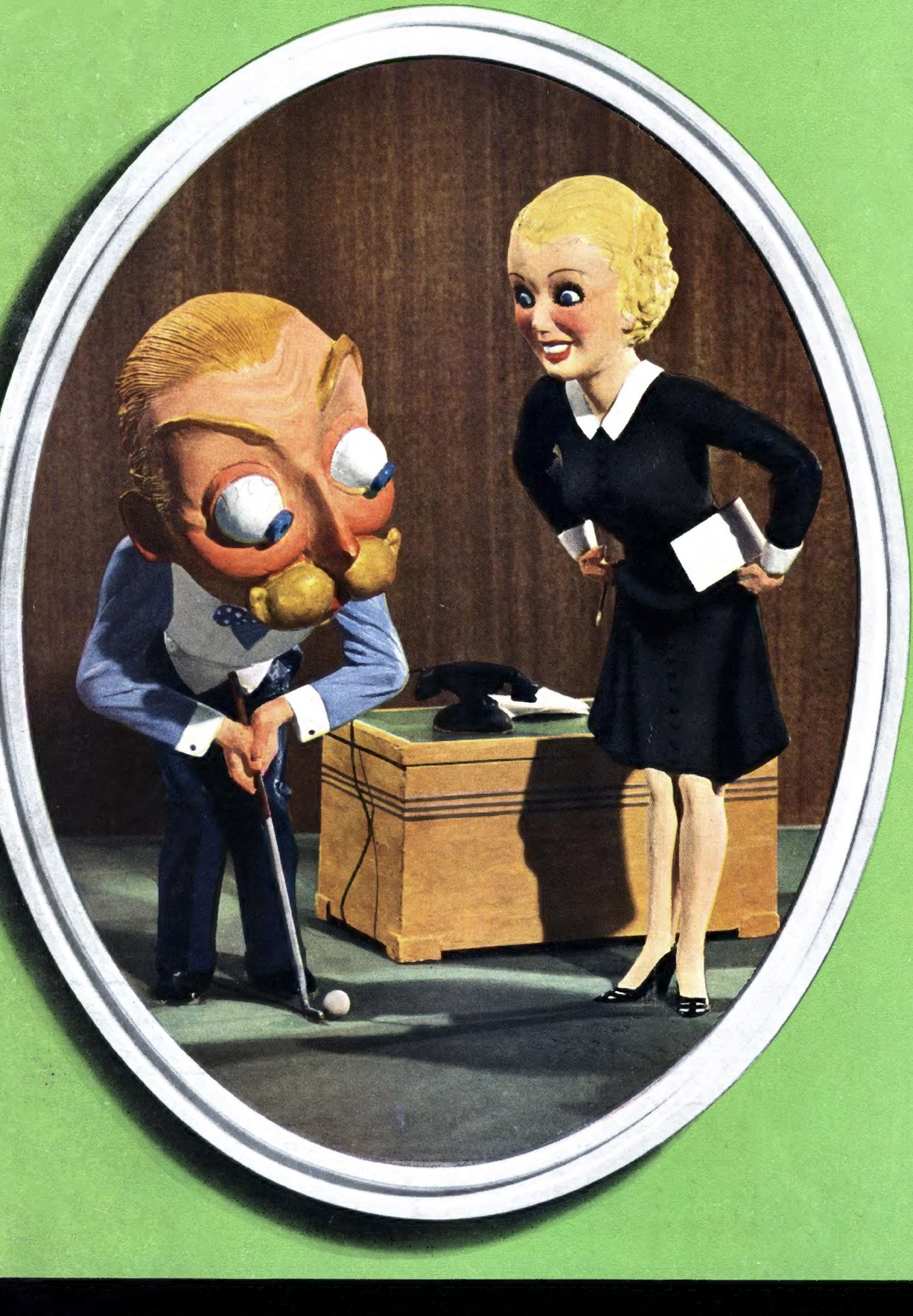
Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JUNE
1937



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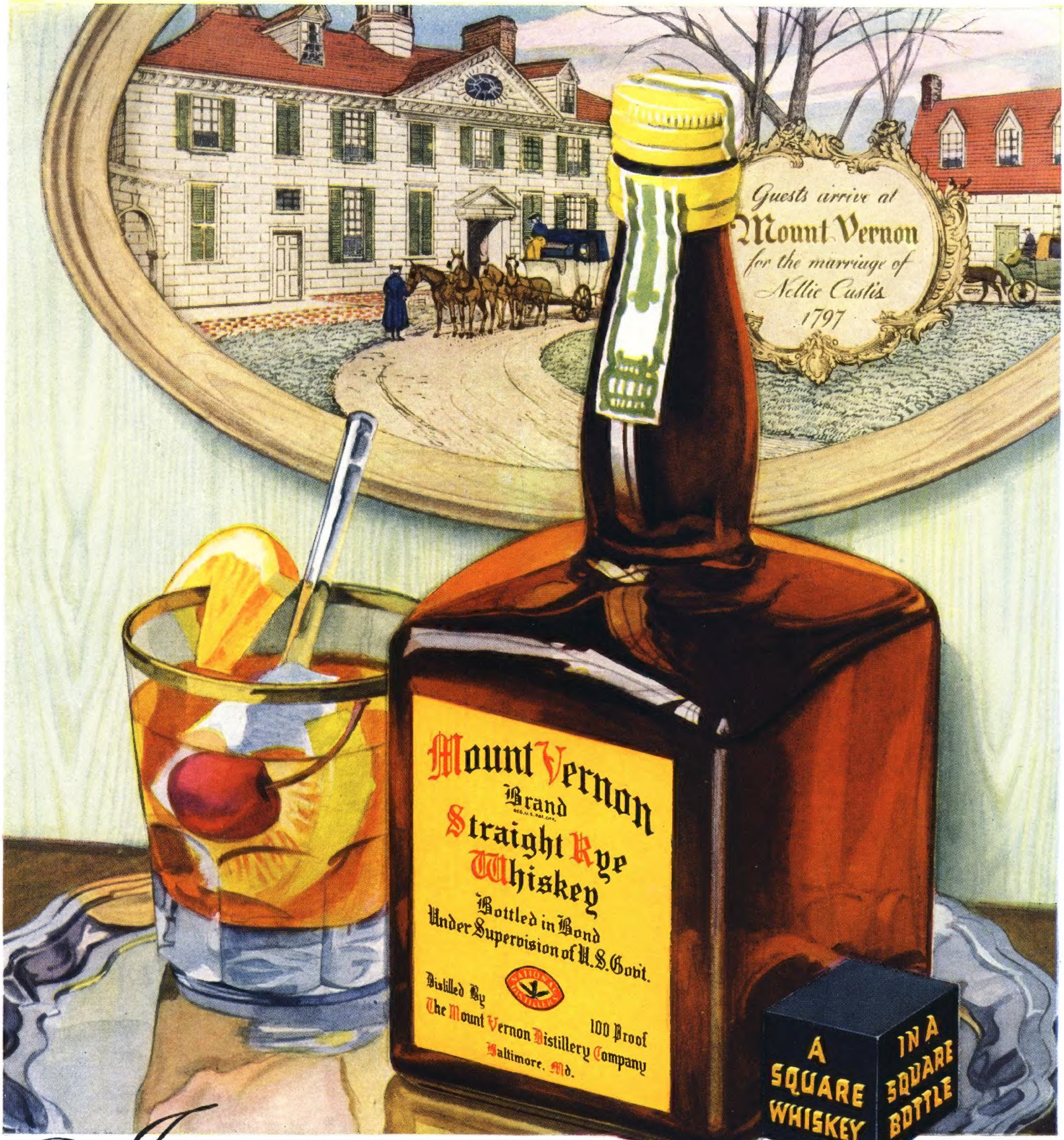
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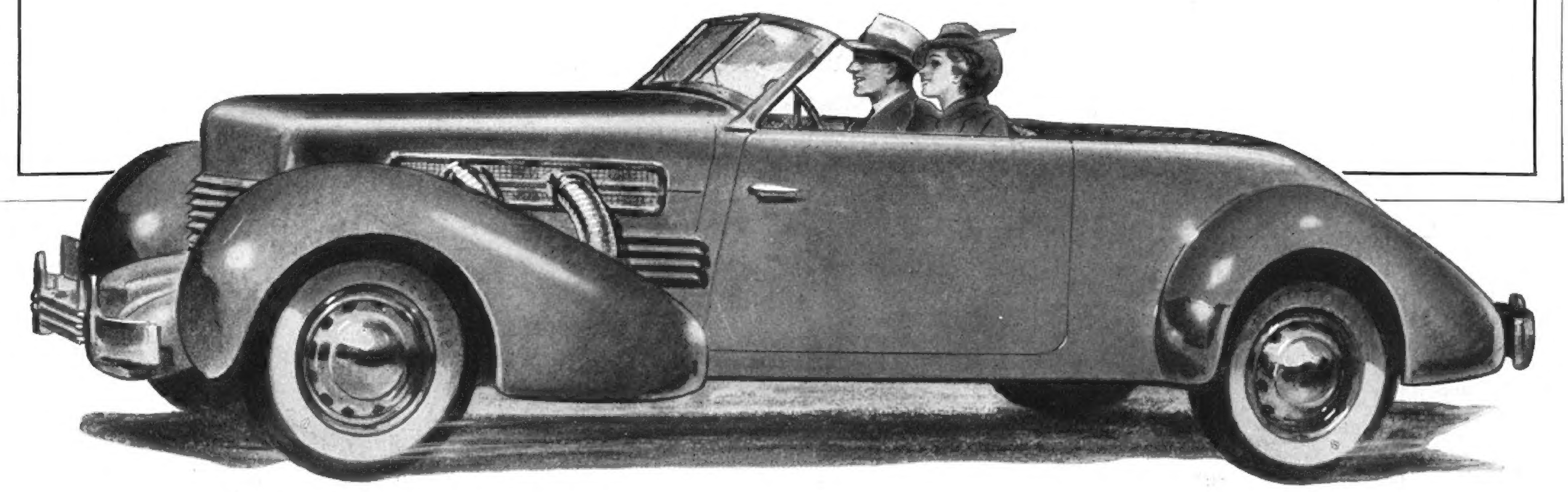

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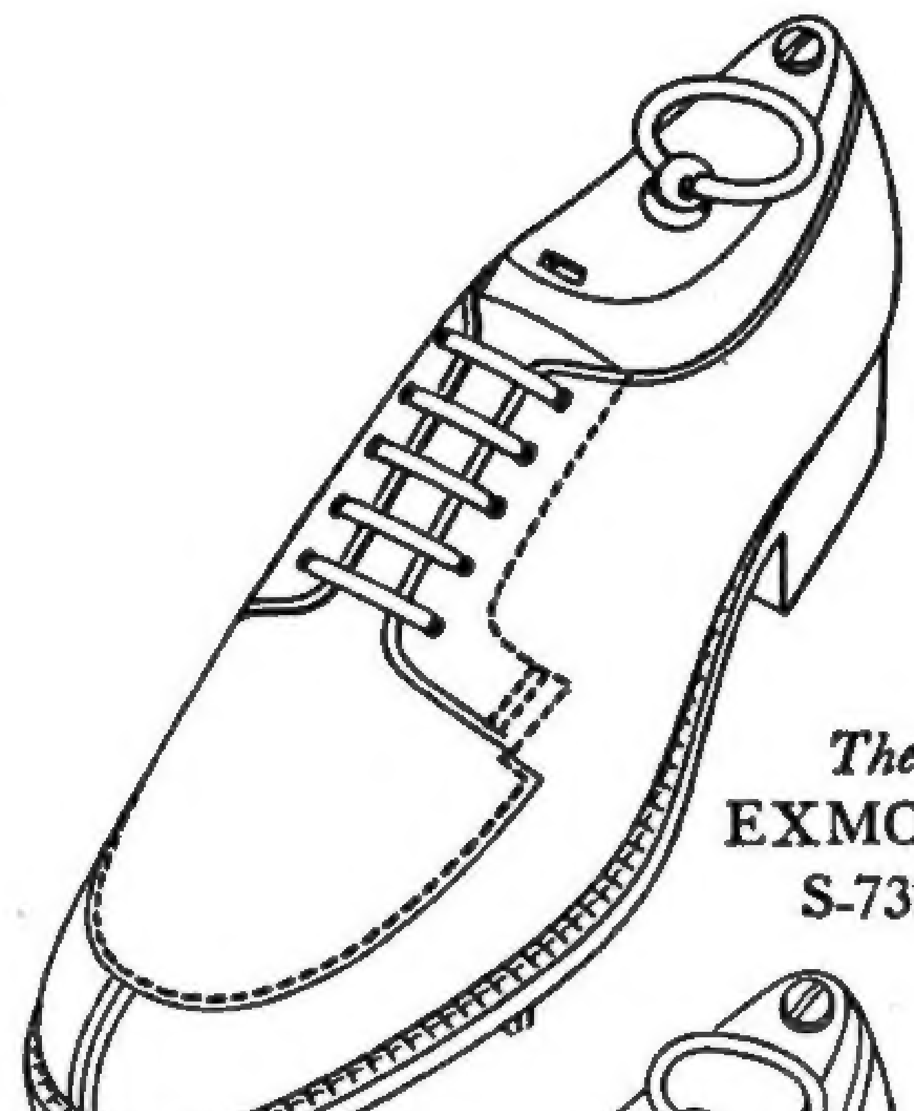

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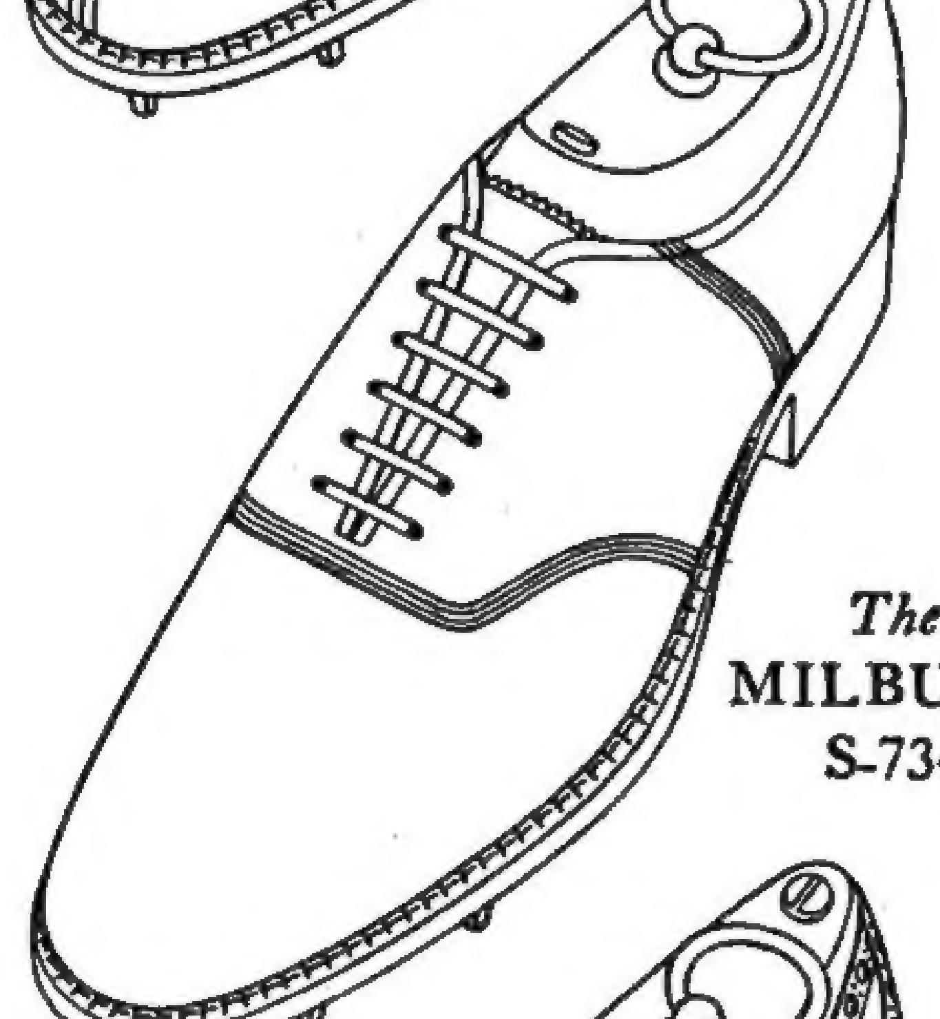

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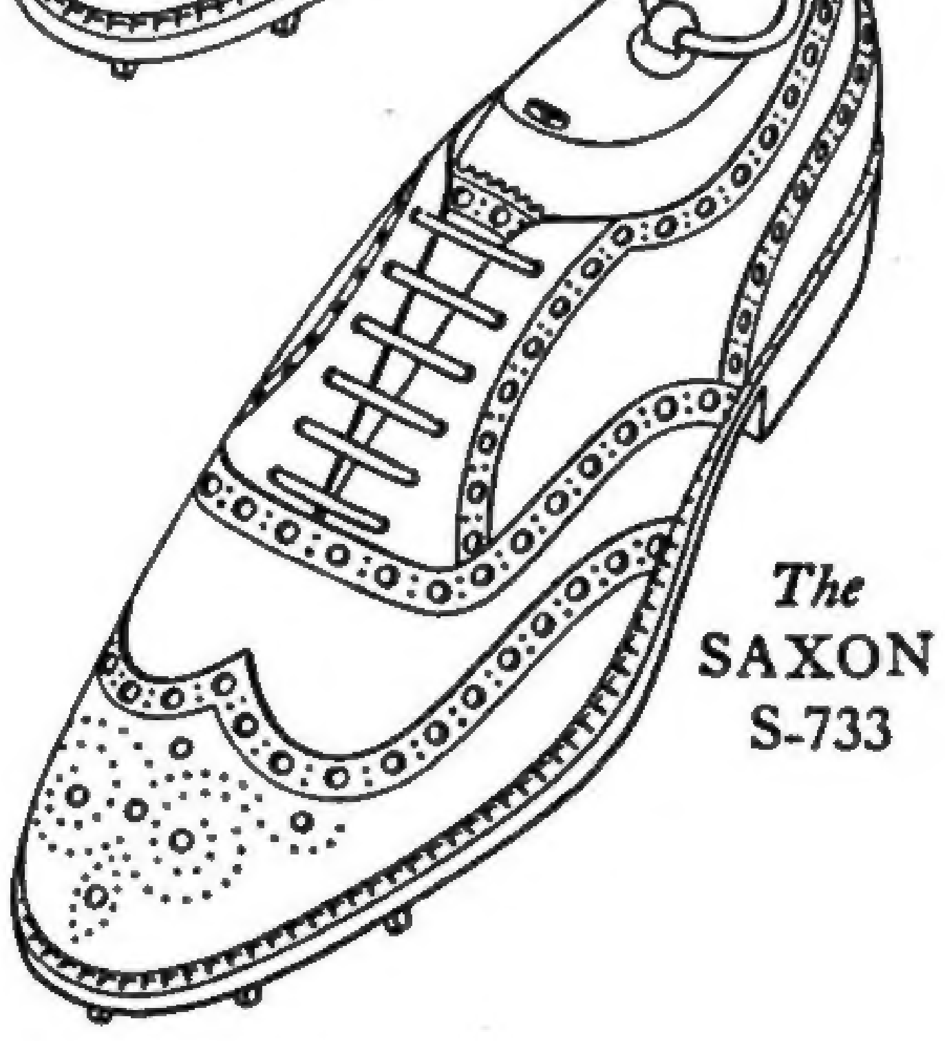

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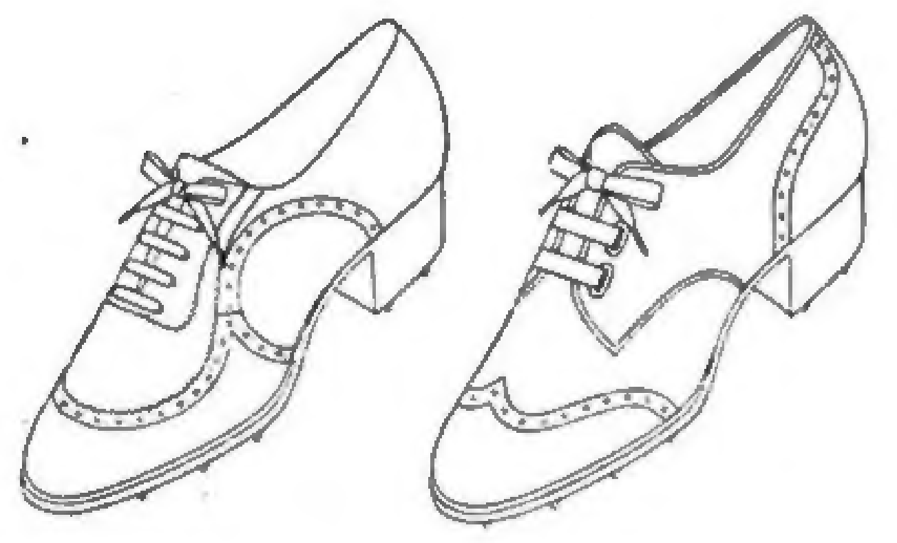

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Edited
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Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
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Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches....
by Fellows, Goodman, and Stewart-Heidgerd beginning on page 116

Art Director: Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

A Farewell to the Lead-off Man

It has now and again been suggested that this space has too often been put to purposes of bragging. Remembering how we have so often used it up with coy remarks about the rapid and sustained growth of Esq's circulation, and about the arm load of magazine money's worth we give you every month including the summer, and about how the advertisers could come in if they felt like it but would have to sit quietly on the sidelines and never try to start running the readers' show, and about what fair-haired boys our Discoveries of the Month are and what Big Names we've bagged to stuff and mount and display on our Table of Contents listing due north of this space . . . remembering all that, we're inclined to agree that perhaps we have beaten our chests too often in this space. Perhaps it would be in better taste to reverse our usual procedure. Maybe, instead of sounding off all the time about what we have accomplished in acquiring this or that vastly wonderful new feature, we ought to turn this little corner into a quiet confessional nook, and talk about the ones that got away. For instance, there's that piece of prolonged unfinished business, the old Hemingway matter.

Ernest doesn't live here any more. And we see no point in any false pride about refusing to admit it. It isn't divorce, at least not yet. It does look like desertion, or maybe abandonment's the word. It isn't, so far as we know, Another Magazine. And there's always the chance that he might even come back. Maybe an off-chance.

We're not saying he won't be back. And the key is under the Welcome mat on the doorstep. But we're sick of trying to keep up appearances about this thing. We've been left, that's all. He's been gone ten months now and two or three times in that interval we've tried to explain that he had just stepped out and would be back any minute. Well, maybe he will still. And maybe he won't. Two more issues makes it an even year since he left us, with *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, in a blaze of glory. It may be a year and it may be forever.

For the magazine's first two years he was its most conscientious contributor. He had to send his copy in from all over the world and he never let us down. He more than once chartered planes to reach a point where he could dispatch his piece in time to make our monthly deadline. He began with us before the magazine even had a name, before it was even assured of a future. And for those first two years he was in there swinging every time it was his turn at bat. The worst he ever did was a neat single over the first baseman's head. Usually he hit for extra bases. And that was at that stage of the game when hits meant runs. To prolong the simile a bit, we were strictly a rookie bunch, and bush league at that, when he joined us. In the training camp period, before our awkward squad took to the road for its first season, he took a lot of the kinks out of us, smoothed off some of our worst amateur roughnesses and saw to it that we greeted the stands with something of the semblance of pros. He was in there when we needed him and as long as we needed him. He never needed us.

He remains what he was when he first lent his colors to our masthead, our favorite novelist for *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms*, our favorite short story writer for *Men Without Women* and *In Our Time*, our favorite writing-sportsman for *Death in the Afternoon* and *Green Hills of Africa*. We hear he's finished a book since he left us. And now he's in Spain. There he shares with his friend Jay Allen a tie for first place as our favorite correspondent. Spain is just an interval and an interlude, his peculiar conception of a vacation. Beyond it lie his best work and his best years.

He helped us. We're not sure that we helped him. But we're pretty sure he's too big to be either helped or hurt. The magazine may be the same to you without him. It isn't to us. It's bigger than ever, as you can see. And the sales, the only guide we've got, say it's better too. That's fine. We're happy, if you're satisfied. If it's all the same to you, that's swell. But it isnt the same to us. And we think that a magazine, unlike an individual, can never be too big to be either helped or hurt. Lord knows this one has survived moves of ours that looked more hurtful than helpful, and flourishes like the proverbial green bay tree. There have been times when it has seemed to profit the largest from our most awkward mistakes. But we wander now from our point, which is that Hemingway's gone. But not forgotten.

ESQUIRE
June, 1937
T. M.
Reg.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Departments, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America and South America, $5.00; Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. VII, No. 6
Whole No. 43
T. M.
Reg.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

WOOF!

I had about made up my mind that I would not buy another copy of Esquire because of its utter lack of versatility. Each copy is exactly like the preceding one. The ignorant and offensive article by Lawrence Martin entitled *A Report on Man's Best Friend* clinched the matter. This should really come under the heading of "sap-tire" rather than satire as it is both sappy and tiresome. You really ought to forward a copy of this article to the people who conduct "The Seeing Eye," a school at Morristown, N. J., where German Shepherd dogs are trained to serve the blind. I am certain this institution and its blind patrons would appreciate it.

I suppose that writing this puts me in the category of the unsportsmanlike protestants (*e. g.* the Latins) but I feel that the poor sportsmanship is on the part of those who attack noble and defenseless animals.

Yours very truly,
Brooklyn, N. Y. Morris H. Hackett

P. S.—I am forwarding copies of this article to various dog publications throughout the United States and Canada.

HELL AND FAREWELL

The present is to inform you that I am leaving childish things.

Burton Rascoe, Meyer Levin and your former reviewer of plays, Weaver, are good. You have, aside from these, been at your best in some of your pacifist articles and in some of your "horrors of war" semi-fiction. Occasional articles on European politics have been fairly interesting but, unfortunately, rather superficial — presumably a necessity in a magazine which attempts as broad an appeal as does yours. Your fiction has on the whole been notably weak. All in all the paucity of good material is such as not to make the magazine worth its price to me.

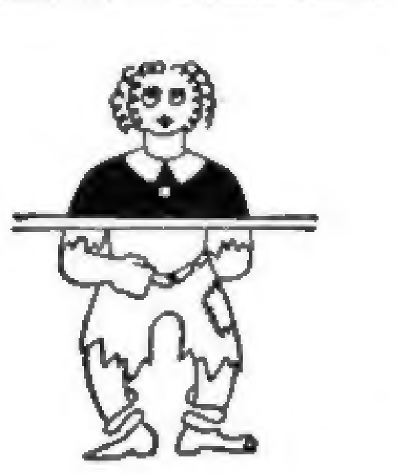
I have often wondered why only Grosz and Lundgren among your artists appear to merit a credit line. I recall that you claim that the drawings accompanying articles and fiction are not to be considered as illustrations; some of them are, however, so excellent and so successful in catching the mood or spirit of the accompanying printed matter that I believe recognition of the producers to be no more than their due.

Should you desire to have a further reason for the present notice of discontinuance, I may inform you that I never subscribe to a magazine which avails itself of the services of George Jean Nathan.

Very truly yours,
Leslie Gordon Mayer
Kobe, Japan

SLUMS AND BUNCHES

In the March edition of Esquire, your noteworthy literary critic, Burton Rascoe, in his column *Esquire's Five Minute Shelf*, made an unpardonable error. In his review of his fellow critic, Meyer Levin's latest literary contribution *The Old Bunch*, Mr. Rascoe wrote, "It is unlike James T. Farrell's saga of boyhood in Chicago in that Levin's boys and girls are not slum children but normal products of comfortable middle-class homes."



It has been my opinion in the past that reviewers of literary works not only read all the books to be reviewed, but also try, to the best of their ability, to acquaint themselves with the locale of the story. But alas! since reading Mr. Rascoe's effort in March, in which he classed James T. Farrell's books as sagas of slum children I am sadly disillusioned. The trilogy of *Studs Lonigan*, to which no doubt Mr. Rascoe was referring, is far from being a story of slum children.

For Burton's information, the locality in which this story is set, was, at the period of which Farrell wrote, a decidedly better class neighborhood. It has only been in the most recent years that the neighborhood has to a large extent become dilapidated and the habitat of Negroes. Mr. Farrell's trilogy concerns the lives of average Chicago boys of good families living in nice homes and who had better than average education.

Perhaps Mr. Rascoe does not like to face what he, in reality, knows to be true. But "None are so blind, as they who won't see." There are a great many people who do not recognize the fact that they themselves, and perhaps their own children, think, talk, live and will die in very much the same manner as the characters in *Studs Lonigan*.

Come! Come! Mr. Rascoe. Be honest with yourself, for if you can't trust yourself, who, in God's name, will you be able to trust.

Sincerely yours,
Chicago, Illinois Frank A. Boffey

STRIPED TIES FOR STUFFED SHIRTS

The motive which prompted *The Old School Tie* article by Edward Acheson in your April issue is obvious. The writer, however, while anxious to condemn a British institution embracing a "so-called ruling class," is evidently not familiar with the true meaning of "British Public School." Permit me, therefore, to enlighten him with the fact that the term: "British Public School" is rightfully employed in that such institutions prepare and train boys to assume responsibility and educate them for public service, viz: the army, the navy, the state and the church.

The British boy in his early teens usually has his future aims and ambitions under way. Hence, upon the termination of his preparatory schooling he will continue his studies at academies where his ambitions may be gratified. For example: Sandhurst for the army, Woolich for the navy, Oxford or Cambridge for the church or state. Should the boy become mechanically minded he will enter the Cooper's Hill Engineering Academy after his "prep" schooling has been completed.

The fact that the system has been in vogue for so many hundred years proves that England's "governing classes" are trained leaders in whatever profession or business they enter. Old P.S. boys live according to a code and religiously adhere to its principles. Furthermore, the British Public School tradition is sustained in no small measure by the British people as Mr. Acheson might know if he has ever attended a British election. The British Public School candidate, no matter whether he be retired army, retired navy or retired farmer, is always evident by his speech and bearing. Incidentally, he is invariably elected for parliamentary honors because the voting public knows in advance that he is the type of man who "won't rock the boat."

With old public school men in the British parliament, army, navy and civil services, England has little to worry about her future or the future of her dominions overseas, and the British people are fully aware of the fact—*The Old School Tie* notwithstanding.

Very truly yours,
Spokane, Wash. G. G. Rooker

SCOTTSBORO ECHO

I have, for quite some time, been an enthusiastic reader of Esquire and believe it is an excellent magazine for men.

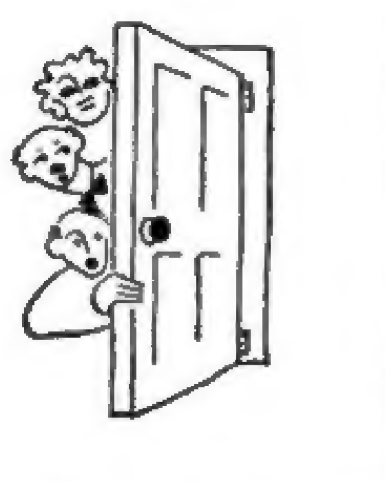
Today I purchased the April issue of Esquire and sat down to enjoy it. As usual I glanced through the cartoons before reading the various articles. I was most unpleasantly surprised to find your cartoon on page 55 showing a Negro woman and a white woman in adjacent beds with the Negro's baby in the white woman's bed and the white woman's baby in the Negro's bed.

Of course, I get the point of the joke, but I should think that, in view of your circulation in the south, you would be more considerate of the southern man's feelings in this respect.

Very truly yours,
Joe H. Park
Scottsboro, Alabama.

TACTFUL IN OUR FASHION

Far be it from me to protest too much, but what do you mean by getting me in trouble? Semi-fiction, huh? My story *Faithful in My Fashion* is semi-fiction says Esky. I say it's fiction. I've got to say it's fiction or else my happy home will be broken up.



You see, it just so happens that a red-head does live in the same house.

I was on a cruise when the April issue came forth. All the lads and lassies along picked up the story. Inspired by your misrepresentation, all the lads wanted knockdowns to the red-head, and all the girls wanted me to be faithful in their fashion. (Well, nearly all of them.) Thank God, my wife was along.

Now that I am back in New York, it grows worse daily. Even the elevator boy gives me the old leer every time he takes me for a ride. As for the red-head. She doesn't read English . . . I hope.

Explain yourself, sir, or take the consequences of being a home buster.

Sincerely yours,
Michael Blankfort
New York City, N. Y.

P. S.—Pete, the baby we were expecting turned out to be Susan, better known to her friends as Sooz. M. B.

ADDRESSED TO DONALD HOUGH

My "Very Dear" Donald Hough:

For my special pleasure you may go to Woolworths and purchase a nice long leash and go take your mother for a walk . . . Where in hell have you eaten farm cooking anyway? . . . I don't wear the kind of pants William Randolph Hearst does, I wear nice silky Van Raaltes, and I defy you or any other New York "Hillbilly" to find and eat any better cooking anywhere than at some of the ranches here in the state of California . . . Of course I can't vouch for the cooking they do in the eastern states, but even that can't be as awful as you imply . . . But believe it or not, we also belong to the United States . . .. No Indians, really, clutter up the landscape. We are civilized as hell and a hell of a lot more civil than you poor sophisticated New Yorkers . . . I have et some of the food in some of your swankiest cafes, and its nothing to fall downstairs over . . . including the Waldorf Astoria . . .

If you had the sense of a subnormal bedbug you'd know that the so called American cooking is made up of all the European cooking extant and past . . . including the English. . . . And if you really feel the urge to do some heavy criticism of cooking go eat some English food . . . in England. . . . Then you would find something to holler about. . . . I have eaten food in the southern states of the U. S. that has it all over the French, German and Dutch or whatever outlander you may choose to worship. And I am truly a connoisseur of food and cooking, hailing from Norway. . . . To judge indiscriminately as you do is not only stupid, but a bit foolhardy . . . Some day someone will give you a swift kick in the posterior, where you give other folks a great pain . . .

E. Marka Johnson
Chualar In Monterey County, Calif.

ON HOUGH ON HASH

Donald Hough, on page 66 of your April issue, lays himself bare. He has never eaten a good meal in his life. He apparently takes the "Home Cooking" signs on the type of restaurant he frequents, seriously and believes that restaurant cooking in some degree, approximates real cooking.

For example, did he ever taste, see or smell restaurant gravy? That loathesome mess that is undoubtedly made in quantities in one of his canneries and spiggotted indiscriminately on beef, pork, lamb, vegetables and in more revolting cases, on cake and pie.

Hash:—he blasphemes hash, thinking of course of the only kind he knows, made of sweepings and his canned gravy. May God spare him until he may taste real hash made of fresh meat and vegetables, non-commercially.

In one case he is right. Not even he and his Greeks can "Injure seriously the half of the meal that comes in cans." It is good "In its fashion," but to compare canned with real food—well of course there are advertisers.

Pie Wagons:—Does there exist another Donald Hough who can be fooled by the "Home Baked" sign, into believing that the blotting paper covered mess retailed as such, bears any except an occular resemblance to Pie?

I have been offered a slice of cold roast beef and a spoonful of sad vegetables covered with Mr. Hough's standard gravy when I ordered a "Boiled New England Dinner." I think it was Mr. Hough or his ilk who sat across from me and sent back a portion of Camembert cheese because it was runny. He wanted the rubber kind.

There are also good restaurants, unknown to Mr. Hough. The old Waldorf stands out, also the old St. James in Philadelphia and Atlantic City's Shelbourne.

Very truly yours,
Merchantville, N. J. C. G. Keen

REVERSE ENGLISH ON OLD GLORY

It was with a great deal of amusement that I saw Mr. Dean's cartoon on Page 44 of the April number of your estimable paper. Having in mind a particular case in point, its significance was all the more poignant.

However, in the exuberance of Mr. Dean's inspiration, he has permitted himself to commit a most unfortunate lapse. It was a distinct shock to me to find that he had placed the National colors in the wrong position.

I do not wish to appear unduly critical, yet I feel that even in a cartoon we may observe a sense of propriety.

Yours truly,
Thomas J. Mullins
Capt. Commanding Service Company
165th Infantry, N. Y. N. G.

Continued on page 8

GET THE BLUE RIBBONS READY—

here comes a champion!

THE DAY these wobbly legs first trod the fresh clean straw of the dairy-barn calf pen, a new name was confidently inscribed in the book of future herd champions.

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STRAIGHT WHISKIES

A blend of straight whiskies —90 proof

FOUR ROSES

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

A FORM LETTER IN THE KEY OF S & F

I don't know anything at all about publishing a magazine, so here's how to run yours. I don't like any of your stories, so don't print any more. I don't care for articles on fishing or such sports, so eliminate them. Most of the things in your ads are too expensive for me to buy so why bother with ads from now on. If you don't run this magazine just to suit me, you're going to be awfully sorry, because I would cancel my subscription if I had one. Then you would have only a million or two or three readers left.

I don't agree with all the letters in *Sound and Fury*, but I guess you will have to continue it so you can print this letter, which I am writing just so I can show my friends I had something printed by a magazine. I think your cartoons are far too vulgar and off-color. Of course every month for the last two years (and probably from now on), I always read them first. Else how would I know what you were printing, so I could protest about it.

Yours sincerely,
Harry Carnahan
Long Beach, Calif.

P. S.—Damn, hell, bastard (added inducement to print the letter).

A PAIR OF PROFUNDITIES

One of my best reasons for buying this month's Esquire is to understand next month's *Sound & Fury*.

It is slightly amusing to realize that those who vilify the vulgarity and impropriety so seldom seem to miss the points and parts that they disapprove of.

Cortland, N. Y. Phil Smith

TURNING THE HEAT ON JIM TULLY

The charge of plagiarism is so serious that when proffered it should be substantiated. Accordingly I submit both the charge and the evidence.

I first heard *The Dying Hobo* recited by Dick Coffin, in a hobo jungle at Trinidad, Colorado, in June, 1920, in about the accompanying form:

Beside a western water-tank, one cold December day,
Inside an empty box-car, a dying hobo lay.
His partner knelt beside him, with bowed and grizzled head,
And listened to the final words the dying hobo said.
"I'm going to a better land, where everything is bright,
Where cigarettes grow on bushes, and you sleep out every night.
You never have to work at all, and never change your socks,
And little streams of whiskey come trickling down the rocks.
Tell all the boys in Frisco they'll my face no longer view,
And say I've hopped a hot-shot, and I'm rambling straight on through.
And tell them not to weep for me; no tears in their eyes must lurk:
For I'm going to a better land where they hate the word called work.
Hark, I can hear her whistling; I must catch her on the fly.
I'd like a stein of beer again just once before I die."
The hobo stopped; his head fell back: he'd sung his last refrain.
His partner stole his hat and shoes and grabbed the eastbound train.

After the recitation, Coffin did not claim authorship of these verses. He said that he had learned them some twenty years before, in still another jungle, in much the same manner as he was teaching them to me.

The Dying Hobo is a famous doggerel, like *Lasca* and *The Face on the Barroom Floor* and *The Girl with the Blue Velvet Band*. Many of the classic doggerels are anonymous; but of course, like the *Iliad*, they were written by *somebody*. However, since 1920, I have heard *The Dying Hobo* many times, and have (I think) seen it in print in the old Whiz-Bang annuals; but I have never heard Jim Tully's name mentioned in connection with it, and it seems to have been written before Tully was born.

And he did a stinking job of rewriting it.

New York, N. Y. J. C. Ashton

Editor's Note:—*The fact that hundreds of letters about Jim Tully's version of* The Dying Hobo *all said substantially the same thing, i.e., that* The Dying Hobo *is a folk song as old as the literature of the road, seems to us to obviate the necessity of using that ugly word "plagiarism." Tully's version was offered as no more nor less than what it was, a new set of variations on an old theme everybody knows. So the fact that hundreds recognized it seems to us merely to prove the point.*

HARP-HAPPY

Soon some one will begin harping on the harps who are always harping on the harps.

Not being one to harp, I close.

Seattle, Wash. N. A. H.

THE REGRET IS ALL YOURS

Recently I experienced the thrill that surely must come to the one who waits in front of one of those cook shop windows watching the cook therein dexterously tossing flapjacks through the air with the greatest of ease while hoping against hope that some day he will see him miss.

In the March issue there is an article by R. B. Sullivan entitled *Torso, the Tenth Muse.* Upon reading the first paragraph I realized that it was going to be one of those dictionary-on-my-knee affairs if I really intended to enjoy the article. I was going swell up until the concluding paragraphs rolling words on my tongue that I had never even heard of when suddenly the spell broke. Our hero slipped. My mighty Argus of alliteration had stumbled; the pillars of the temple crumbled and the walls shook and fell into a shapeless mass of dusty debris.

Mr. Sullivan had used the word *rakehelly* as a noun while Mr. Webster clearly defines *rakehell* as the noun and *rakehelly* as an adjective.

Regretfully,
J. Cliff Lockhart
Kansas City, Mo.

PLUG

The writer is constrained to call to your attention the delightful article on Page 75 of the April edition of Esquire by M. Springer and P. Read. This delightful little sketch is not only a text book on skiing but is fraught with the light, airy, delicious humor that the Americans enjoy. I believe that more of this sort of refreshing discourse would particularly delight the American reading public.

Very sincerely yours,
Walker W. Winslow
Indianapolis, Ind.

MIDSUMMER MALENESS

Thanks for the idea, as expressed by those two lads on page 75 in your April issue, of summer skiing WITHOUT the wife. I've pretty well exhausted all the other alibis.

Gratefully,
New York, N. Y. R. J. Lawrence

J. D. U. HEAR THIS?

Having to stay in bed for a week has its advantages. I've been reading Esquire and it's grand! The stories are of exceptionally high standard and the articles are provocative and interesting. As for *S & F*—it's fascinating. Wonderful, the way some people reveal themselves in their letters.

Take that one of J. D. U. in the April number. Rarely have I read anything as snotty (excuseitplease) as that! Aside from the advice on what to print, the insolent assumption that people with progressive ideas just naturally won't have the 50c to buy Esquire simply burned me up, and I *had* to write to you.

To the comfortable nitwits of every generation, progress is always shockingly radical. Why, the finest thing about Esquire is the contemporary feeling in the material published, and just exactly that lack of insufferable so-called "smartness" of the "deah, precious Null Cahwd" school.

As to the advertisements—even the peasantry have to wear pants and shirts and suits, on account of they have arms and legs and bodies, as your advertisers know, even if J. D. U. doesn't.

Anyhow, your circulation may not be made up entirely of readers,because many people just look at the pictures. Which, to paraphrase J. D. U. without trying to be Petty, might be called the Lust Generation.

The old recipe to which J. D. U. refers for interesting journalism, is just that: old. The more modern version would seem to be: "God damn you," said the scrubwoman to the garbage collector, "take your hand off my housemaid's knee."

We don't want to call J. D. U. any names, but might not he (or she) be a by-product of one of the more polite adulteries to which he refers?

And without wanting to appear insistent, our point of view is that love under a park bench is better than no love at all.

Sincerely yours,
P. Reisman
(*Privy Counselor of the Radical Fringe "unfrayed"*)
New York City, N. Y.

P. S.—As to the yearning of J. D. U. for stories of attractive people doing attractive things, we hate to seem naïve, but don't even attractive people—?

HAIRY EARS

Having enjoyed your "concentrated bundle of entertainment" since its inception, and having laughed a good many times at the oddities appearing in that column of columns, *Sound and Fury*, I feel that you should know what tomorrow's Mining Engineer thinks of your articles and stories.

Sort of cut off in a way from the world, for engineering is no trade for "lilies," we really appreciate what is going on in the centers of Seduction, Men's Clothes, Sports, and the numerous other fields which you cover with such a fine degree of authorativeness.

However, I am a bit disappointed in you Esquire, for allowing advertisements concerning woman and her needs to creep between what appeared the last stronghold for thoughts and laughs which men like and enjoy. We men don't give a god damn what women drape their bodies with, or put on their faces before retiring, or anything about the rest of the hokum which merchandisers sell them, in order that they may sell themselves to us. Anything we want to find out about women's clothes and accessories we can get from our nocturnal conquests and wanderings, and we do get around, that is, most of us. Thus an extra "Sultan" cartoon would suit us much better.

Now for a compliment, a boost, and a poke at the Wench.

Thank God you publish the kicks as well as the compliments, and by the way, who in hell gives a damn whether these cases who are offended at certain articles cancel their subscriptions or not. I wouldn't hire one of them for a filing clerk in my business, since I'd be afraid that they couldn't stand the gaff. If they don't like it, well, the public doesn't care to hear about it.

I am afraid that the Wench failed to take into consideration the mining engineer when she (or) he set down what has all the earmarks of a formula. That's a laugh, else why do beautiful wenches marry engineers, and are satisfied to live in God-forsaken, out-of-the-way places where there are few or no conveniences, little or no social life, no chances for the exploitation of that which is so dear to the feminine heart, her figure encased in lovely clothes. Wench, you amused us all, for what an engineer wants, he usually gets, and he gets it by using what we are taught to call "Engernuity." Further dear Wench, the value you set upon your affections, is the value the world places on them, and no male, dumb or brilliant, is giving any more time than necessary to fencing with your apparent "amateur standing." You'll only get the finesse from a love affair that you put into it, and most of you have not the slightest idea of the rudiments of flirtation. You can all "be had," and as to the method, well—come out and meet a crew of hard bitten engineers, you'll get a laugh, so will we, you'll learn something about men you never knew before, we'll learn something too, but best of all, you'll find that you couldn't catalogue "Approaches" if you kept your youth and vigor for a hundred years.

Thanks Esquire for a swell mag, may your success be long and great.

Yours truly,
Socorro, New Mex. An Engineer

WE WON'T TAKE YOU WRONG, SAILOR

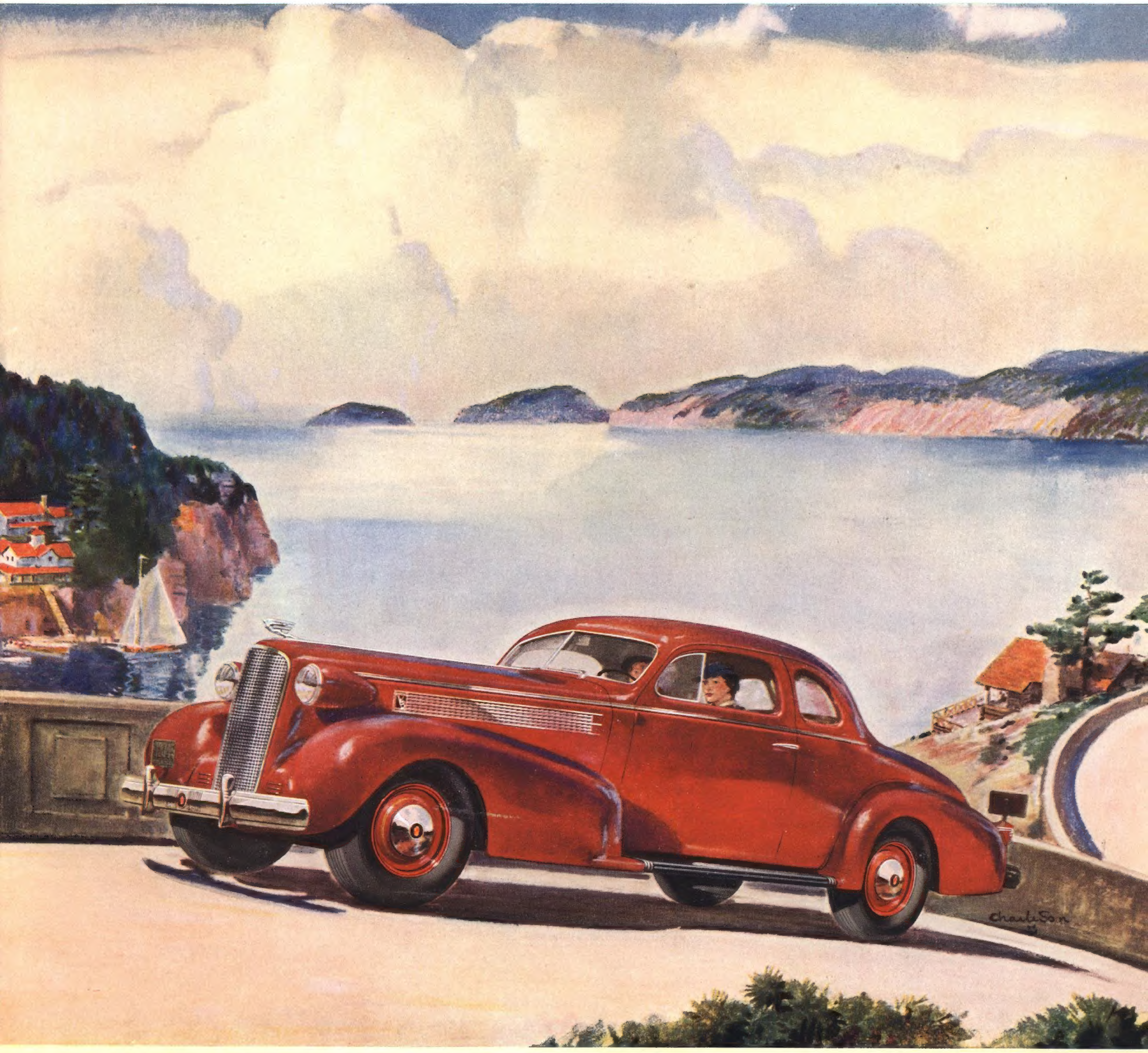
I hate to do this—living in a glass ship and throwing shells—but your literature is fairly asking for it. There have been so many pros and cons regarding filth in print that one small word, more or less, from me will not make the slightest dent in your fan-conscious skull. You boast in a loud voice that Esquire is a magazine for men. Granted. But do you have to go to the extreme point of informing all women what we do; how we talk; the language we use, etc.? Why don't you let that much ride? We know and you know the life of the average man is speckled with various obscenities, both in word and action. You are not satisfied with that until you put it in print for the gaping public to gloat over. If I want a dirty story they are available in the cheap fifteen cent kind. If I want to swear, a couple of good solid oaths are let loose—verbally and not in print. When I want to amuse the wench—or vice versa—that's my business. Now don't take me wrong and rearrange your whole literary staff just for me. I wouldn't think of causing you any discomfort, Esky, so if this grates on your sensitive nerves heave it in the drift can. All I ask for is level, informative, educational material. Something that would be of interest to one who likes both the good and the bad—but who would prefer to be better informed on something uplifting.

You've cheapened yourself to the point of ridicule. Keep it up and you will acquire the contempt of the Hon. John Q. Public.

J. L. A.
U. S. S. Texas San Pedro, Calif.

Continued on page 218

Today, families of *modest* means can enjoy CADILLAC ownership!



If you are one of the thousands who have been postponing Cadillac ownership for reasons of economy, *go see the new Cadillac Series 60 today!*

This great new Cadillac V-8 is well within reach of the family of moderate income. You can own it for as little as $1555—*and that is the *delivered price* at Detroit, including *all* standard accessories. Only transportation, state and local sales taxes need be added.

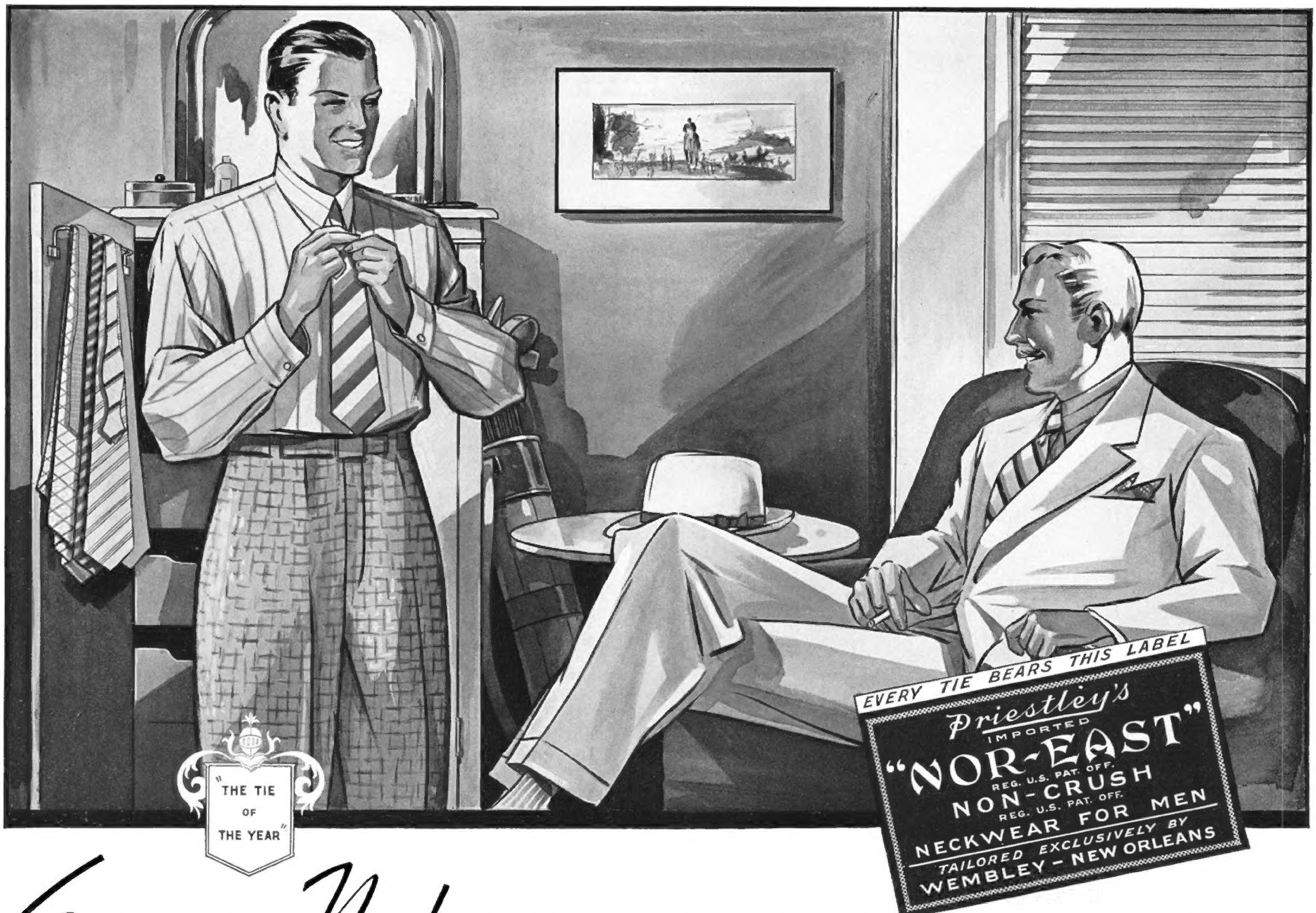
And not until you see and drive the Series 60 Cadillac can you realize what a magnificent car it is. It is powered by a 135-horsepower V-8 Cadillac engine—the finest eight-cylinder power plant known to the automotive industry. Its bodies are finished and appointed throughout in the custom manner. And its comfort and safety reveal the leadership that has always been vested in Cadillac engineering.

Before you consider any other car, drive the new Cadillac Series 60. When you learn how little it costs—and how much it will add to your motoring pride and satisfaction—you will agree that a Cadillac is the wisest possible choice.

$1555*

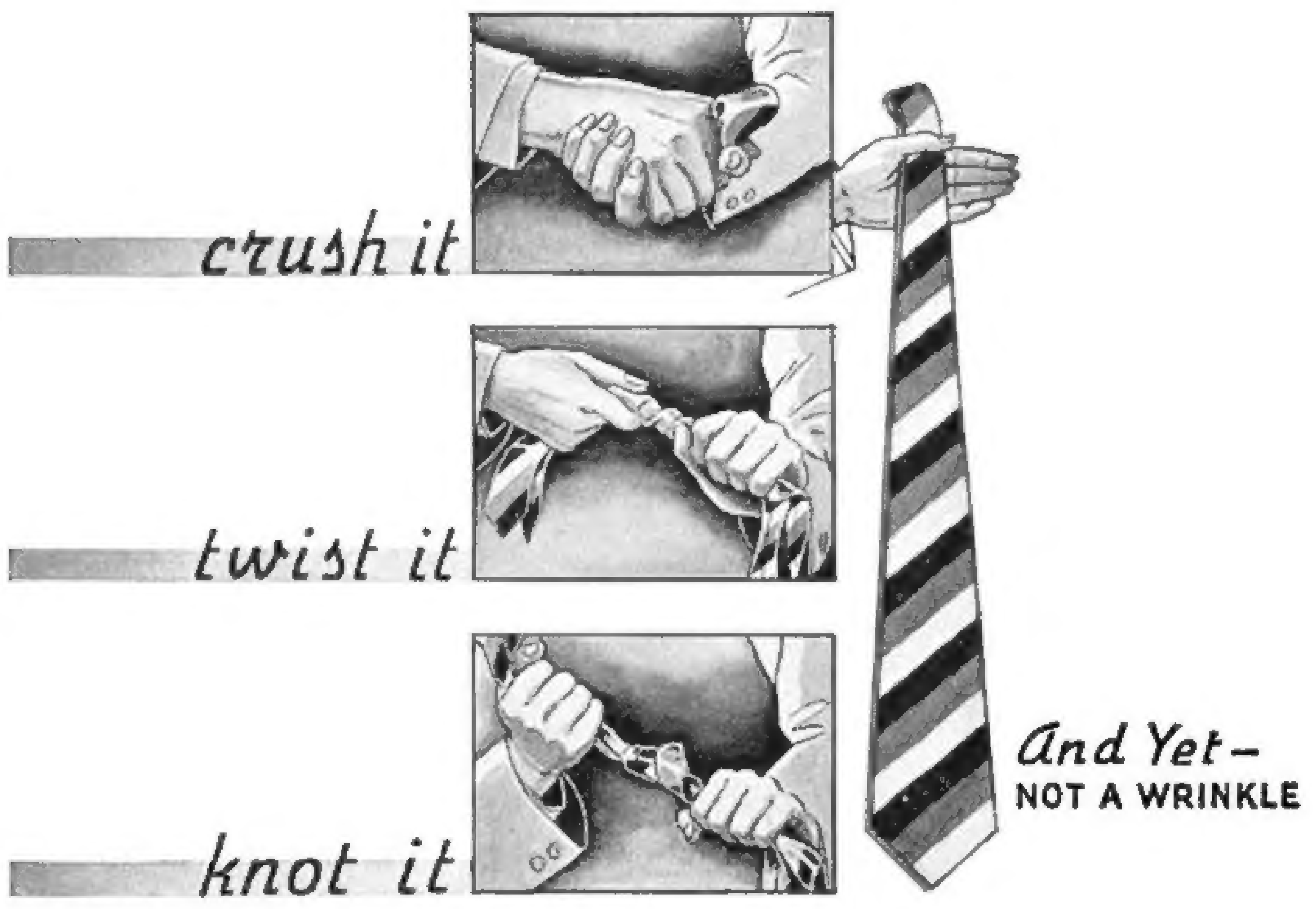
AND UP

Model Illustrated: Cadillac Series 60 Two-Passenger Coupe.


"THE TIE OF THE YEAR"
EVERY TIE BEARS THIS LABEL
Priestley's
IMPORTED
"NOR-EAST"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
NON-CRUSH
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
NECKWEAR FOR MEN
TAILORED EXCLUSIVELY BY
WEMBLEY - NEW ORLEANS

Summer Neckwear FOR MEN WHO SET THE FASHION

● As authentically British as Bond Street are the distinctive, new patterns, colors, and tones of Priestley's "NOR-EAST Non-Crush" Fabric, expertly tailored by Wembley into gentlemen's cravats . . . Priestley of England, and Wembley of America join in creating entirely-new, and refreshingly-different neckwear for the warm season. . . . Loomed in England by the famous Priestley Mills, the newly-developed "NOR-EAST Non-Crush" derives its silky appearance and non-crush qualities from the careful selection and scientific combining of the finest, imported Australian fleeces and Turkish Mohair. . . . A complete selection in checks, plaids, stripes and solids, to meet your personal taste. Beautiful patterns (woven, not printed); cool colors; pleasing blends. Impeccably styled. Hard to muss—easy to clean.

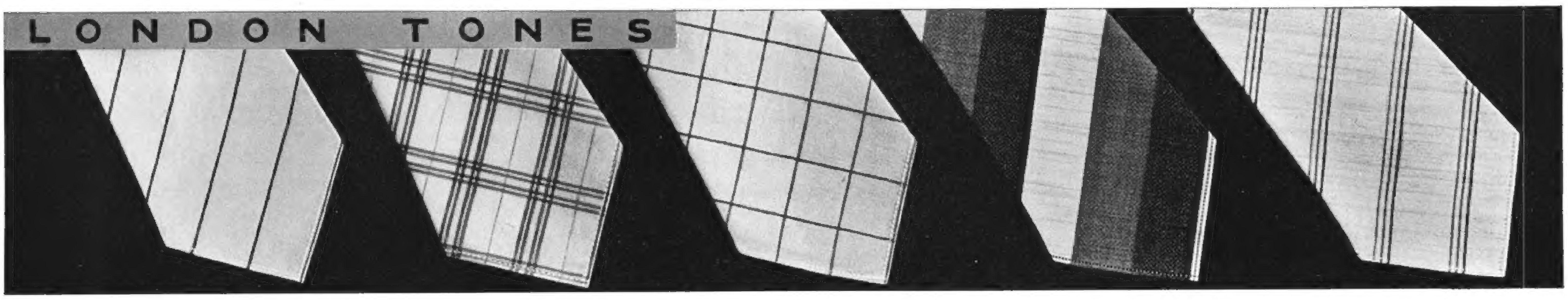

crush it
twist it
knot it
And Yet–
NOT A WRINKLE

Priestley's

"NOR-EAST" TIES

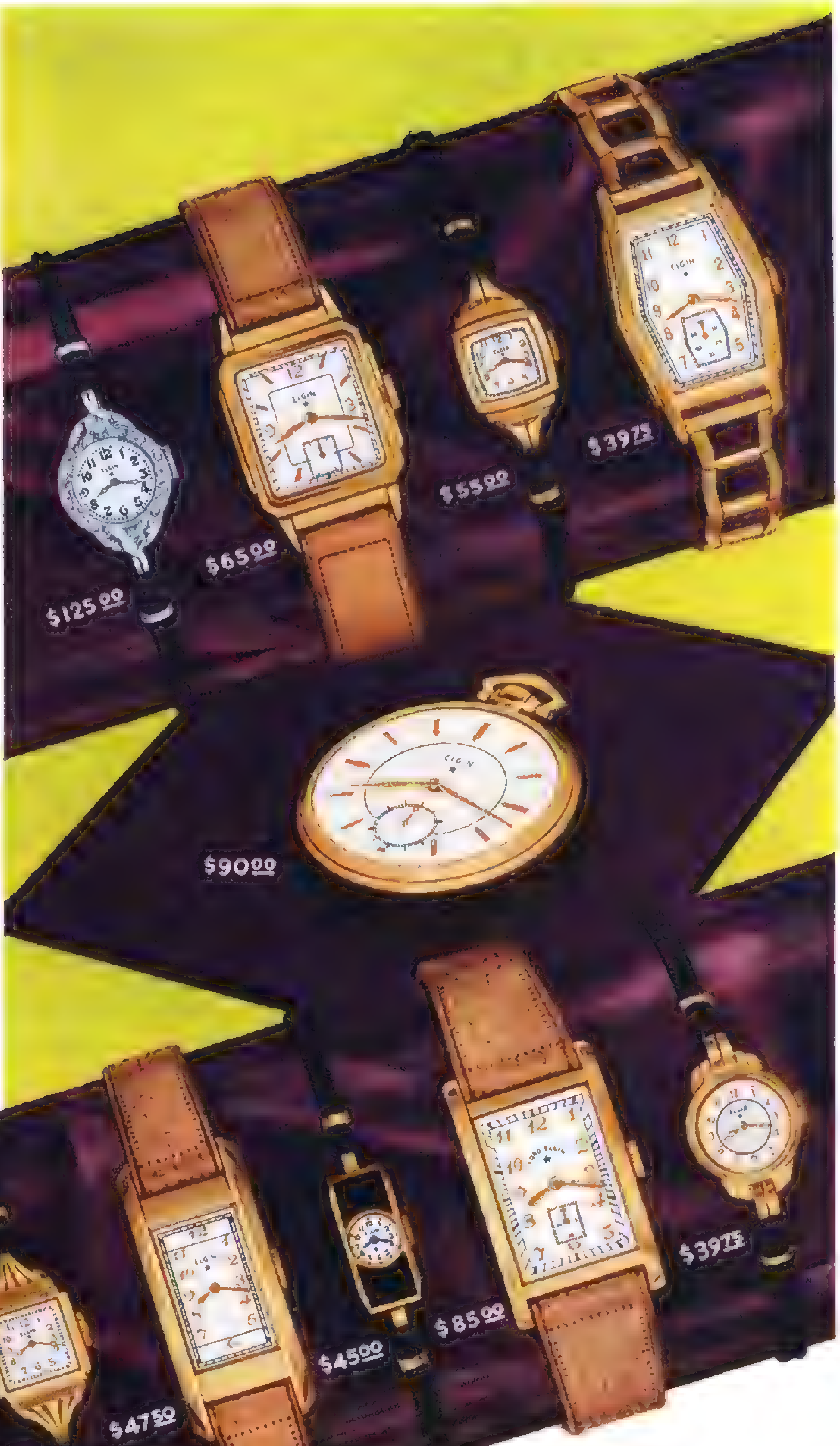
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

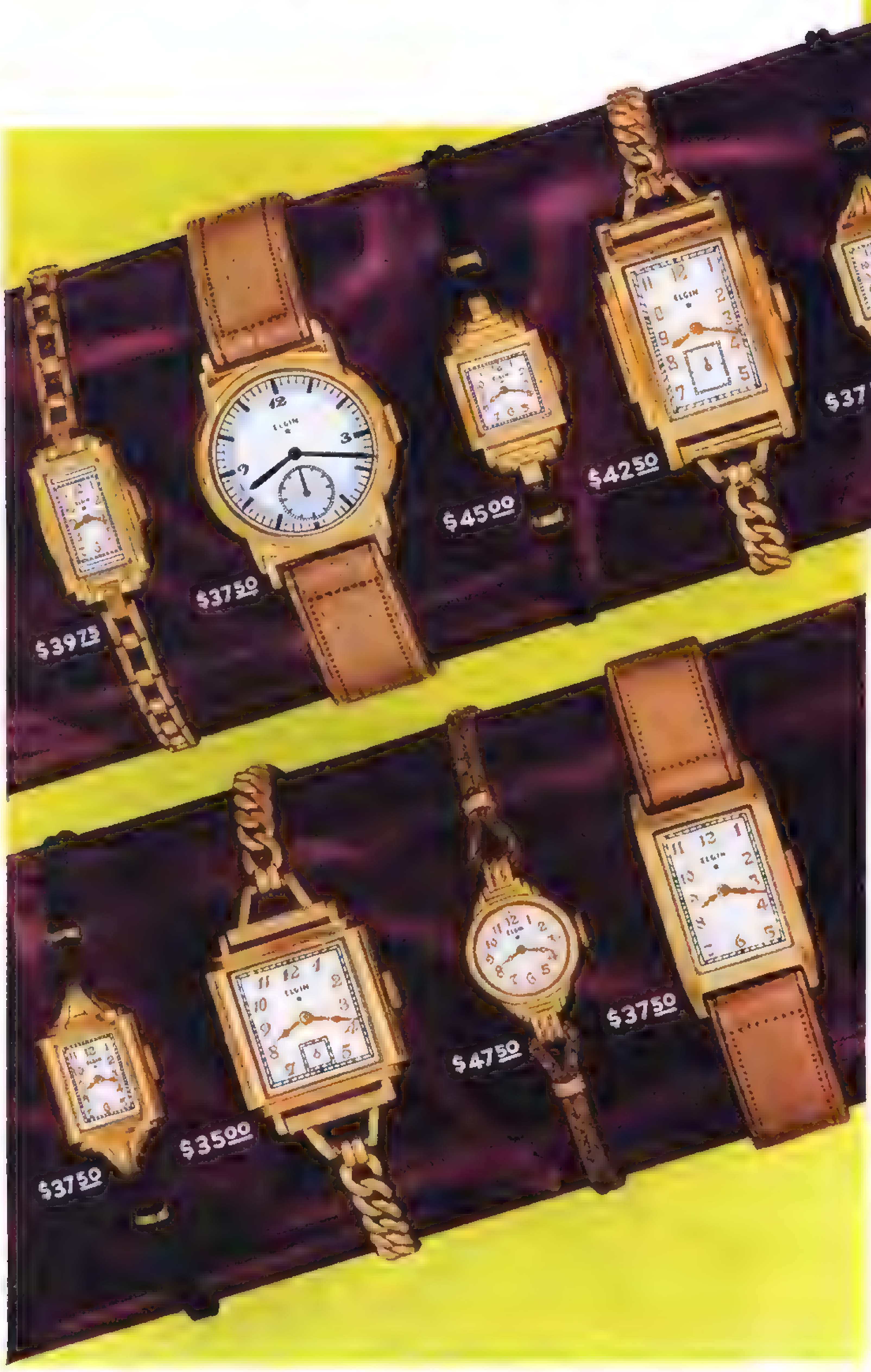
STYLED BY WEMBLEY


LONDON TONES

Give them time and they'll win success!

CHOOSE AN ELGIN FOR YOUR GRADUATE





TRUST AN ACCURATE ELGIN to tell the pride you feel...to speak your good wishes for your boy or girl on commencement day. You'll not be disappointed!

There's such a modern lilt and swing . . . such loveliness in the newest models for girls that you'll almost wish graduation came oftener.

The new ELGINS for men have been created with today's modern, style-wise young graduates in mind. They are sturdy, trim, competent looking. They inspire confidence at the first meeting.

Each of these ELGINS is produced by master craftsmen and scientists working together in perfect partnership. Thoroughly American... thoroughly honest in workmanship and materials. Each is timed to the absolute standard of the stars. The quality is marked on every case.

ELGINS of 15 jewels or more are $25 to $500. Other splendid models from $17.50. Slightly higher in Canada.

★ ELGIN ★

FOR 72 YEARS AMERICA'S GRADUATION TIMEPIECE

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

ATHLETE'S FOOT REMEDY

L X 4 is a guaranteed product of Elm Drug & Surgical Co. for ATHLETE'S FOOT. It actually works. Complete treatment quickly relieves intense itching and produces most satisfactory results. A liquid—easily applied, odorless, stainless. Apply liberally. You will probably have to use L X 4 only once. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Send $1. Inquiries invited from colleges, institutions, gymnasiums, dealers.

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Standard Oil Bldg., 26 Broadway, New York

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Save $32.50 on the marvelous Voigtlander Tourist de Luxe camera, with 5¼" F4.5 Heliar Lens in Compur Shutter. A marvel of camera craftsmanship, prohibitive cost of production forces manufacturer to discontinue, so remaining $87.50 models become $55. Film pack and plate type, with double extension leather bellows, many unique features, and extensive accessories. Takes pictures 3¼"x4¼". Send for Booklet E.V.T.

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America's largest retail selection at lowest prices of open stock English Bone China dinnerware.

A personal visit to our store will generally save you the cost of your whole trip. New Dinnerware Booklet now ready. Send 3c stamp.

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HAMILTON CANADA

MODERN LUGGAGE

Gentlemen travelers who prefer fine leathers make Dale their happy hunting ground. For example, our exclusive "all-in-one" 21-inch sun tan cowhide fitted case with clever drop front. Easily accessible compartment has set of chromium toilet fittings; hair and clothing brushes backed with satin-wood. Price $35. Special attention given mail orders. Booklet on request.

DALE • Modern Luggage
589 Fifth Avenue New York City

"LONG LIVE THE KING" Coronation . . . Coronation . . . Coronation! The coffers of the current English king would overflow and dam the Thames could they but collect "royalty" on "Coronation" items sold in America alone. The tea tax of another George that upset the pot in Boston was a mere drop in the harbor compared to the million dollar business being done in the name of the present George. Coronation cuff links, Coronation shirts, Coronation neckties, Coronation pens and pencils, Coronation kerchiefs, Coronation vanities, Coronation colors—ad infinitum. This morning we sipped Coronation coffee, and munched Coronation crumpets! Fit to be King—or fit to be tied. Take your choice!

ERSTWHILE EDWARD'S mark upon the market is also due a passing note. Abdication put a premium on a great quantity of "Coronation" merchandise bearing the Edward monicker and likeness. The demand in Mother England for these sentimental relics of the brief and colorful reign has allowed shops here in the States limited quantities. Those fortunate enough to obtain mugs, goblets and other memorabilia, have been besieged beyond all expectation. Long live the ex-King!

JUNE NUPTIALS and collegiate commencements account for important shopping expeditions. For the commencing young male on your list we've picked out a whisk. No mere cloakroom model, but a personalized quality product with a rough bone or horn handle. If he's inclined toward hunting prints and decoration of a horsey nature, neat bookends were sighted that deserve more than a passing glance. Instead of the usual repetition of motif with the same figure on each end, this pair constituted a real bit of cross country action. Wooden fences brace the books, and over one a scarlet coated huntsman puts his horse, as hounds crawl thru and run away from the other. The whole idea made sense and looks like news to us.

BONG! BONG! And in all the movies a white coated brown boy instantly appears with a tray of Tom Collins. So we couldn't resist the "bong . . . bong" rattan and brass gong being shown for veranda or terrace use this summer. A little wooden hammer that comes with it looks like the stick we used, as a small boy, to whale heads out of our drum. We whaled the tiny gong and instead of the brown boy a rather florid floorwalker appeared to tell us that particular item would set us back less than a fin. And we didn't get a drink.

FULL OF SURPRISES. A half-pound canister of pipe tobacco is now available that will settle your likes and dislikes for some time to come. You open the tin and find a wrapped portion of pipe fuel. You try it. It's not bad. Then underneath is another mixture that you like even better. The third may be a bit too strong, but all in all there are eight tries and if you don't find one that is perfection itself you give up the pipe and invest in a dime's worth of cut plug. Incidentally, a swell gift for the graduate, who is still in the plastic stage as far as his nicotine tastes are concerned.

BLACK ASH SMUDGES on a white dinner jacket can ruin the weekend of any guest. Cause may easily be traced to a spare pipe, half filled and chucked in at random when packing the kitbag. For the traveler with a brace of pipes we've dug up an inexpensive pigskin zipper case much like a miniature toilet kit. Oilsilk lined with two loops for pipes, a built-in zipper closed pouch for tobacco and space for cleaners and a reaming tool. We plan on carrying ours, when not living out of a grip, in the dash compartment of the car.

HATTERS

YOUNG'S HATS

Come to Young's for your Summer straw and Panama hats. Models of airy comfort by Young's, and by Stetson as designed by Young's. See our Air-lite felts, so wondrously cool, and also our Sports Headwear for outdoor play.

YOUNG'S 29 smart shops all over town.

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STOEGER HANDBOOK—Catalog No. 28
All the new Models and latest Prices

Only manual containing recent important arms revisions & NEW prices. 320 pages, 13,000 items. (4,000 illus.). A veritable encyclopedia of all American & popular Imported Arms and Ammunition. Complete Parts & Ballistic Sections. Send 50c—Check, Coin, M.O., Stamps. —Or better still—

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A. F. STOEGER, Inc., 507 5th Ave., N.Y.C.

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WHILE THEY LAST
New Guaranteed CONTAX Cameras
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Carl Zeiss F:1.5 Sonnar lens.........$225

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STAMPS

DO YOU COLLECT STAMPS?

The HOUSE of FRASEK, founded over a generation ago in Switzerland and known to all famous collectors, is now buying and selling direct from its American Headquarters. FRASEK is truly one of the great Wholesale-Retail Houses of world-wide dealings. In the interest of attracting new clients, this House is now offering to all philatelic connoisseurs and stamp lovers a copy of the first issue of the new

FRASEK STAMP GAZETTE

FREE

This authentic, concise and illuminating magazine contains thirty-two pages of new and interesting discoveries and confidential data. It also tells How to Get Valuable Stamps entirely FREE in return for a small service. FRASEK's is currently offering remarkable trial values at 25c, 50c, $1, $1.95 and $2.50 to approval applicants only. Write:

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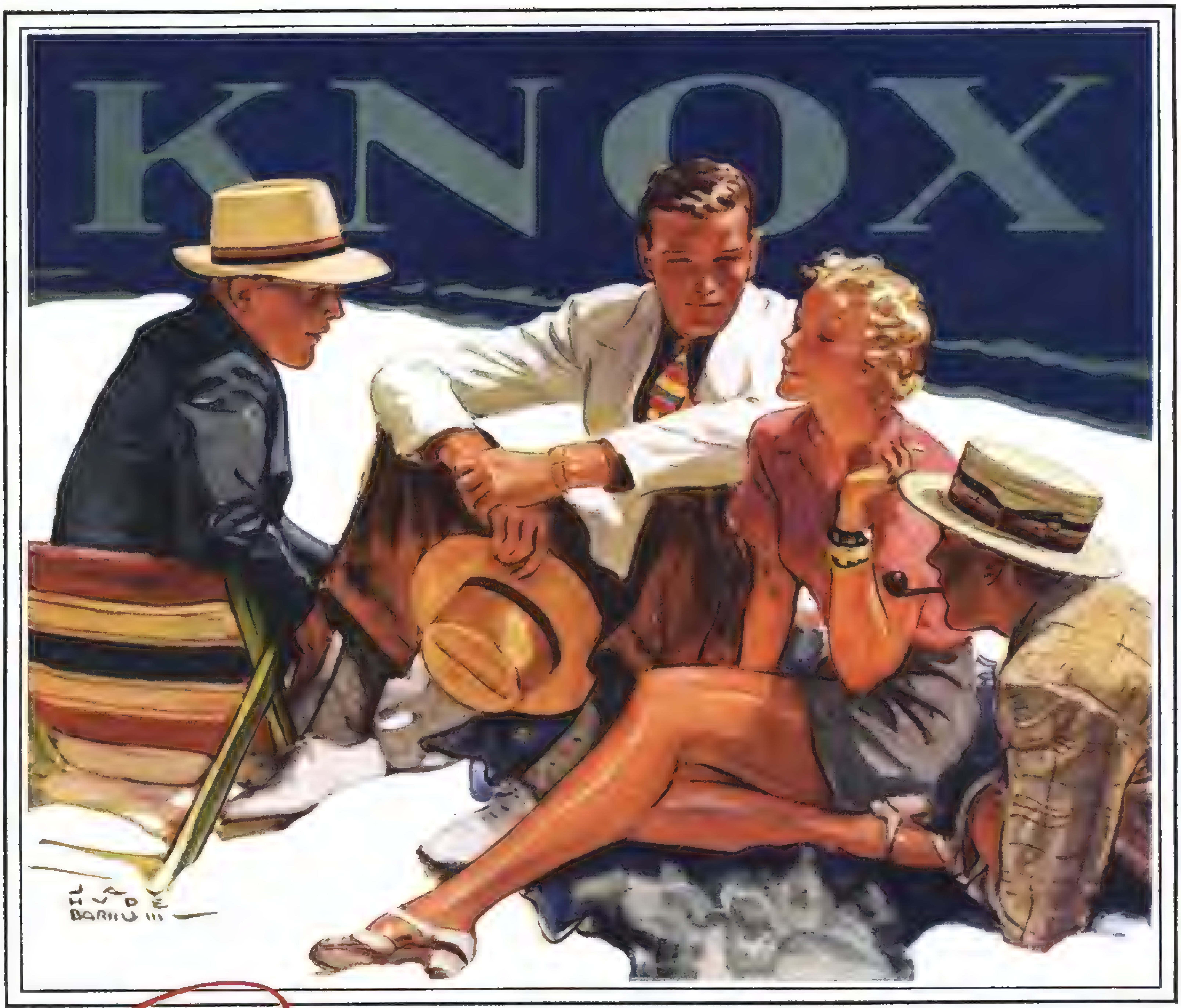
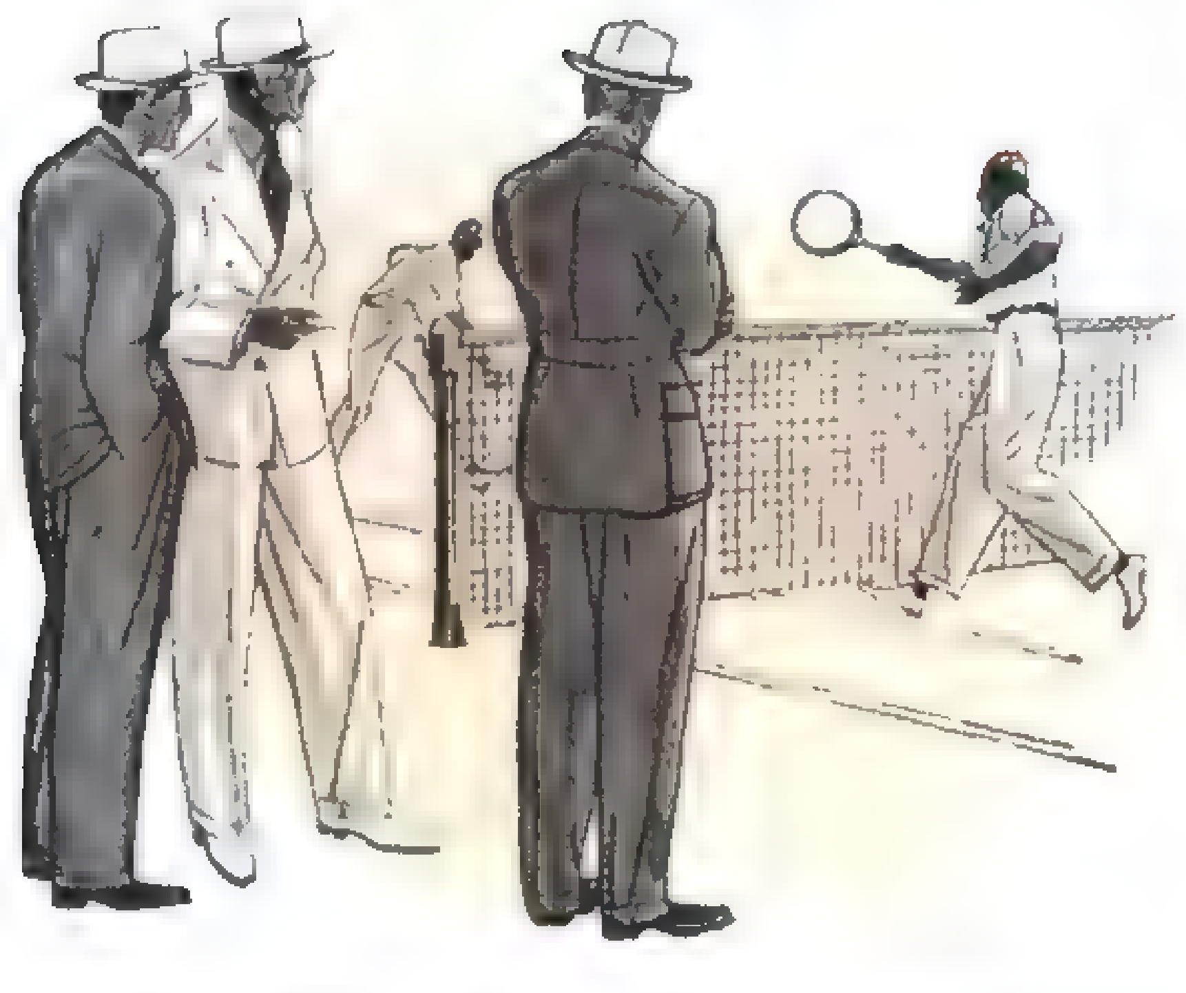


Summer Fashion

CALLS FOR STRAWS

There's something spirited and youthful about the new Knox Straws!



Wear a smart Knox Straw and celebrate the summer in style and cool comfort!

THESE THREE cool and casual gentlemen are men of taste, but each has chosen a different hat. We don't know which is the maiden's choice—she seems to be taking a strictly non-committal attitude.

It's even money which of these Knox Hats will register highest with you. There'll be occasions when each is correct.

The handsome lad at the right chooses for the moment a Knox "Comfit*" Straw which helps to set off his clean-cut features.

The serious chap in the center likes an easy hat and has it—a Knox "Nassau," an open-weave with a broad brim.

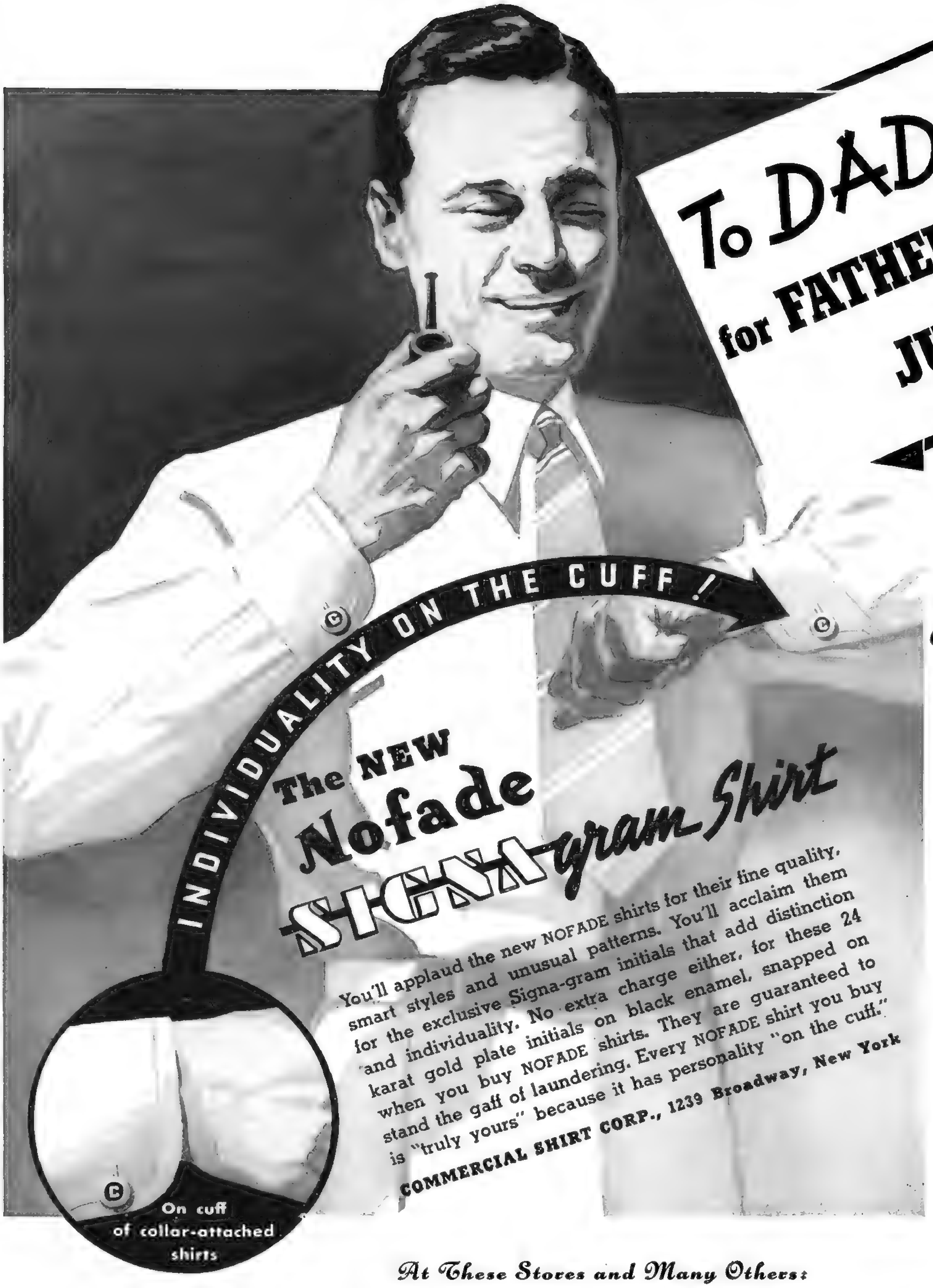
The good listener at the left goes in for a Knox Panama, with graceful, tapering crown and wide, snapped brim.

Summer's the season for smartness. With Knox Straws you'll be *properly* hatted for the summer season!

*TRADE-MARK

KNOX THE HATTER, FIFTH AVENUE AT 40th STREET, NEW YORK • • • AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

To DAD for FATHER'S DAY JUNE 20TH


INDIVIDUALITY ON THE CUFF!
On cuff of collar-attached shirts

The NEW Nofade SIGNA-gram Shirt

You'll applaud the new NOFADE shirts for their fine quality, smart styles and unusual patterns. You'll acclaim them for the exclusive Signa-gram initials that add distinction and individuality. No extra charge either, for these 24 karat gold plate initials on black enamel, snapped on when you buy NOFADE shirts. They are guaranteed to stand the gaff of laundering. Every NOFADE shirt you buy is "truly yours" because it has personality "on the cuff."

COMMERCIAL SHIRT CORP., 1239 Broadway, New York

A Personalized Gift

Here's the gift that Dad will never stop bragging about: A smart Nofade SIGNA-gram shirt with his own initials

At These Stores and Many Others:

Akron, Ohio	M. O'Neil Co.
Allentown, Pa.	Hess Bros.
Altoona, Pa.	Jacob Berman & Co.
Amsterdam, N. Y.	Holzheimer & Shaul
Anderson, S. C.	G. H. Bailes
Appleton, Wisc.	Pettibone Peabody Co.
Auburn, N. Y.	Auburn D. G. Co.
Augusta, Me.	T. W. Adams Co.
Baltimore, Md.	Hochschild Kohn & Co.
Beaumont, Tex.	The Fair
Berkeley, Calif.	J. F. Hink
Boise, Idaho	M. Alexander, Inc.
Boston, Mass.	R. H. White
Bowling Green, Ohio	F. W. Uhlman
Bridgeport, Conn.	Howland's
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N. Y.	Blake Bros.
Buffalo, N. Y.	The Larkin Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Spolka, Inc.
Canton, Ohio	Erlanger D. G. Co.
Chicago, Ill.	Peoples Store
Chicago, Ill.	G. E. Anderson
Chicago, Ill.	The Boston Store
Chicago, Ill.	J. Brdecka
Cicero, Ill.	S. Kaufman & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio	J. Shillito
Cleveland, Ohio	The May Co.
Columbus, Ohio	The Union Co.
Corsicana, Tex.	K. Wolens Dept. Store
Cortland, N. Y.	G. H. Wiltsie
Crawfordsville, Ind.	Harry Freedman
Dayton, Ohio	Elder & Johnston
Denver, Colo.	Broadway Dept. Store
Denver, Colo.	Lee's Shirt Shop
Denver, Colo.	The May Co.
Detroit, Mich.	Crowley Millner Co.
Detroit, Mich.	Spolka, Inc.
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Erie, Pa.	L. Press & Co.
Findlay, Ohio	New Boston Store
Flint, Mich.	Fair D. G. Co.
Ft. Myers, Fla.	The Boston Store
Ft. Wayne, Ind.	Stillman D. G. Co.
Fresno, Calif.	Riese Bros.
Gainesville, Tex.	L. M. Kuehn
Galesburg, Ill.	Continental Clo. Co.
Galveston, Tex.	Eiband's
Gary, Ind.	H. Gordon & Son
Gloversville, N. Y.	H. I. Abdella
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Wurzburg D. G. Co.
Greenville, S. C.	G. H. Bailes
Hagerstown, Md.	Chas. Eyerly
Holland, Mich.	P. S. Boter
Hoosick Falls, N. Y.	M. Lurie & Co.
Hudson, N. Y.	L. Kritzman-Maskin
Huntington, W. Va.	Huntington D. G. Co.
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Indianapolis, Ind.	Wm. H. Block & Co.
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Laconia, N. H.	Sam Rosen
La Crosse, Wisc.	Wm. Doerflinger
Lansing, Mich.	Lansing D. G. Co.
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Lewiston, Me.	Grant & Co.
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McKeesport, Pa.	Helmstadter's
Miami, Fla.	Mark Store Co.
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Minneapolis, Minn.	The Leader
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New Braunsfel, Tex.	Eiband & Fischer
Northampton, Mass.	L. Colodny & Son
North Carolina	Efird's Dept. Store
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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8

STUFF ON THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

Where does this fellow Edward Acheson get his stuff about *The Old School Tie* in your April issue? It sounded as though he had been talking to some disgruntled Mosleyite in a daze, and had believed all he heard, and made up the rest.

The Englishman's feeling for the School Tie is founded on a natural pride in having at one time been associated with an institution of unquestioned standing and reputation. The same phenomenon is noted in this country, when middle-aged and older men are only too glad to wear in plain view emblems showing that they were admitted long ago to some well-known University association, or an (originally) gold-plated football, proving that the wearer at least perspired in the Big Game with good old Barbers' College in '86.

If there were no pride of ownership in such things, they would not exist. Would Mr. Acheson attempt to buy a Masonic emblem (for instance) unless he belonged to the Order? Of course not. Yet there might come a time when a fellow Mason, or Elk, or what have you, could be of invaluable service to him, at home or abroad.

The yarn about Mr. Baldwin and his railroad pick-up was passably good as a "funny" story, but as an anecdote it is the bunk. Even the most stuffy and insular "Old Boy" reads at least one newspaper besides "Punch," and so could not mistake old Bumblenoggin Baldwin for any other Old Harrovian—or for anybody else, for that matter. Besides, that story is 25 years old, to my knowledge, though not about Baldwin.

Mr. Acheson fails to mention that 99 44/100% of Public School boys come from preparatory schools, and have to pass entrance exams that are no easy snaps. The boy must be "entered" several years before for the best Schools, granted, just as one must wait for membership in any good Club over here (at least before the Depression), but the clientele is *not* "drawn exclusively from the wealthiest families." That is plain bunk. The Housemaster has *nothing* to do with a boy's admittance to the School, at least in any School I have ever heard about. Once he has been accepted, shortly before or after the examination there may be a conference with a Housemaster, if the parents for any reason wish their young hopeful to be in a certain House; otherwise he is arbitrarily assigned.

The story of the Socialite being under a perpetual cloud for being "turned down for Harrow" is priceless. If the poor fellow had been turned down for reasons other than failure to pass the entrance exam, the fact would hardly be broadcast, at that time or later. Methinks some Old Boy may have been giving Mr. Acheson's leg a sly tug, what? Incidentally, "the most socially exclusive Club in England—the I Zingari" is essentially a cricket club, not a lounging-palace for bluebloods.

When Mr. Acheson refers to students at Manchester College as "Manchurians" I question him, but do not deride, for although I have never heard that application of the word, and have never been privileged knowingly to meet (note unsplit infinitive) an O.M. yet I do know that inhabitants of that City are known as Mancunians.

And now for the real gripe, that brought on the fury that caused me to sound off. When you refer to students or ex-students of Winchester, Mr. Aitchison, for God's sake get your spelling right. Winchester College was founded circa 1387 A.D. by William of WYKEHAM, *not* Wycham, and its alumni are known as WYKEHAMISTS, *not* Wychamists. Now I am positive that your sources of information were, to put it mildly, hazy.

Incidentally, I am a natural-born American, with an American wife and children for lo! these many years, facts of which I am proud; but I am also proud of being an

OLD WYKEHAMIST

San Mateo, Calif.

P.S.—My opinions are based on conditions obtaining 25 years ago, so that if radical changes have occurred, I am all wet. But I doubt it.

HOW MEYER LOOKS FROM FAR AWAY

Due to your customary editorial care and unfailing sense of values it is only after reading everything else in your magazine that one discovers your movie department, but although half-hidden and therefore rather unimportant in your own estimate, the ignorance and nonsense expressed therein is quite inexcusable, and your reviewer's mania for political discussion never fails to leave a bad taste in one's mouth. I have held my peace for some months but the article in your March number is too much.

Herr Meyer Levin to begin with admits that he is "shamefully unread (at the moment)" on the Irish revolution. His lack of knowledge of the subject, however, doesn't prevent him from comparing it to the Zionist movement (I ask you!), and making the most ridiculous generalizations about the Irish, Irish temperament, Irish freedom, Irish folk-spirit and Irish literature, on top of which he makes more and equally ridiculous generalizations about the English, English fair-play and sportsmanship (I thought that false theory had gone to the grave with Kipling. Not even the English believe it any more.), English rule, Germany's nationalism, and the Hebrew Habima. After all this he tells us that the RKO producers have added a happy ending to their talkie of *The Plough and the Stars* and that this happy ending fits rather nicely a point that he made last month in your magazine (You must have buried that article very deep for I didn't find it.), namely, that "sad or happy endings have little to do with art of the story." Of course, I haven't seen the Hollywood idea of the celebrated Irish tragedy, but any happier ending than the one Sean O'Casey wrote to his play would automatically contradict the entire thing and be as pointless as *Macbeth* (a play about which even M. Levin may have heard tell) with a happy ending. To prove my point in his own terms I select two movies, Eisenstein's *Potemkin* and Von Stroheim's *Greed*. If Brother Levin will recall anything but sad ending to these films would have had a lot to do with the art of their stories. In brief, Tragedy has a strange habit of ending sadly.

Mr. Levin has a strange habit too. After the statement that "it is not the function of this department to discuss politics," he does nothing but talk politics. He opens with a singing of *God Save the King*, *The International* and *Happy Days Are Here Again*, and then while pretending to review such a masterpiece as James Cagney in *Great Guy*, he finds time to *heil* the American *Führer*, Il F. D. R., remark on Tom Mooney, and give us the low-down on the striking Salinas lettuce-pickers.

Before he does any more writing I suggest he do some reading. If he would study the brilliant manner of criticism practiced by George Jean Nathan (Thank God!) elsewhere in your monthly instead of learning the Roosevelt fire-chats by heart, he might be a fitter contributor to your otherwise distinguished pages. But I'm afraid he's a hopeless case.

I am

Very sincerely yours,
THOMAS QUINN CURTISS

Ibusz, Budapest, Hungary

Continued on page 218

ESQUIRE
June, 1937
T. M. Reg.

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METROPOLITAN EDITION

Vol. VII, No. 6
Whole No. 43
T. M. Reg.

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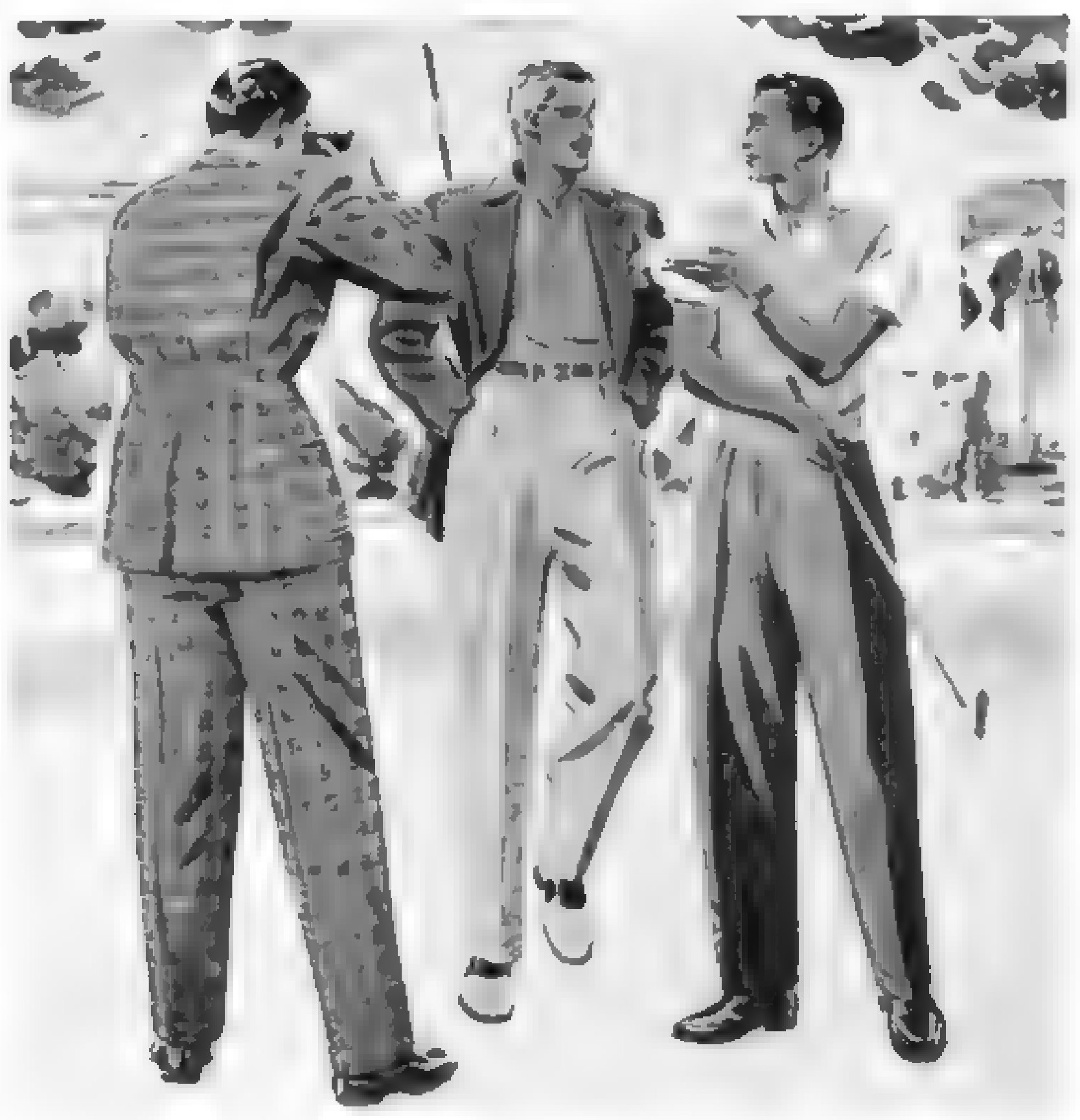

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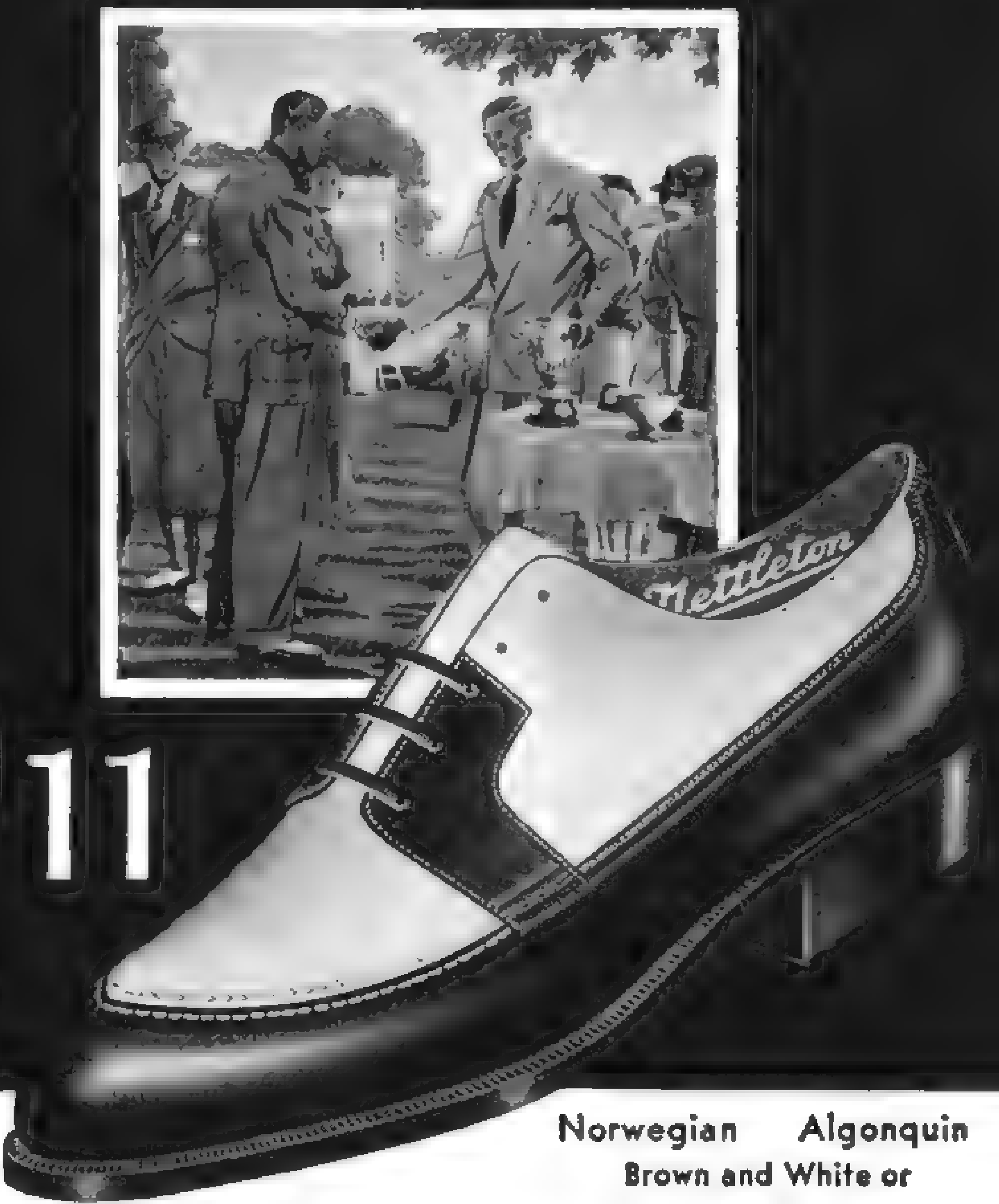

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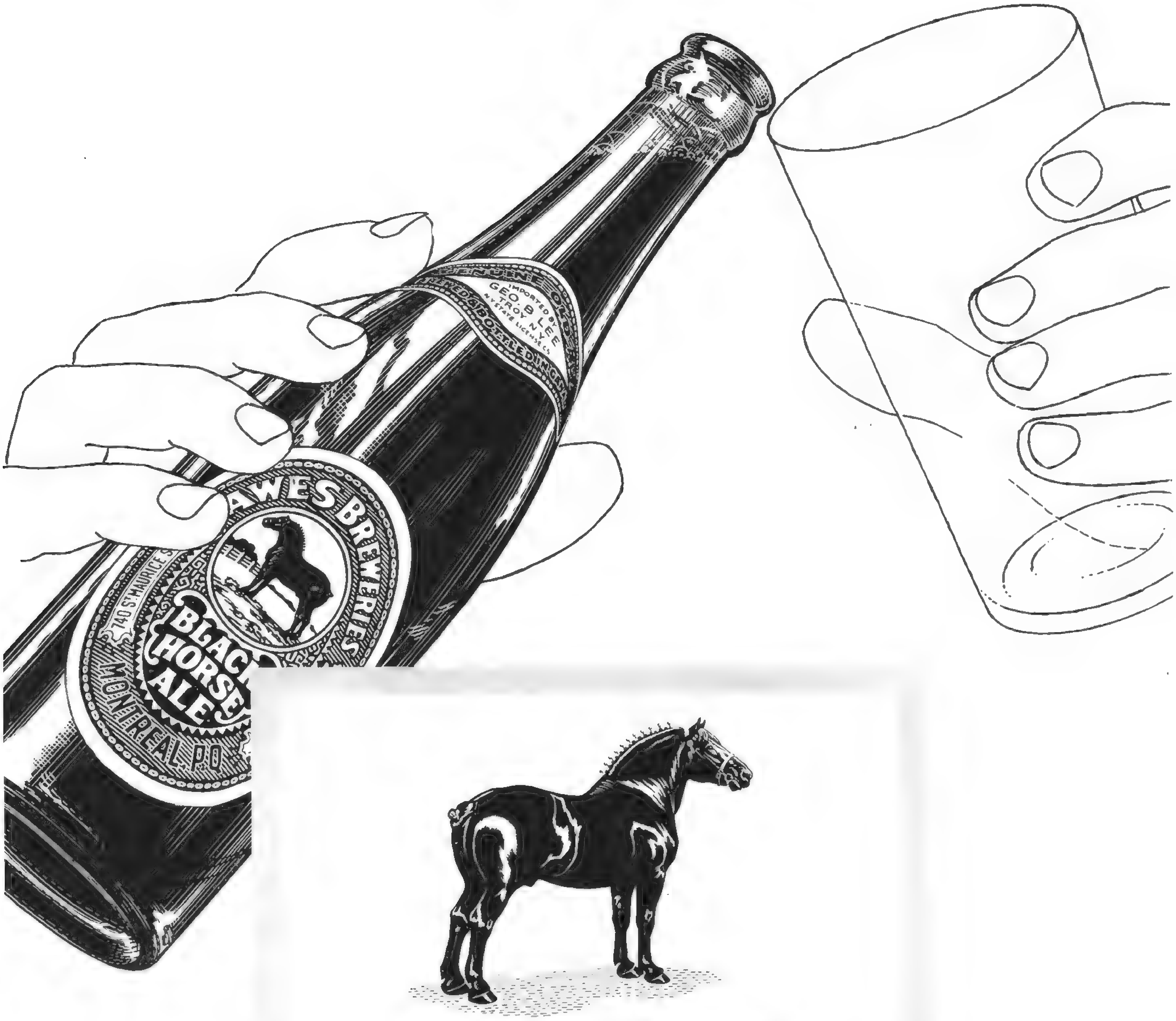
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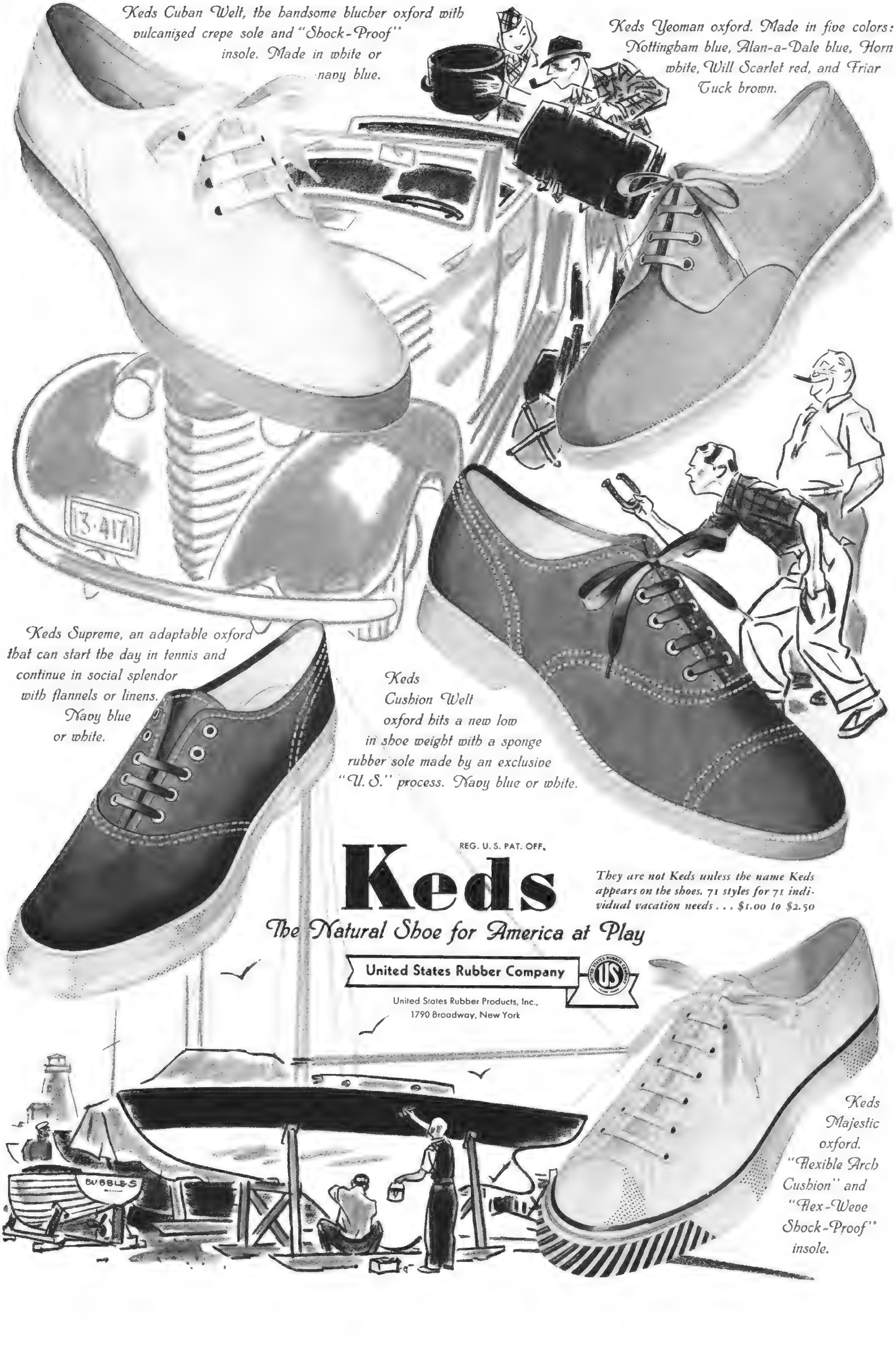

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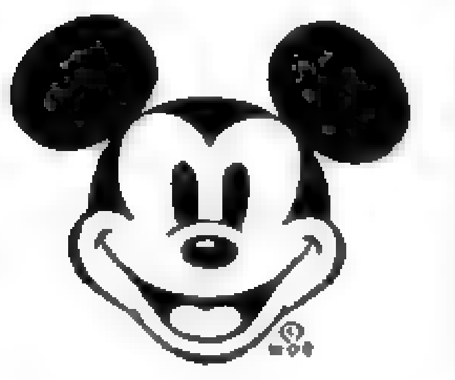

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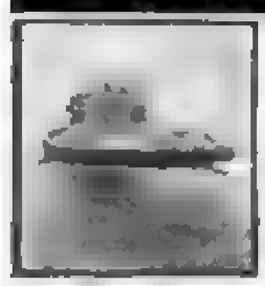

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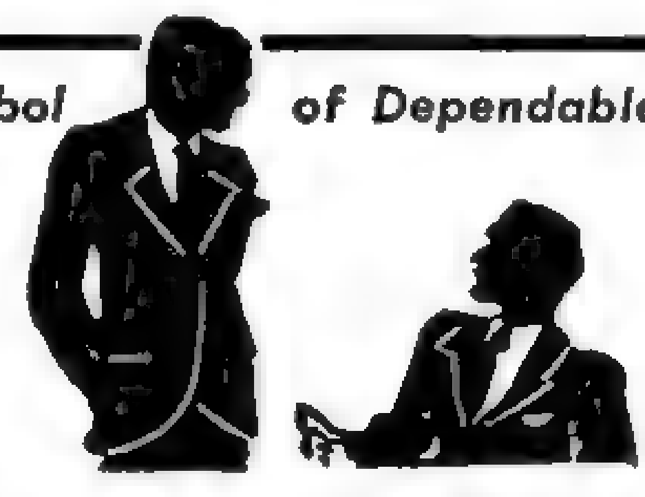

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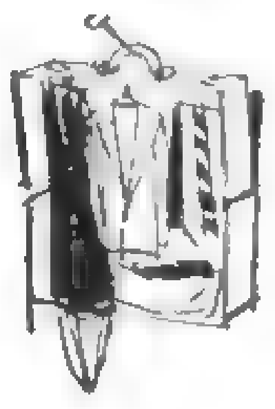


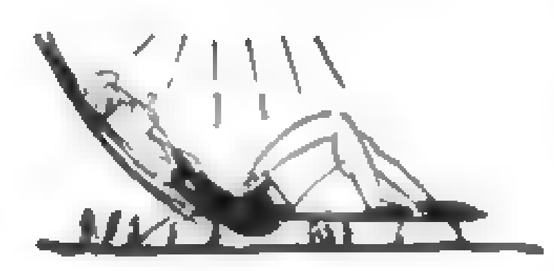
THE WEDDING GIFT TABLE will usually display about ten ice buckets, nine of which in all probability go back to the store after the honeymoon for credit. To insure against your offering suffering such a humble fate we point to a new vacuum table bucket that actually keeps the cubes intact for a matter of hours, instead of allowing room temperature to puddle and congeal the mess. Neat in black and chrome with a thin plastic cover.

FASHION NOTE. As a shopper who smelled one out on his own we insist on a word concerning India Madras. We speak of bathing shorts in this colorful fabric. Not keen about the flowered Hawaiian prints for men seen on some characters in the South this Winter, we do feel that Madras prints in pants are an individual touch. The color runs, but only a couple of times, after which the wearer settles down to rugged and fashionable attire amid the unknowing masses.

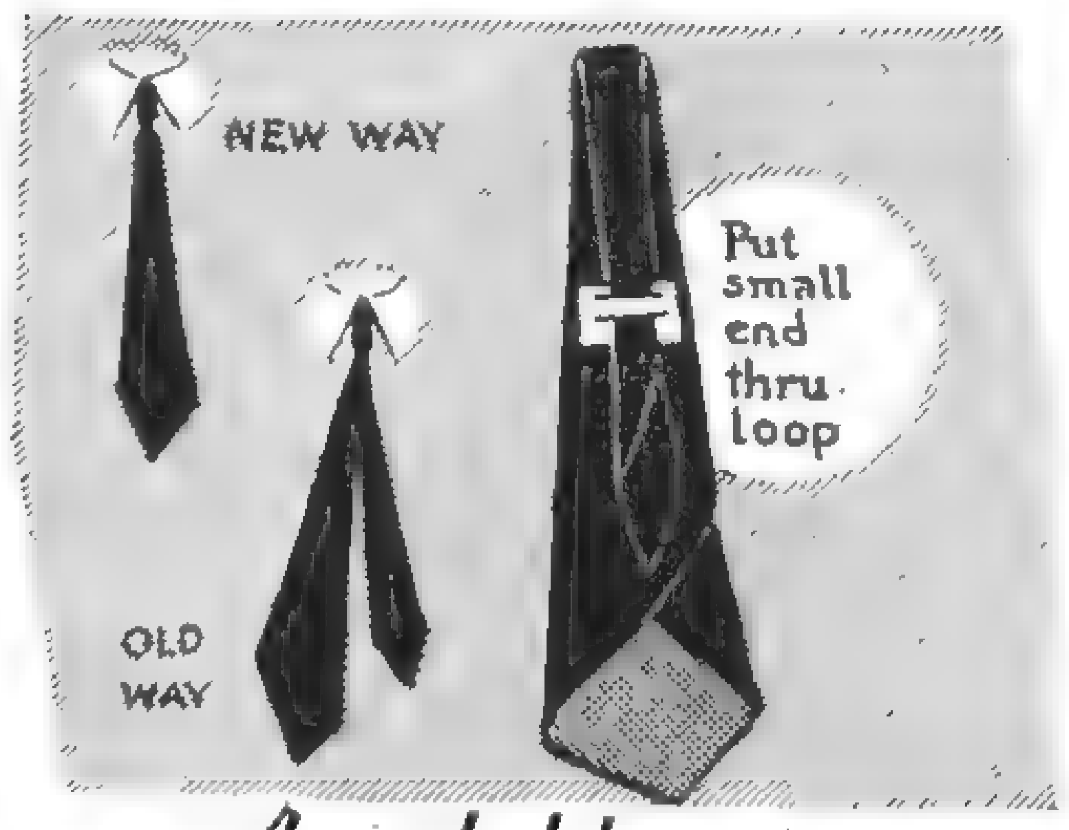
SHORTER SKIRTS are showing up shapely legs this season. (Strictly from masculine observation, although Vogue can have it for what it's worth.) Beneath sheer silk we've also been starey-eyed enough to note some local belles wearing fine gold chain anklets with minute name plates. Unfortunately slight near-sightedness has prevented our reading the names. Anyhow, we were induced by a winsome salespersonality to purchase of a pair of sheers with a silken elastic anklet and tiny rhinestone decoration sewn right on the ankle of one stocking. Guess we'll have to find a shy young graduate and make advances.

COBBLESTONE BOWLING ALLEYS are not conducive to rolling a 300 score. Nor are the usual thin ply ping pong tables encountered in the renovated basements of our friends. Our side of the net invariably consists of weird warps that toss the celluloid sphere at some angle impossible to cover. There's a new table-tennis table out that boasts of a permanently level 5 ply surface and stalwart tubular steel folding legs. It separates in the center to become smaller game or party tables.

SAND IN YOUR PANTS. What with loose legged bathing shorts in the fashion swim, the public will be conscious of more than spinach from a sand infested standpoint. Remedy, a folding wicker and padded canvas beach chair. It has no legs, but clears the burning sands by inches where your sit-down strikes the seat. Another remedy for those who want a fully prone but sandless place in the sun is a six foot canvas mat that rolls around a padded canvas pillow which in turn is built around a rustic wooden cane. You roll up your bed and walk . . . away with a burdenless stick over your arm. It comes in bright colors and the price is nominal.



NECKTIE SECURITY!
• The new patented looped lapel will hold the ends of your necktie secure.
• Will not ride up.
• Costs no more.


NEW WAY
Put small end thru loop
OLD WAY

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John Wanamaker, Philadelphia
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Kennedy's, Boston and New England
Godchaux's, New Orleans Blach's, Birmingham
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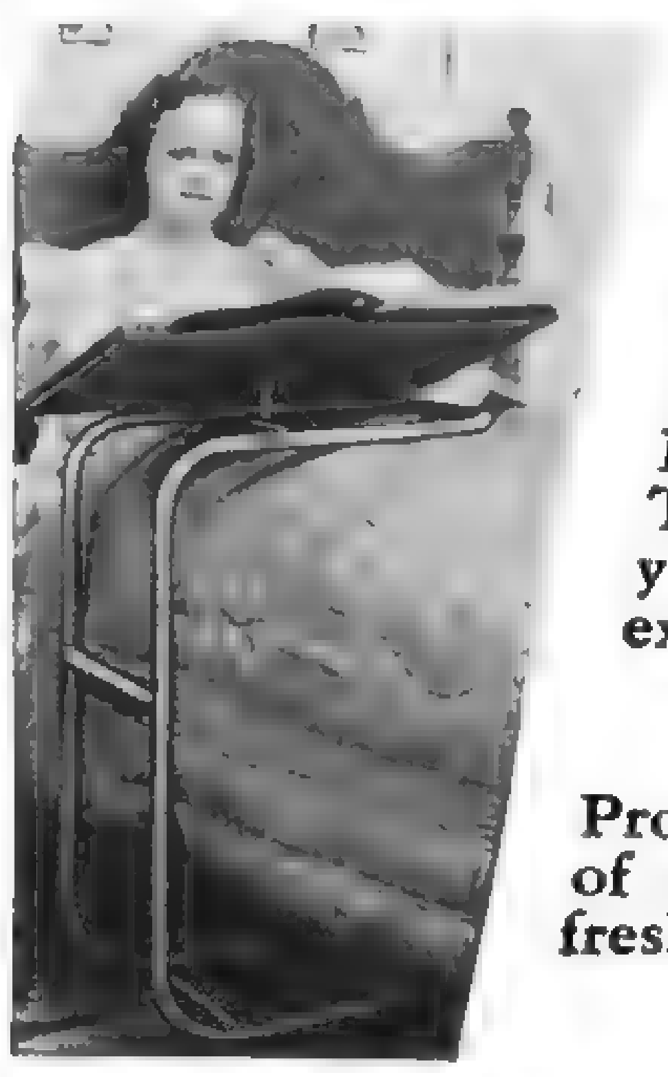

The World's Most Perfect Table to hold your book exactly.

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Promotes peace of mind in refreshing elegance.

"JOY IN BED" tells all
Send for Free Copy of this little book. Franklin Table Co., 2020 Rutherford Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky.

THE TIRE "BLEW"…. LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING HIS CAR SHOT OFF THE ROAD

Let LOWELL THOMAS tell you what an unexpected Blow-out did to this New Jersey Motorist

HE WAS going East—East on Oxford Road near Montclair, New Jersey. But he almost "went West"—West on that one-way highway on which you can never turn around.

He was thinking about the market, about stocks and bonds. For Ralph T. Ryan, Jr., of Caldwell, New Jersey, is connected with a Wall Street brokerage firm. There was one thing he was not thinking about. One thing never entered his mind—his tires.

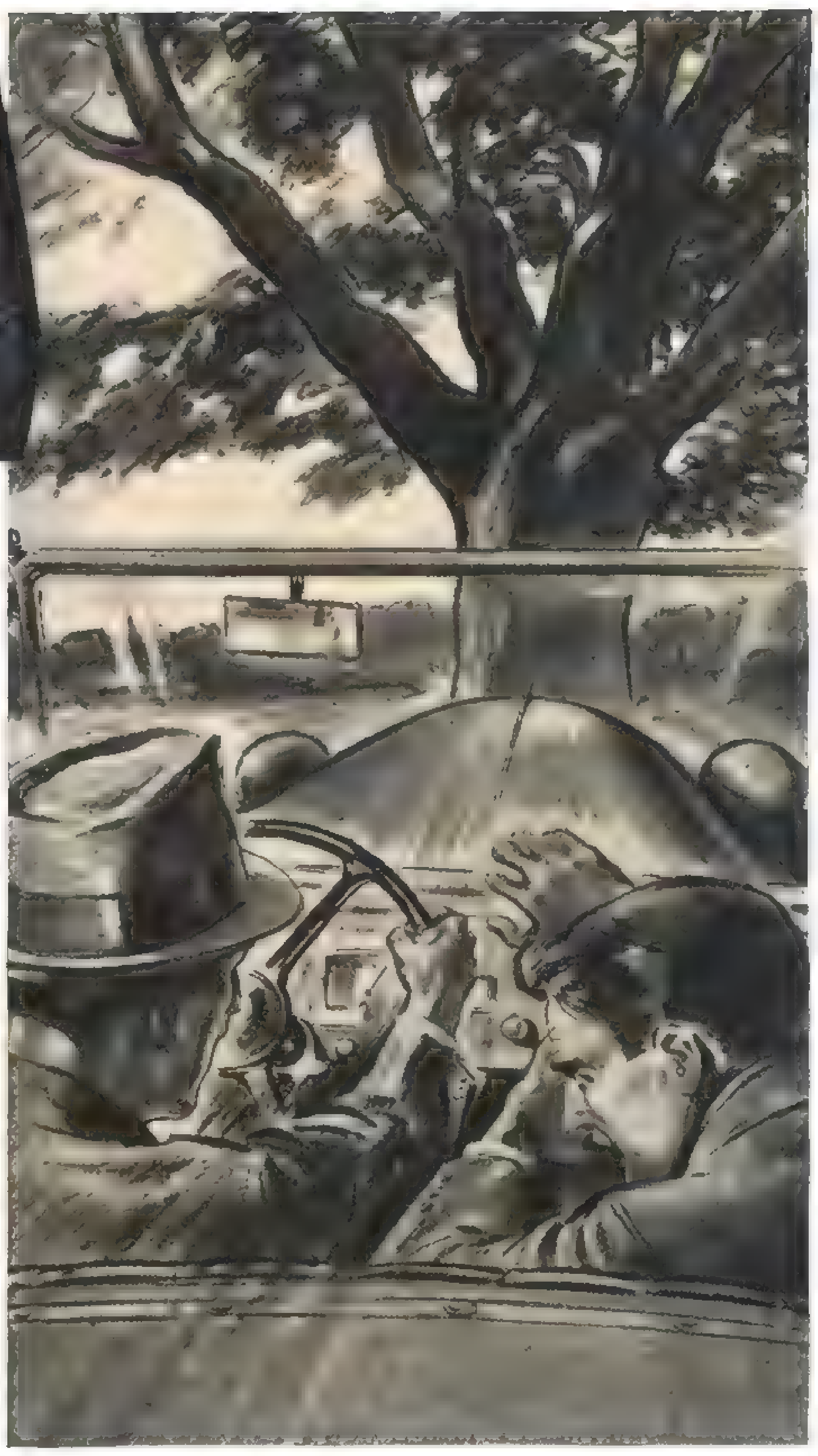
He knew about blisters, of course—meaning what you get on your finger when a pack of matches or a fire-cracker goes off at the wrong time. He may have heard about tire blisters which form between rubber and fabric, caused by the great heat that today's high speeds generate inside of tires. Somebody may have told him that such blisters are the great unseen cause of high-speed blow-outs.

Unexpected Trouble

But, like most motorists, Ralph Ryan took his tires for granted. He wasn't thinking of them, never dreamed he'd have a blow-out—until BANG! went his right front tire. The car lurched—zigzagged past a speeding roadster—then shot wildly off the road. Seconds seemed like hours before he came to a jerky stop—just in time to miss climbing a tree.

Ralph Ryan calls it "horseshoe luck"—that and the good condition of his car. He wasn't badly hurt, but he won't forget the shaking up he got in a hurry. The right front fender and the right running board were smashed, but the car stood up well enough to be driven, limping to the nearest garage for some costly repairs.

Is this an unusual case? Not by a long shot. Motorists from every walk of life—from every state in the Union, thousands of them, are killed or injured every year when blow-outs throw cars out of control. And, unfortunately, unless you ride on tires that give you the proper protection, there's no telling *when* or *where* you might have a serious blow-out accident.



The car zig-zagged—shot wildly off the road—came to a jerky stop just in time to miss climbing a tree

A Safer Tire Needed

A well-known engineer told me that his organization, The B. F. Goodrich Company, America's oldest tire manufacturer, foresaw the need for a *safer* tire as soon as driving speeds began to increase. Because these high-speeds, they claim, generate a tremendous amount of heat *inside* all tires, with the result that rubber and fabric separate and a heat blister forms. This blister, unknown to the motorist, may grow so big that, sooner or later, the tire BLOWS OUT.

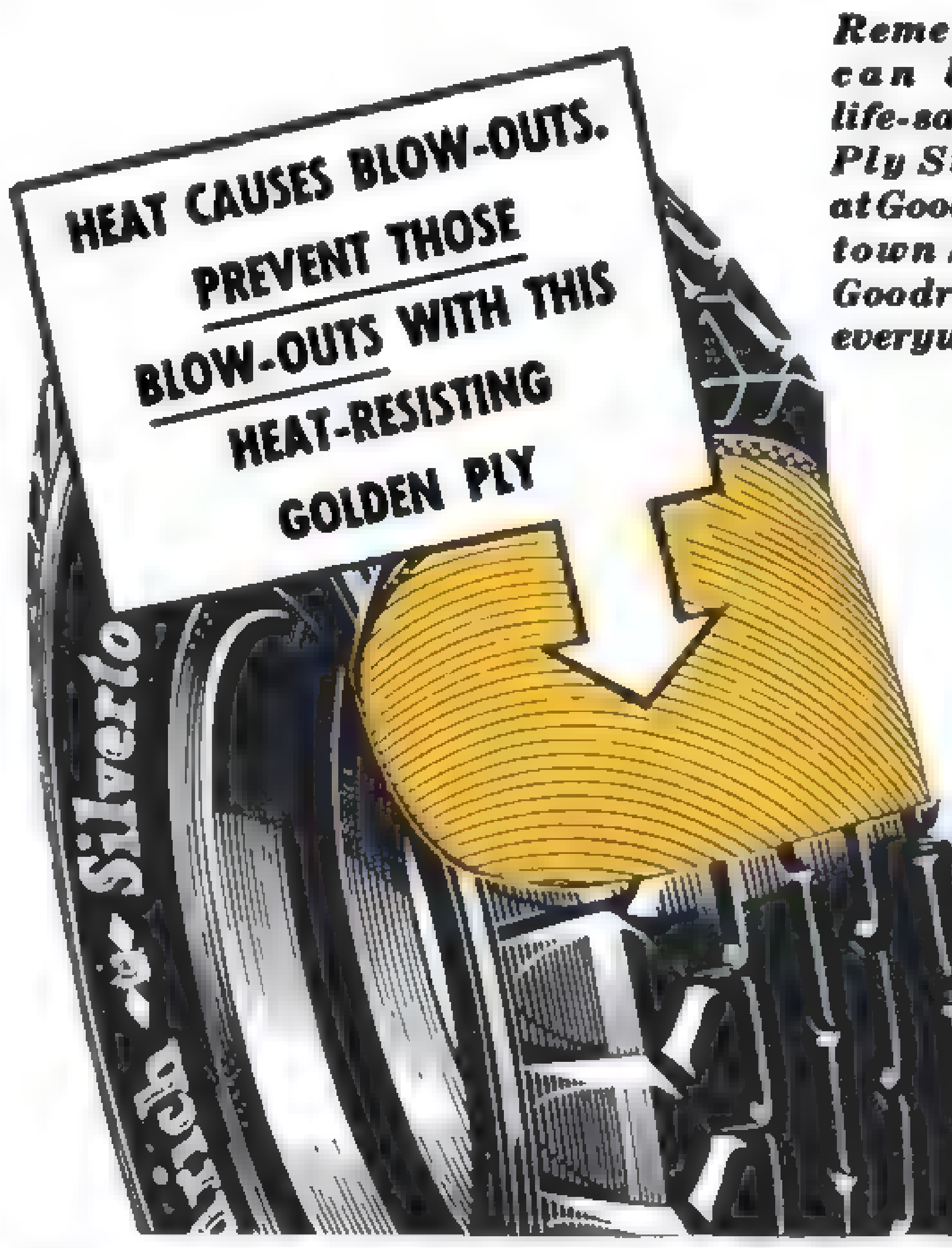
In order to provide motorists with the *real* protection they needed against high-speed blow-outs, he added that no effort or expense was spared on the part of Goodrich. The fortunate result of this tireless, scientific research, was the invention of the Life-Saver Golden Ply.

The Golden Ply, as it was described to me, is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist *internal tire heat.* By resisting this heat the Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating. It keeps blisters from forming. And when the blister is prevented, the great unseen cause of high speed blow-outs is licked.

Stay on the Safe Side

Taking tires for granted these days of faster driving conditions seems like a big risk for any careful motorist to take. Bear in mind that it's useless to try to alibi yourself out of a blow-out accident. The *safe* thing to do, I would say, would be to put *safe* tires on your car *before* the damage is done.

Lowell Thomas


HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS. PREVENT THOSE BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS HEAT-RESISTING GOLDEN PLY
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Remember, you can buy these life-saving Golden Ply Silvertowns at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and Goodrich dealers everywhere.

Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

Vassar

COMFORT TO THE WEARER

NEW . . . and . . . ENTIRELY DIFFERENT *Swim Trunks* by VASSAR

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1
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3
PATENTS PENDING

The new Vassar Swim Trunks do more than merely fit — *they support.* The exclusive Vassar process of fashioning Lastex and Worsted makes these unique features possible.

1. No slipping or rolling at the waist. No belt. No binding.
2. Snug, even fit at thighs without pinching.
3. Smooth fit and ample support through crotch. No athletic supporter is needed and none is sewn in.

● We wish we could tell you in words and show you in a picture what you will actually feel for the first time when you wear these new Vassar Swim Trunks. Never before have there been swimming garments like these.

Vassar Swim Trunks are entirely different in every detail of design and construction. Here, for the first time, is a perfect combination of support, restraint and good looks in one garment.

The top of the trunk clings securely around your waist. No belt is worn. No belt is needed. Yet there is no slipping or rolling.

Around the thighs and through the crotch, these trunks are sleek and smooth. But there is absolutely no binding. No athletic supporter is necessary, and none is sewn into them. Yet these Vassar Swim Trunks are an *all-over supporter* from waist to thighs.

You are due for a new sensation in swim wear. You will actually feel a new and easier speed and grace in the water and a trimmer, better groomed feeling out of it.

Fine stores everywhere are showing these new Vassar Swim Trunks in all sizes and the smartest 1937 colors. Write for the name of the store nearest you, and for a complete descriptive folder. Address Vassar Company, 2563 Diversey Parkway, Chicago.

The best Golf Ball you ever played – or *double* your money back ⁕

HERE'S the fairest offer ever made to golfers—sample this amazing Acushnet for 1937 on a basis that demonstrates our faith in this wonderful ball. Go to your Pro shop—buy any seventy-five cent Acushnet—play it eighteen holes and—if you're not completely satisfied you'll receive *double* your money back. ❡ The Driving Machine proves them longer and truer in flight—the Fluoroscope shows our exclusive winding which makes them the best putting ball on earth and—the Guillotine test demonstrates that Acushnet is the toughest high compression ball ever made—But we ask you to make your own decision solely on performance—To the thousands who have already shown the preference which makes Acushnet the fastest selling, top-line ball in the country, and to many golfers who haven't played this wonderful ball, we repeat our simple challenge—Buy and try—"the best golf ball you ever played or—double your money back."

"Exclusively to the Pro"—If you're not already selling the Acushnet, wire at once your requirements so that your members can take advantage of the offer to sample this wonderful ball.

Gold Ray
Acushnet

GEER PATENT COVER

Acushnet

GOLF BALLS

AVAILABLE ONLY THROUGH YOUR PRO SHOP

MY PERSONAL GUARANTEE "YOUR PRO"

PRECISION MADE FOR BETTER PLAY

Acushnet Process Co. New Bedford, Mass.

ESQUIRE says this must be labeled an advertisement but we still insist it's news.

Flying Newshawk

How would you like a job combining thrills of reporter, photographer and pilot? . . . Meet the man who has one

by JOHN MARSTON

TWISTED trees, unroofed homes scattered over acres of plastered-down corn, bloating dead cattle, showed a plain trail from the air where the tornado had sliced through miles of rich Iowa farmland.

Farmers counting their losses ducked as a fast red plane swooped low . . . caught a glimpse of an aerial camera bobbing from a window, snapped by an expert pilot while flying.

For perhaps ten minutes the roaring wasp of a plane hovered over the disaster path, zooming and climbing, and then wheeled away to the southwest. Half an hour later the pilot called The Register and Tribune state editor from Des Moines' airport.

"I got 'em Grant . . . good pictures. Want me to phone in the story now to catch the next edition?"

"Let her rip, Charley, I'm ready . . ."

That's the name, Charley—Charles Gatschet, pilot—photographer—reporter for The Des Moines Register and Tribune . . . the man who takes a whole state for his beat, flies off 200 miles for a routine assignment of thrills before lunch as casually as you or I would cross the street.

Big, baldish and fortyish with a quiet manner and blue-grey eyes, he's been ace aerial newshawk of an entire state for almost ten years . . . a key man in the remarkable news-gathering machine by which The Des Moines Register and Tribune covers all Iowa as most newspapers cover their city limits.

When 14, he built a truck during spare time with parts of sixteen automobiles from junk piles. In 1917, a week after graduating from Kansas University with a degree in electrical engineering, he was in the army and after 3½ hours of dual practice went flying solo in an old Jenny without a parachute (they didn't have 'em then). At Kelley field he trained 132 cadets to fly at a time when cadets usually lasted a month—without a single crack-up (although he had to conk one scared kid with a fire extinguisher when he froze onto the controls). War flyer in France, he regularly flew damaged planes across the channel from Paris to London for repairs. Post-war came barn storming and test piloting.

That's Charley Gatschet, who today with 8,000 hours flying time leads non-transport pilots . . . has flown six Des Moines Register and Tribune planes more than a half million miles without serious accident. Let him speak for himself telling how a pilot-photographer-reporter works—

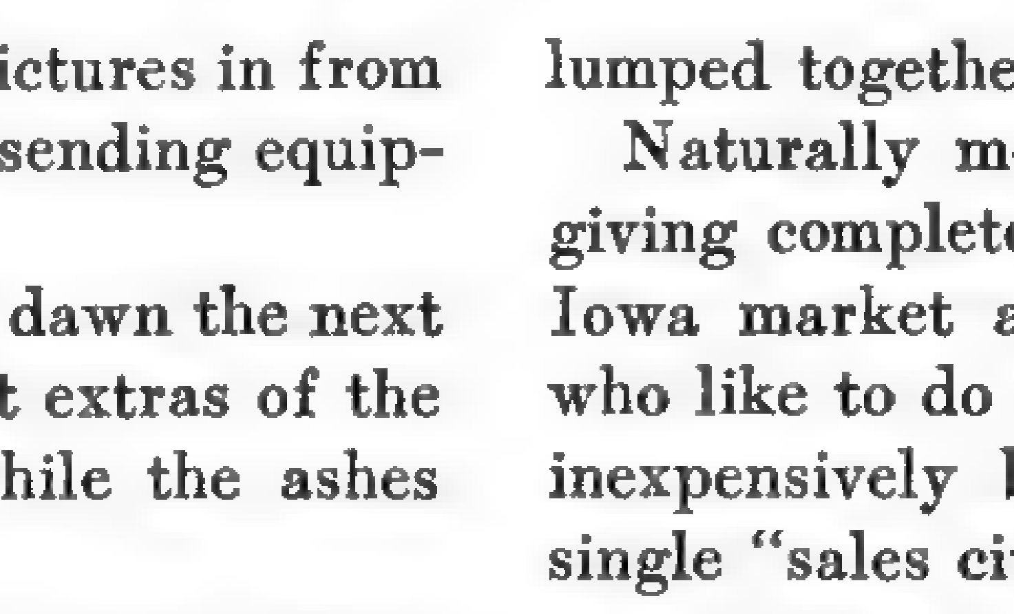
"5:02 on a warm June afternoon in the days when we had the lumbering big old Stinson called Good News II. Everybody in the news room was drowsy when the phone rang.

" 'This is the Milwaukee railroad,' yells a voice, 'Telegram here for you says Spencer is burning down. Want plane with dynamite and fire chief at once . . . water supply failing.'

"By 5:20 we were roaring off the field for Spencer, a town of 5,000—135 miles northwest of Des Moines, with two chartered planes washing in our wake. Rewrite men in the news room took down the story as the Spencer state reporter telephoned in a flame by flame account from a filling station outside of town—the phone exchange had burned.

"At 6 o'clock I saw a huge rolling pillar of smoke from the blazing town where flames had already licked up three blocks of homes and stores and folks were getting ready to flee into the open country.

"We landed in a pasture and fire chief, dynamite expert, ground reporters and photographers piled out hot-foot for town. I went back up with head photographer George Yates for air shots of the furnace below where street pavements were buckling in the heat, got some good shots of clouds of debris soaring up as the blasts blew a gap in the wall of advancing fire.



"Within an hour the fire was under control . . . acres of twisted ruin in its wake. Within another hour also, pictures and first hand news accounts were in The Des Moines Register and Tribune office 135 miles away. Nowadays we can telephone pictures in from any part of Iowa, taking the sending equipment by plane.

"To top off the day, before dawn the next morning I flew back with first extras of the fire to reach Spencer . . . while the ashes were still too hot to walk on."

That kind of news reporting and photography by air almost 365 days in the year is just one of the reasons why almost half the people in Iowa read one newspaper every day, The Des Moines Register and Tribune. They know they can count on Charley Gatschet and his fellow newshawks to get the news and pictures to them first.

Of course, Gatschet isn't the only man on the job. It takes a lot of co-operation for a big newspaper to cover 56,000 miles of land like a single town—not a set of temperamental prima donnas. That sort of stuff is reserved for reporters in the movies.

Eleven staff photographers are headed by George Yates—"Gentleman George." A young man in Manchester, England, Yates became a lawyer's apprentice and faced the prospect of long hand copying of legal bone dust in a musty office for seven mortal years. He stood it for seven weeks and then flipped a coin, "Heads I go to Australia, tails to Canada." Canada won and after a varied career which involved Mexican border warfare and spy catching in France during 1918, he became photographic chief of a newspaper which is tops in America in pictures today.

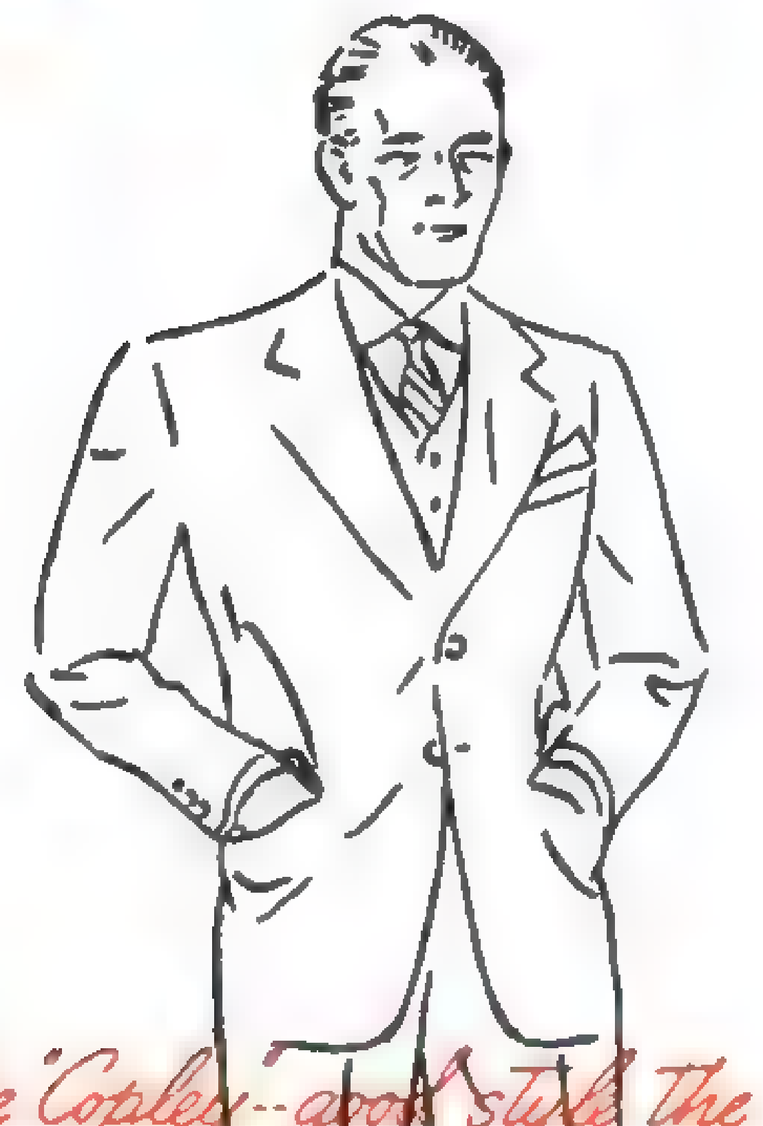
There are more than 300 state reporters—hard working, alert scribes who watch the mouse holes of local news in towns all over Iowa—all big press associations with scores of news gatherers over the state . . . 110 Register and Tribune editorial workers in Des Moines, Iowa's capital city.

It wouldn't be quite right to say that all of Iowa's two and a half million people read The Des Moines Register and Tribune—but half of them do, and that's a pretty good record when they're living throughout an area about as big as New York state and New Jersey lumped together.

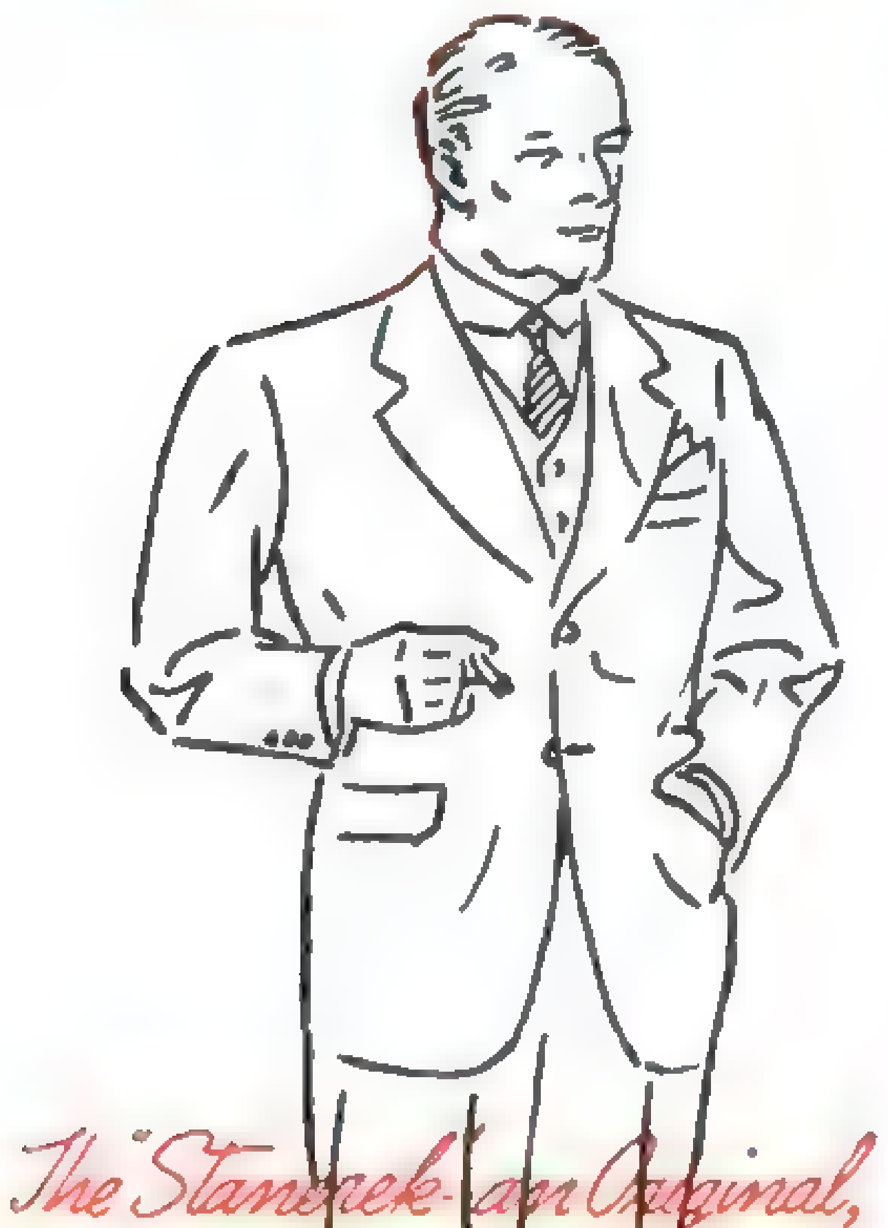
Naturally more than 300,000 circulation giving complete coverage of the whole rich Iowa market appeals to smart advertisers who like to do a big selling job simply and inexpensively by turning all Iowa into a single "sales city" just as Charley Gatschet turns it into a single "news city."

Flyer-reporter-photographer, Gatschet is one of the men who makes The Des Moines Register and Tribune the best newspaper Iowans can buy—a pioneer in a new profession.

Fashion Park



The "Copley"--good style the world over! Easy, natural, becoming to all men...In celebrated Parkman woolens, rich, reserved, smart.



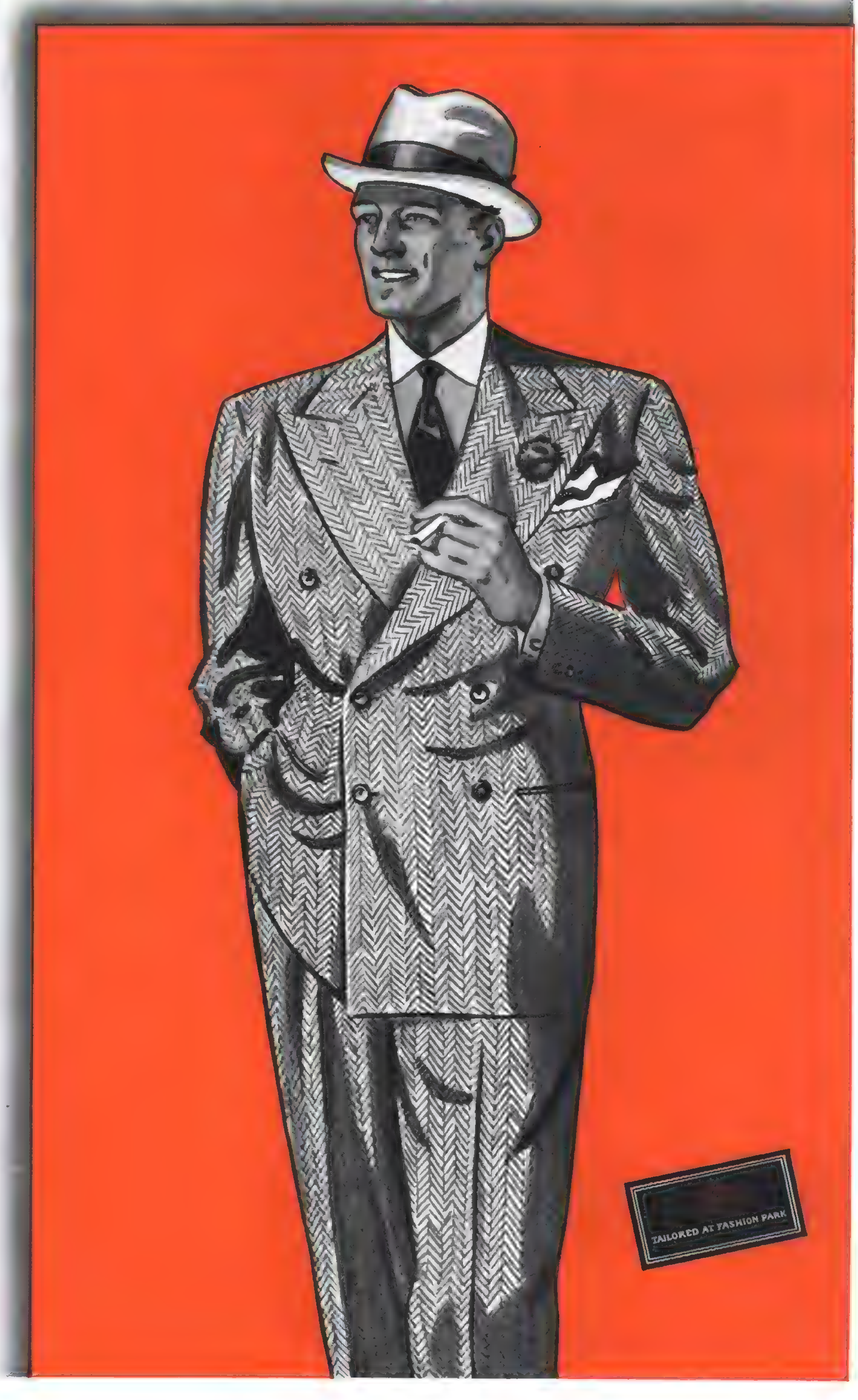
The "Stanwick"-an Original, an Exclusive! Makes short men look taller, heavy men slimmer....In fine and suitable new spring fabrics.

Double-breasted "Park Lounge"--first fashion choice of the day. Wide shoulders, drape chest, fitted waist. In special high-style new cloths.

Business Suits • Sports Wear

$45 to $100

. . . Write for your free copy of our interesting Spring and Summer booklet, "The Man—His Clothes." FASHION PARK, ROCHESTER, N. Y.



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. . . writes George Bailey

SMART CLOTHES CEASE to be SMART if you have a "BAY WINDOW"

GET rid of it the Weil Belt way! "My waist 8 inches smaller", writes W. L. McGinnis; "Lost 50 pounds" says W. L. Anderson. Experiences of thousands of other men justify us in making you this unqualified agreement:

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You will appear inches slimmer at once and will be completely comfortable as the gentle pressure and the massage-like action of your Weil Belt persistently eliminate fat with every move you make! Gives an erect, athletic carriage, keeps digestive organs in place . . . and with loss of fat come increased pep and greater endurance.

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NO DRUGS, DIETS OR EXERCISES
SUPPORTS FALLEN ABDOMINAL MUSCLES

SEND FOR FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

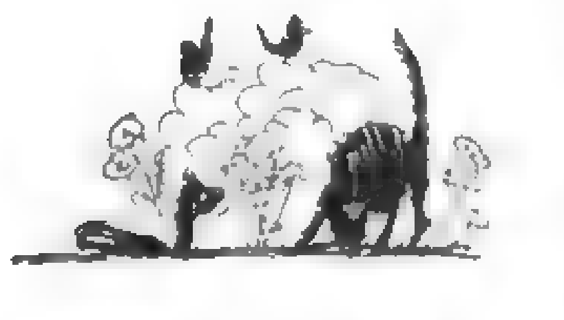
'A Good Drink if it weren't for the ice cubes." Last year we welcomed the little silver orbs that cooled without thinning the strength of the beverage. This year an even more modern version of controlled coolness makes a bow in the form of glass tubes enlarged at the lower end to form large spheres holding various colored liquids. Put in the ice tray of your refrigerator and they freeze. Put in a drink and the captured ice melts, cools the drink without weakening. The set comes with four colors, so you can't mix glasses. The long stems allow them to be used as stirrers as well.

Warm Weather Equals Salad. Lighter menus during the hot months are in order. For the Gourmet who wants a dash of the unusual in his food there's a new seasoning on the market. Dusted over a salad, mixed into a gravy, or for garnishing a canape this powder-like stepper-upper has the unmistakable flavour of bacon. Health angle: It's yeast base is chock-full of vigorous vitamins. An award for design was handed the package which is in shaker form.

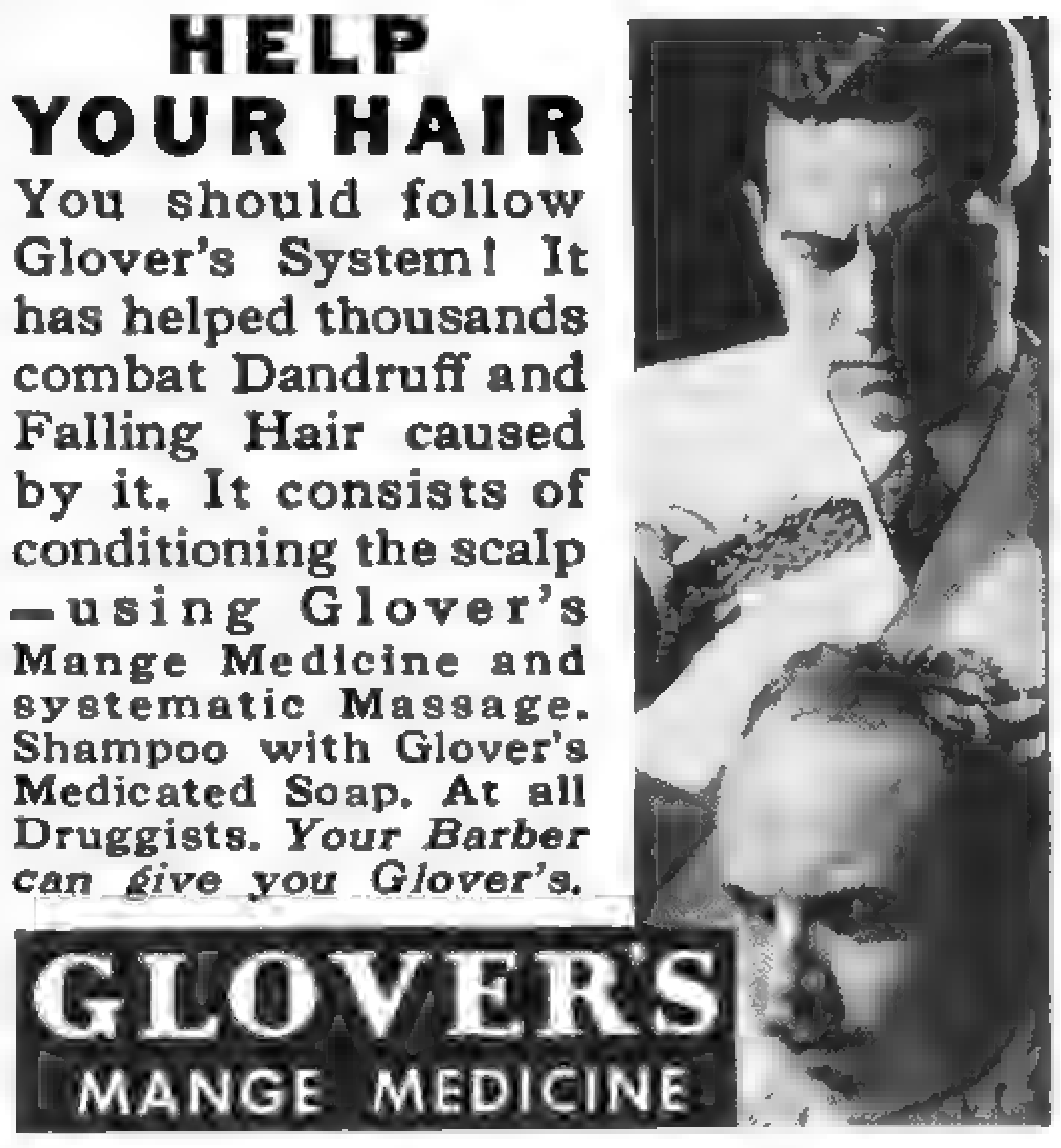
Swingin' in a Hammock was usually a matter of finding two trees to swing it from. Now appears a model that needs no pillars fore and aft. Bent steel tubing that disjoints easily when dismantling forms a cradle resting on the ground from which swings the canvas litter. There's no weight to the contraption, so you may easily push it in and out of the shade at will. Another lawn body-rest, but more of a luxury is a wicker rocker with adjustable back angle and padded seat and back. In this you may stretch out to full length and at the same time enjoy the advantages of a rocker. To add to the features of this pallet, it is constructed like a wheelbarrow, with rollers on one end for ease in trundling to and from the terrace.

Sweat it Off! A preparation, non-injurious in character, appears with all the properties of a properly handled Indian Club, as far as reducing is concerned. Some chemical property of the unguent causes the pores in the vicinity of application to pour out more than their normal quota of perspiration and hence reduce fatty tissue. Applied to an extra chin you become a Gump. Its feature is that you can lose it where you don't want it and results are guaranteed. Line forms on the left . . . and don't push!

If You Ask Her Hand you may well expect a wrist attached to it. And the asking necessitates a steady flow of tribute until the day you clinch the option at the altar. A handwrought sterling bracelet is more than a mere trinket, as it is a personal token that will be forever cherished. (We almost went overboard with the sentiment of that statement.) A few metropolitan shops are showing this fine handicraft at amazingly reasonable prices, considering the machine age we're living in. As a follow-up, there are pins to match.



Le Squirrel Rampant is a lawn departure that knocked us flat on our greensward the other night. Scattered about the fringes of the garden at a suburban friend's place were seemingly lifelike animals and domestic fowl that fooled us for the moment. Under the elms, cast-iron nut chasers in true color sat upon the grass. Near the pool a duck and her five little ones seemingly waddled toward us. The whole thing was a hoax, but as cleverly done as a rustic puppet show without the expense of unkeep.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Protect Your Belongings, Too!

Trial Offer: *Send 15c for one dozen of your own first name and sample of NO-SO Cement for attaching without sewing.*

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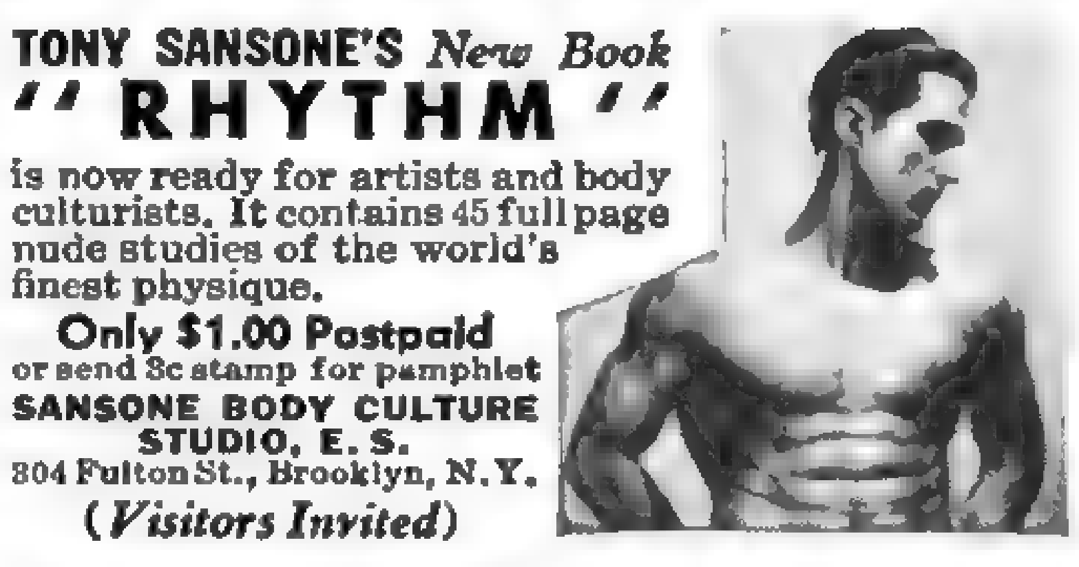
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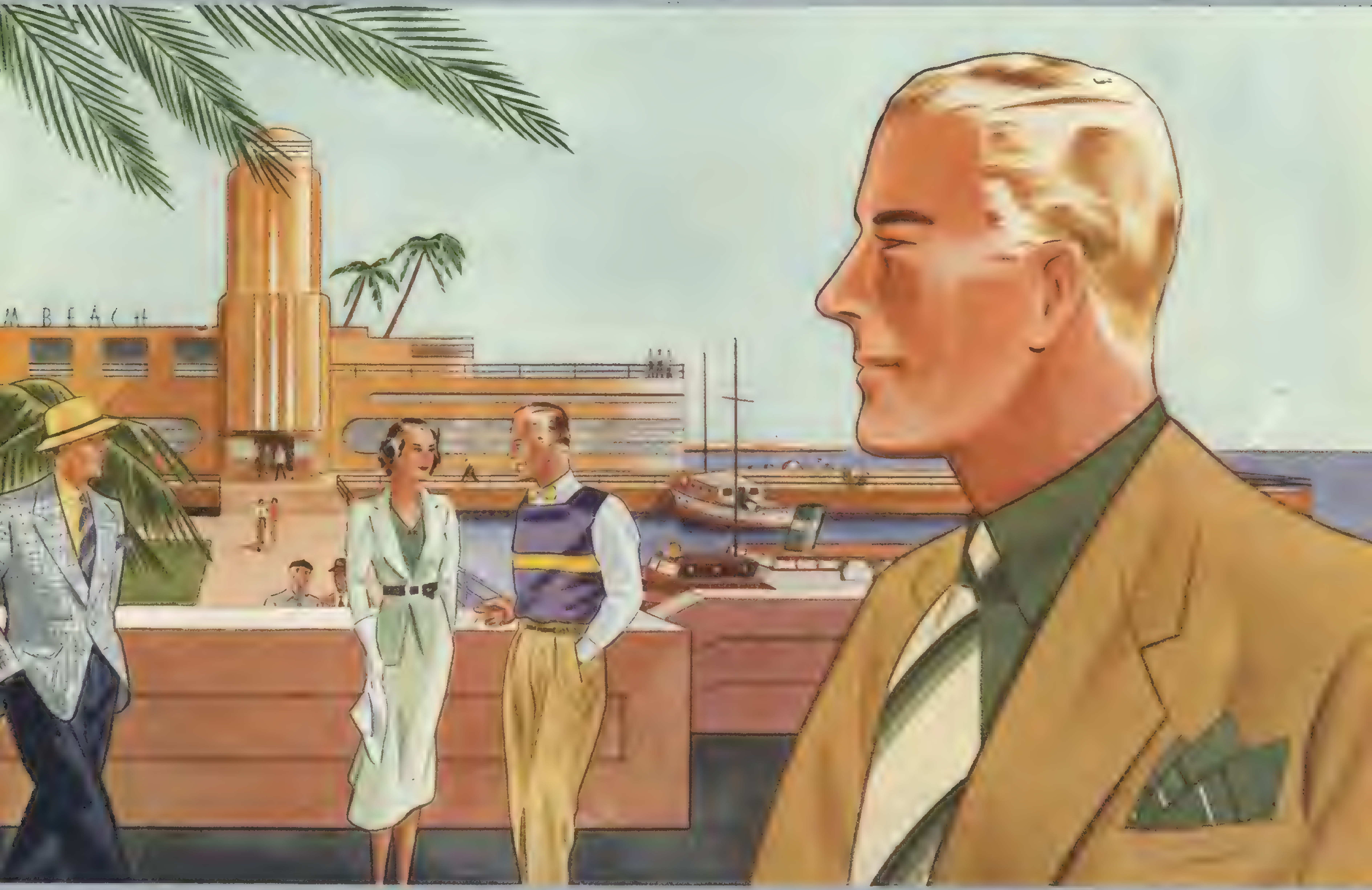
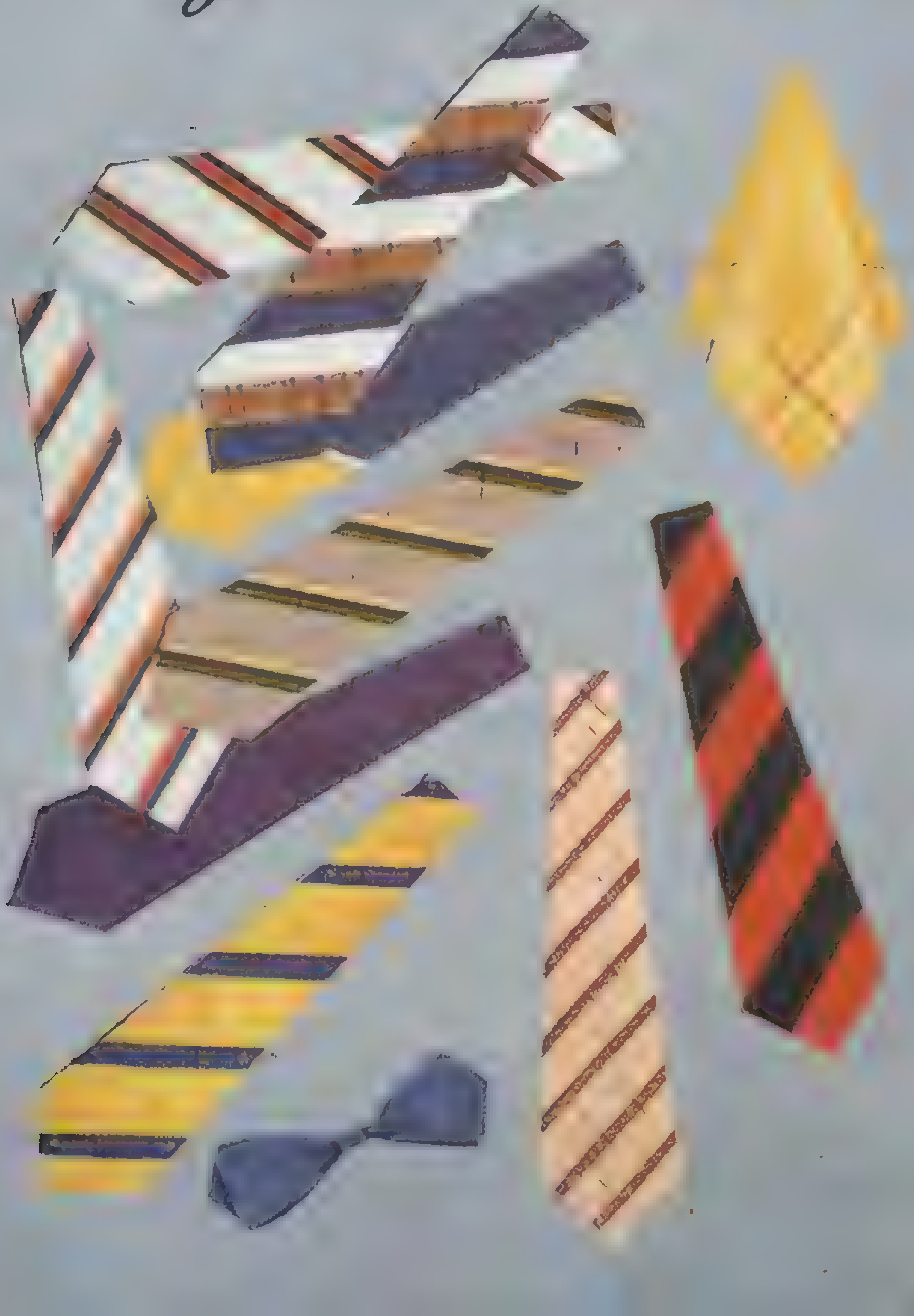
Beau Brummell

PALM BEACH CRAVATS



Again... America's Smartest Summer Tie!



Style enthusiasts again say . . . Genuine Palm Beach Cravats . . . Summer's fashion "first" in neckwear. The essence of smartness . . . patterns and colors brilliantly conceived by master stylists. Palm Beach Cravats are fashioned from Genuine Palm Beach Cloth. Their unique, patented four-fold construction provides a perfect knot. They have no inner lining . . . they're easy to tie . . . hard to muss . . . washable.

"Beau Brummell" has taken the 1937 version of the Genuine Palm Beach Cravat and Bow Tie to new heights, along with their latest fashion spark . . . the Palm Beach Handkerchief. Smartness unlimited!

all america
is saying
Beau
Brumm
Ties the
Palm Beach
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
OWNED AND WOVEN BY
GOODALL WORSTED CO

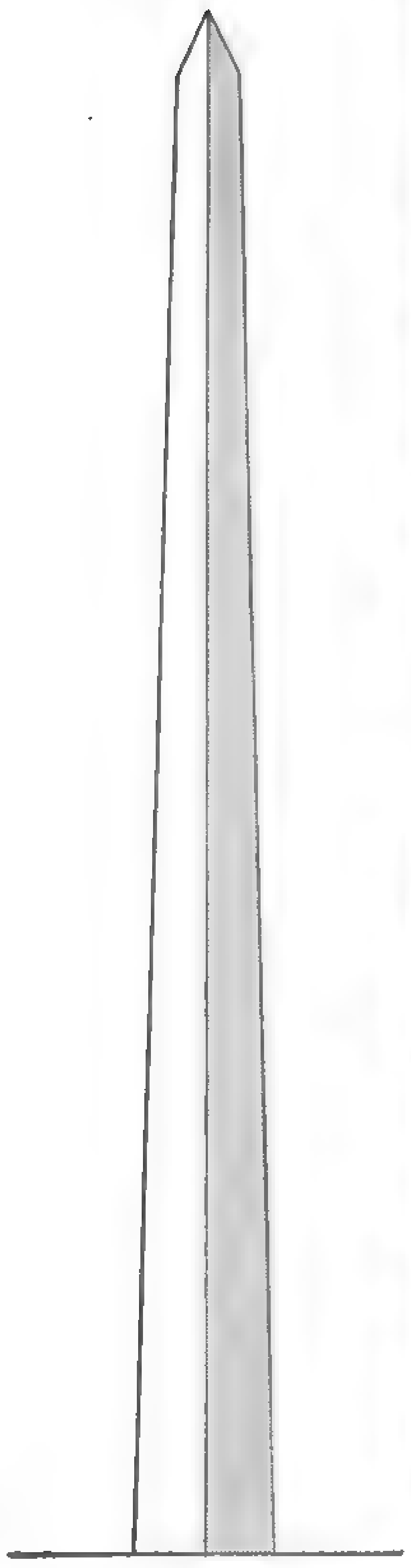
It isn't a Genuine Palm Beach Cravat... without the Palm Beach Label!

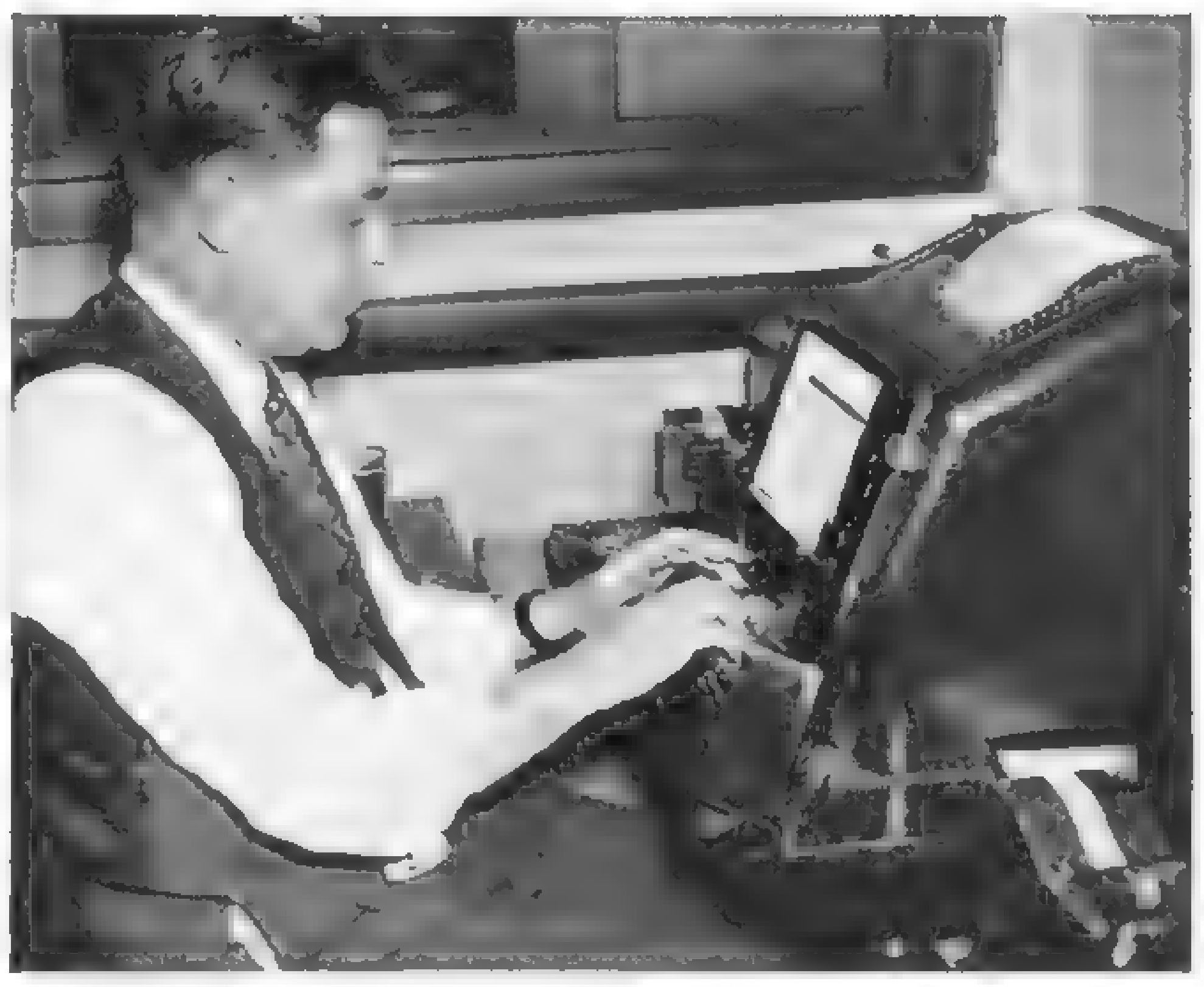
FOUR-IN-HANDS $1.00 BOWS 75c HANDKERCHIEFS $1.00

THE WEISBAUM BROS., BROWER COMPANY, CINCINNATI

Bureau chief Warner—*"and would you say, Senator . ."*

Capitol Hill man Alsop—beards Senators in their lair





Chief operator Birkenhead – 15,000 words a night

Office clerk Cullinane—*"and* STEP *on it, will you?"*

how to keep your Washington Watch

From a quiet, ornamental, provincial seat of government the city on the Potomac has become news-maker to the world. Let the Treasury breathe, and every world financial nerve is sensitive. Let the War or State Departments raise an eyebrow, and Europe, Asia, the Far East look. The youngest capital city has become a world nerve center.

In this new order, the New York Herald Tribune is going far beyond newspaper routine. It is covering the capital as thoroughly—and independently—as the average paper covers the home town. To do this, in addition to using both great press associations—Associated and United—to cover Washington, it maintains—not one correspondent, but a nine-man Washington Bureau of its own.

* * *

In the Herald Tribune Washington Bureau nine not-at-all-old men divide their time between Capitol Hill and *downtown*—the administrative end of Washington. The nine are double-duty men. They are beat-patrolling reporters who are also special investigators.

Their act is to develop Washington *exclusives,* to follow political trends, development of policies. Not the gossip. But the actual movements at and behind the scenes of government.

The nine include *Albert Warner*—probably the youngest Press Bureau chief in the capital; *Ernest K. Lindley*—who works chiefly with the President's advisors checking embryonic political trends; *John O'Brien*—White House and State Department watchman; *Joseph Alsop*—bearding Senators in and out of their lair; *Robert Kintner* whose beat is that strategic triangle—the Treasury, the Federal Reserve, the S. E. C.; *Samuel Bell*—he works closely with the House Leadership; *Coleman Jones*—he edits the mass gathered by the rest, secures additional material from government reports, releases, telephones check-ups.

* * *

Beginning at 5:30 evenings, till 1 the next morning, the grist of this whole mill is tapped out by Walter Birkenhead and an assistant operator—fifteen to twenty thousand words a night by printer machine and leased wire to the Herald Tribune news rooms in New York. When news taxes the wires, Clerk Cullinane hops to it and dictates to New York by phone, where it's taken down both by stenographers and on aluminum records.

Net of all this—fifteen to twenty columns of it, will appear in your tomorrow's New York Herald Tribune, no small part of it in the financial section. If you do not or cannot get it at your news stand, the coupon is for you and other citizens alert to the new importance of being right with the Washington Watch—with a paper whose Capital coverage, like its general news, is fast, accurate, clear, complete.

ES 6-37

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THE OLD LADY who lived in a shoe had an advantage over millions of young married couples of this generation. *They* start on a *shoestring.* But they won't long be denied. They know what they want. They know Commercial Credit Company makes possible the fulfilment of many needs and many desires. Their families enjoy modern comforts that no other nation boasts in such abundance.

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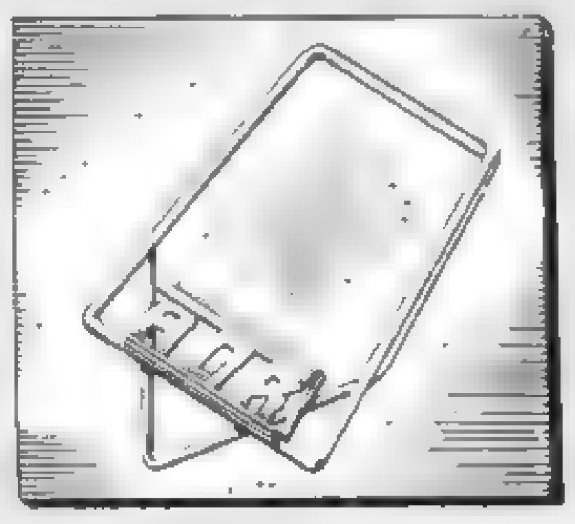
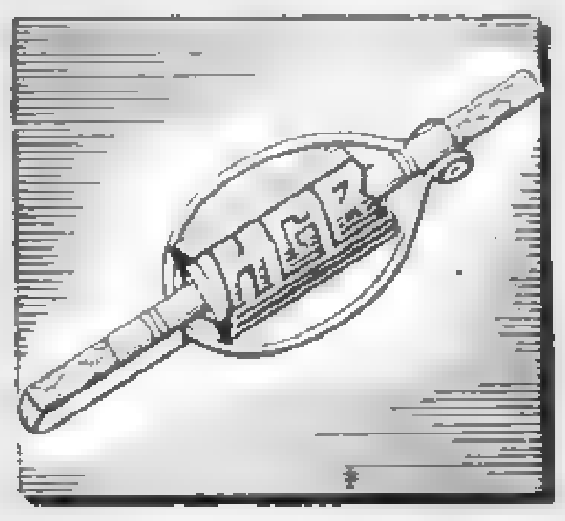
The originators of Personalized Jewelry for men have created a new style in this individualized aid to good grooming...more richly rounded in contour, with your own initials set at a new, smarter angle ★ Leading jewelers, department stores and men's shops are showing complete selections of Personalized Jewelry in the new angle by SWANK at one dollar and up ★ Swank Products, Inc., Attleboro, Mass., New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Los Angeles

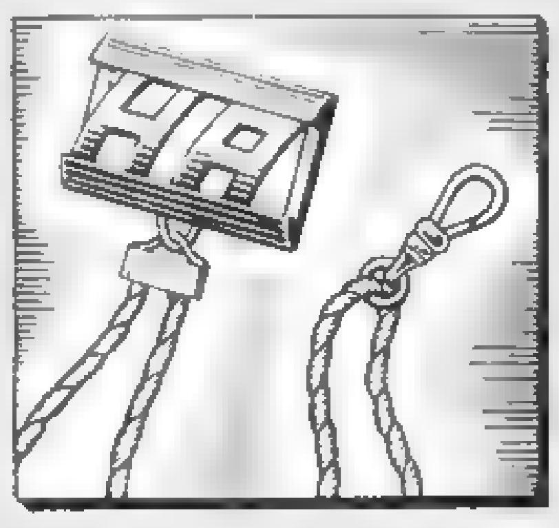
SWANK



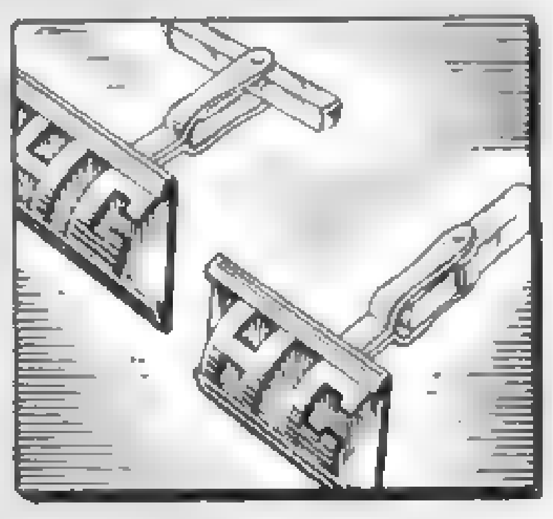
•MONEY CLIP•



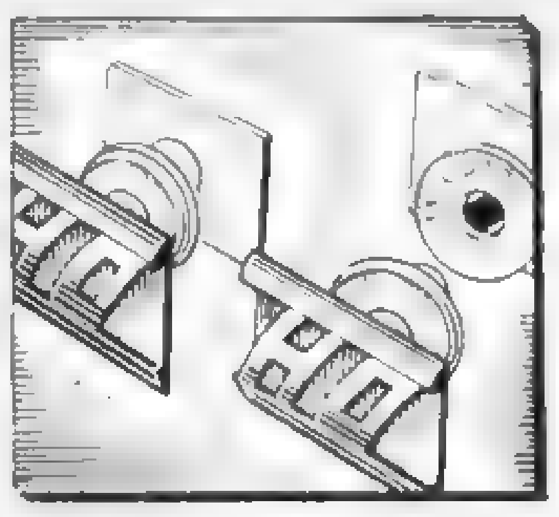
•TIE HOLDER•



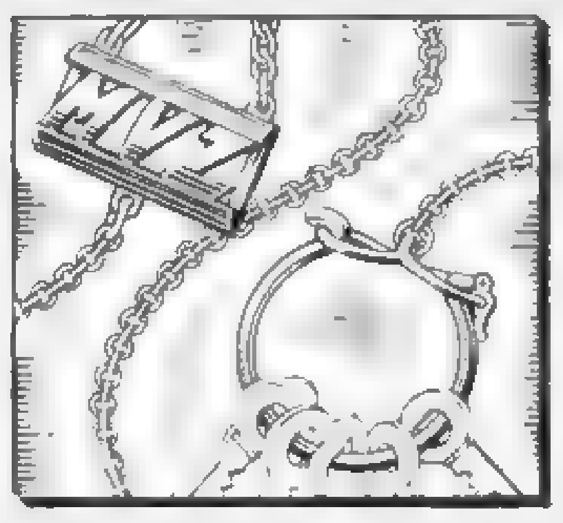
•LAPEL GUARD•



•AIRWAY LINKS•



•KUM-A-PARTS•



•KEY CHAIN•

SWANK...NOVEL AID TO GOOD GROOMING

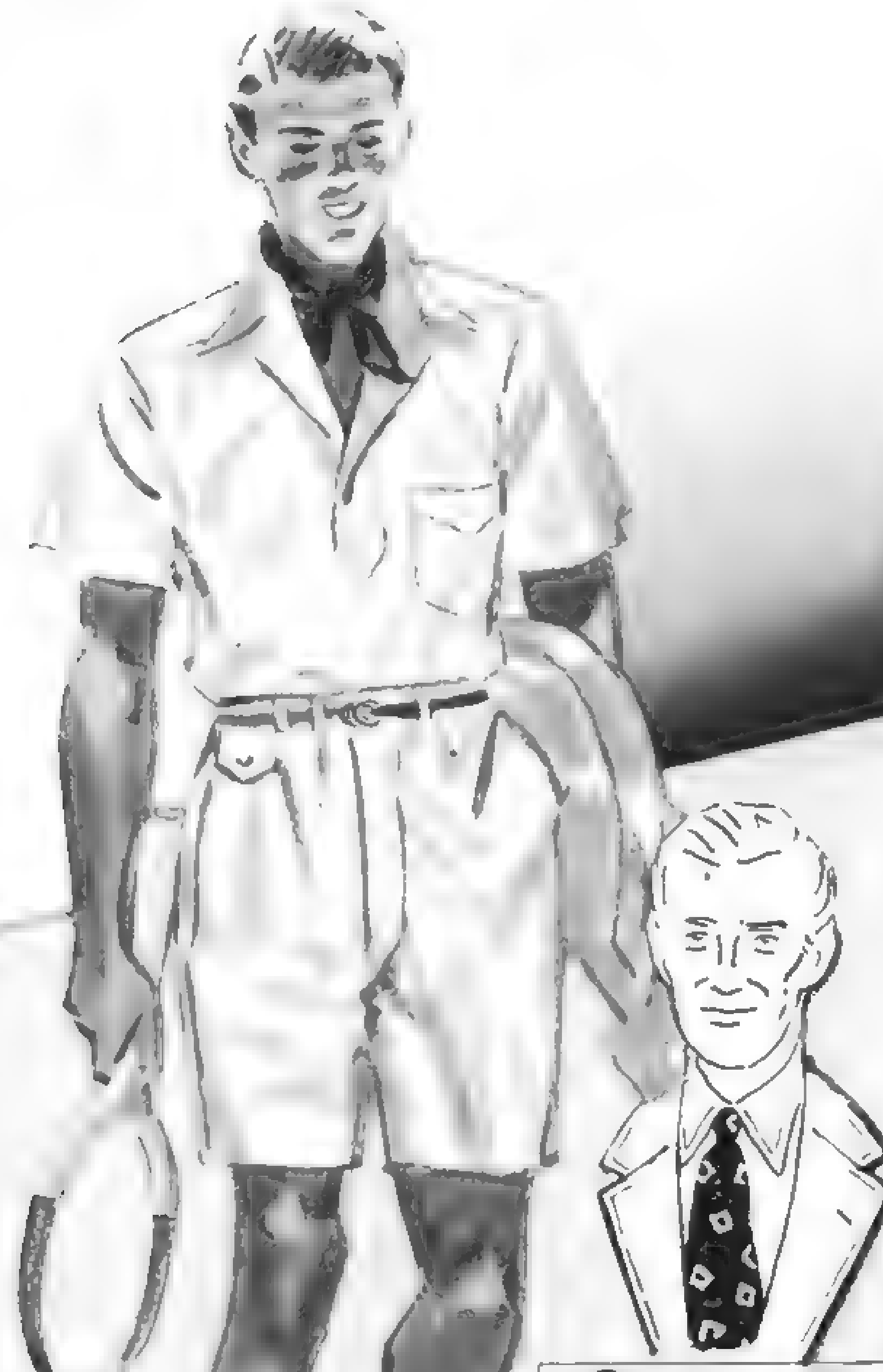
JOHN DAVID

FASHIONS FOR MEN

FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

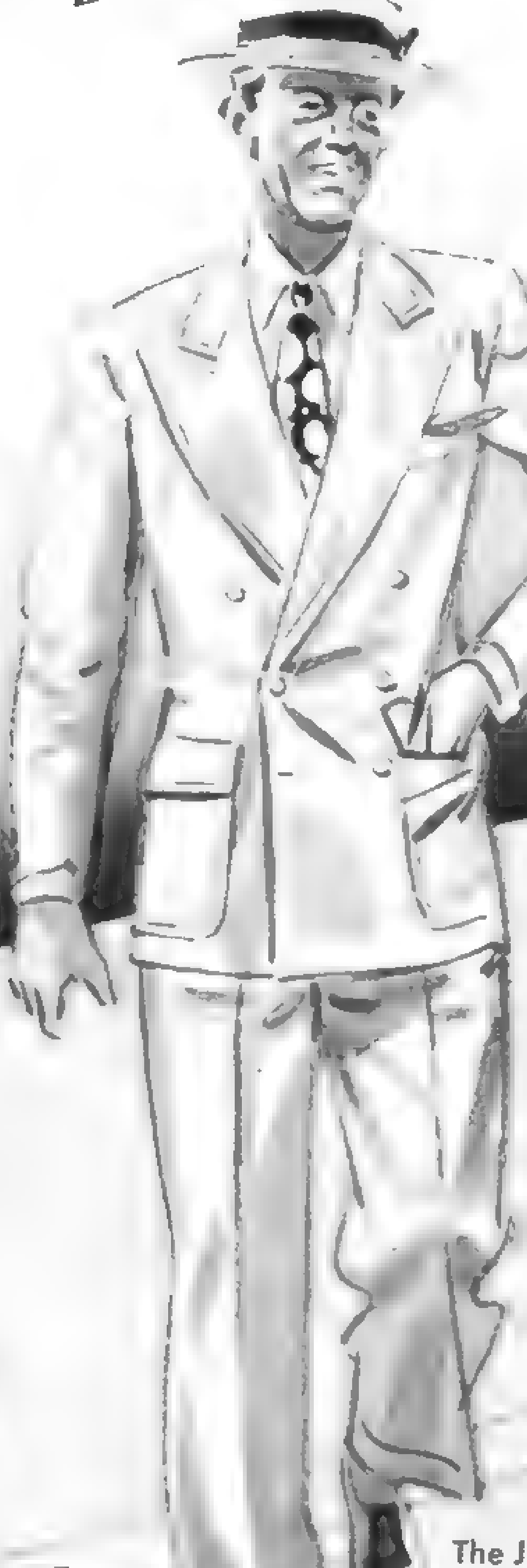
presents

Summer's Smartest Fashions for Men

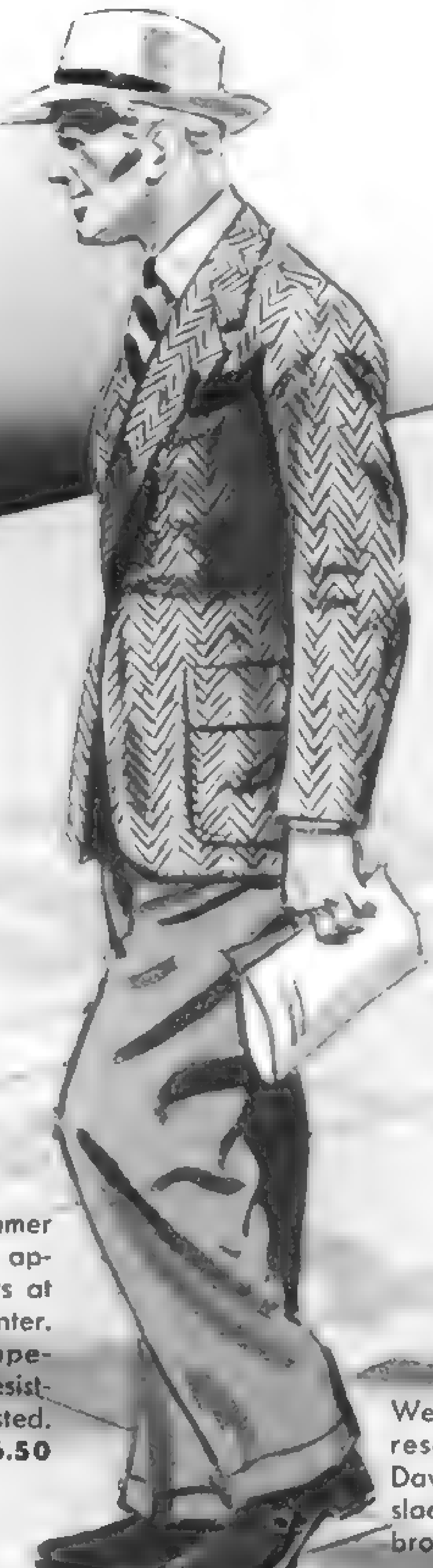


Nobutton Shirt
JOHN DAVID
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

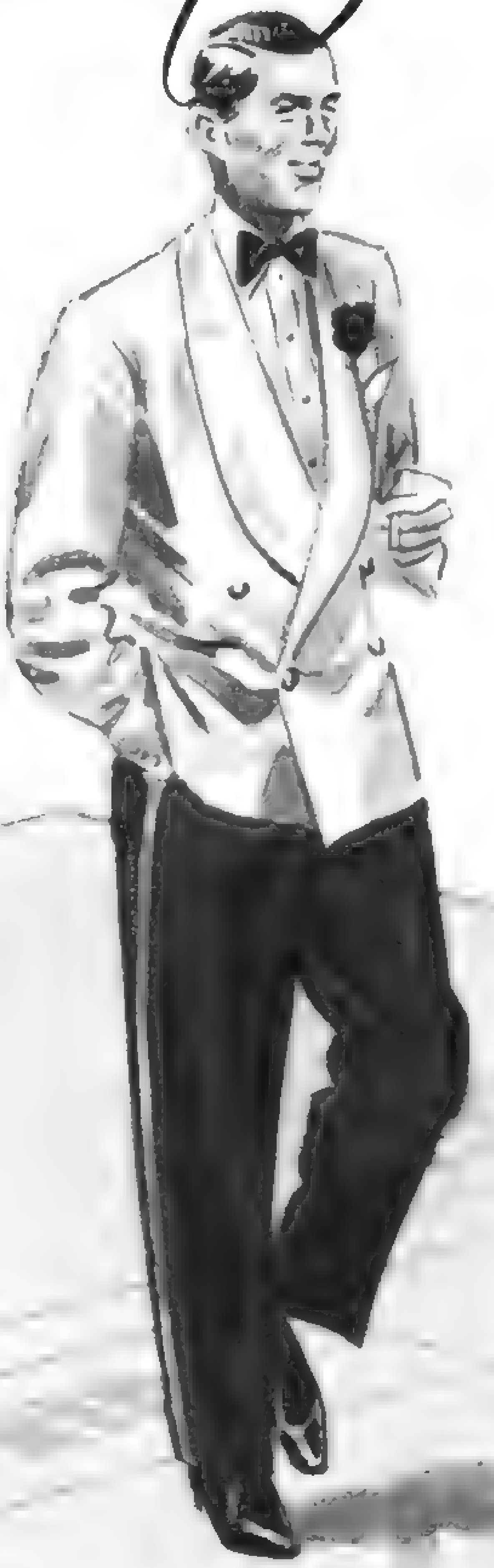
Exclusive John David Nobutton shirt. No buttons, no fasteners, just slip it over your head and adjust the collar. Can be worn open at the neck for active sports, as shown on the figure; or worn with a tie. So well tailored the front opening won't gape or bulge. White or medium blue oxford cloth, half sleeves . . . **1.95** or . . . . **3 for 5.75** The gabardine tennis trunks (on figure) in white with navy belt and piping **3.50**



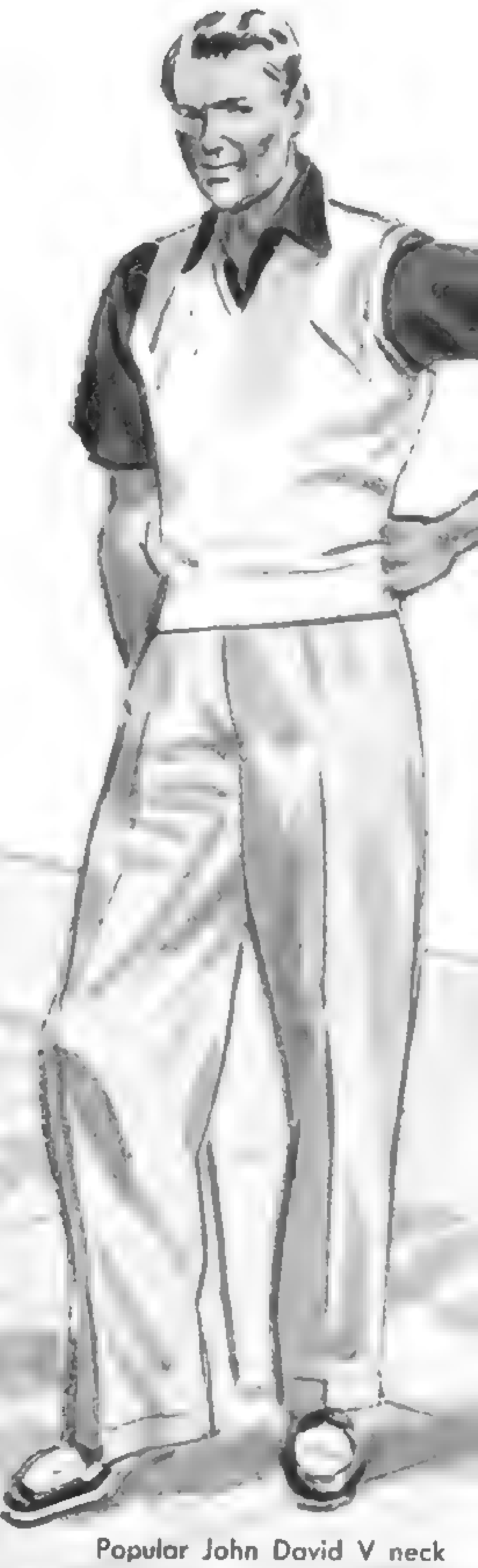
The John David white summer suit of "Fabric Frappe" appeared in great numbers at Southern resorts last Winter. This cool fabric is shape-retaining and wrinkle resisting. Single or double breasted. Coat with trousers only, **16.50**



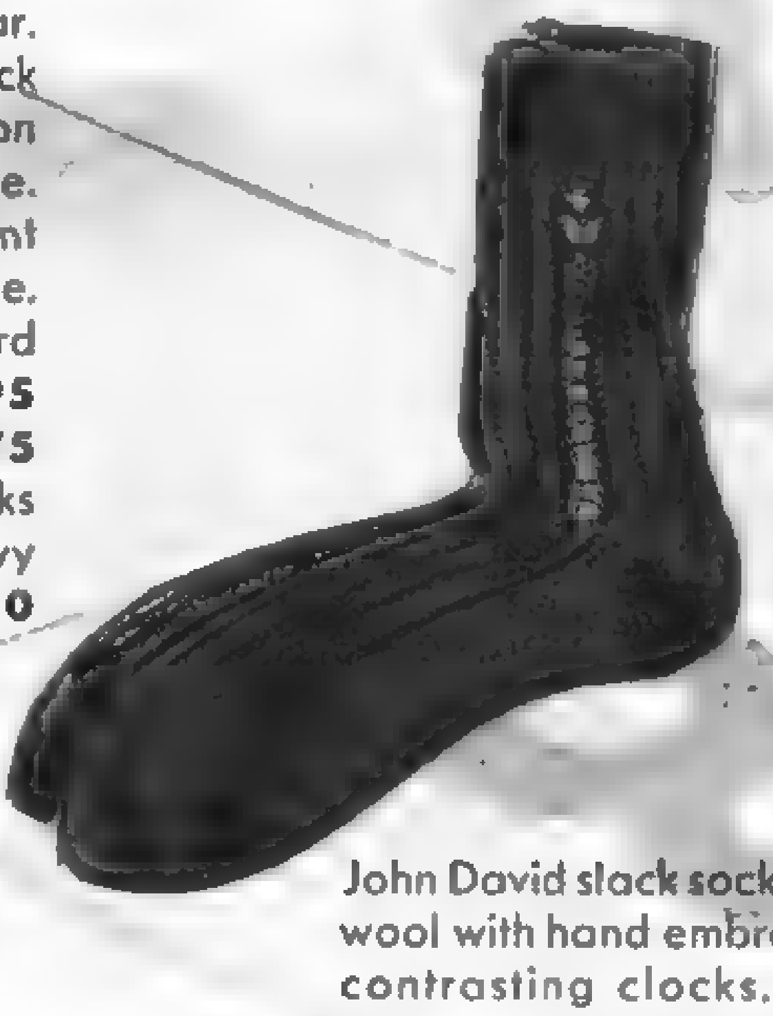
Well dressed men at smart resorts are wearing John David odd sport jackets and slacks. Jackets in grey and brown herringbone, or plaids and checks . . . . . **22.50** Slacks in oxford or cambridge grey, white, biscuit, check or plaid flannel **8.50**



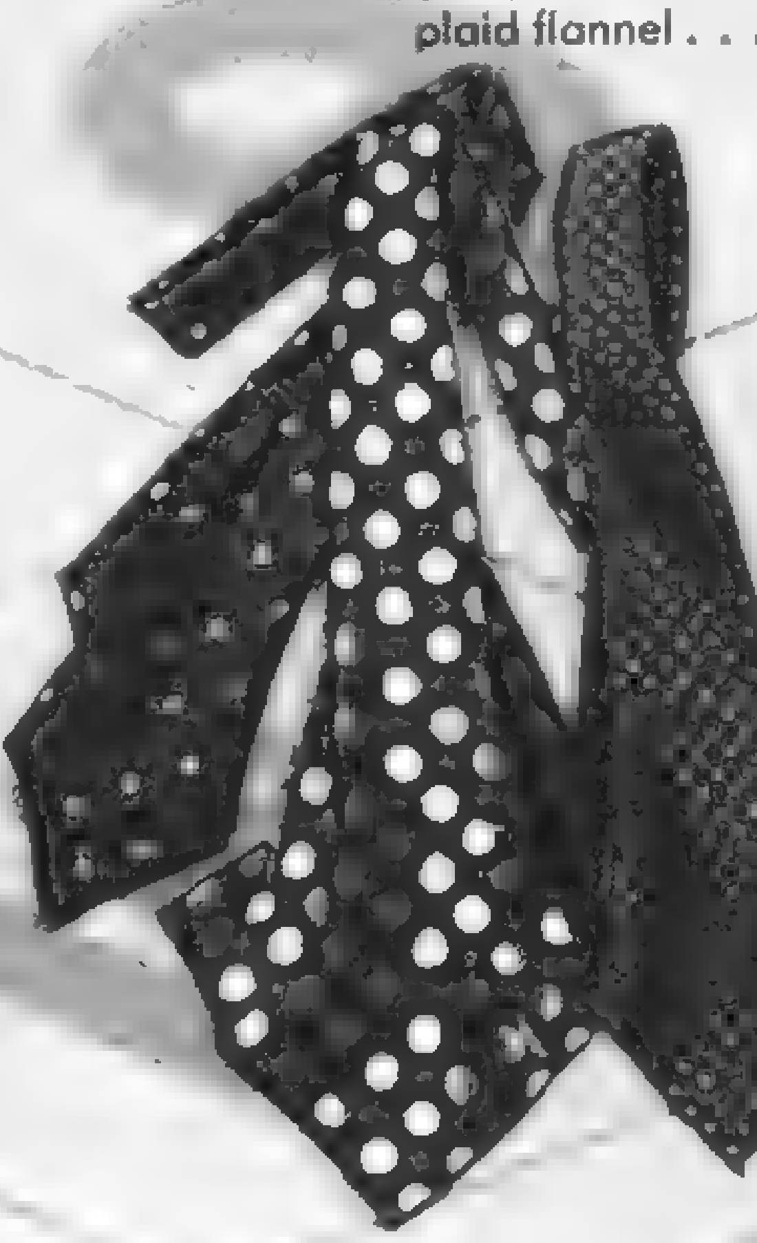
Cool comfort in this exclusive John David dinner jacket in "Fabric Frappe", a smart new shape-retaining summer suiting. Single or double breasted style . . . . **12.50** Worn with black tropical worsted trousers with braided side stripes **8.50**



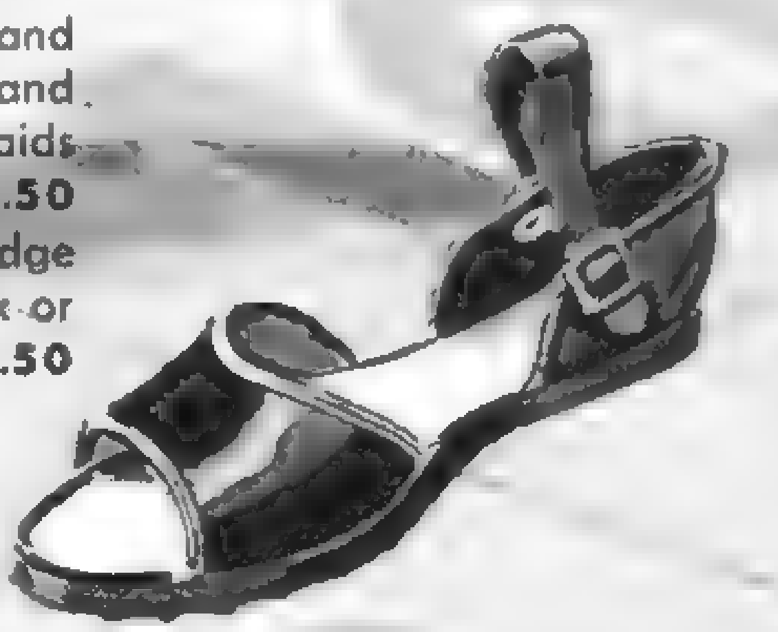
Popular John David V neck sleeveless sweater in white, camel-tone, Coronation blue, star gold and sand, **3.50**; with sleeves in mist blue, camel-tone, oxford tweed, brown tweed or sand . . . . . **5.00** The natural color pre-shrunk linen slacks **4.95**



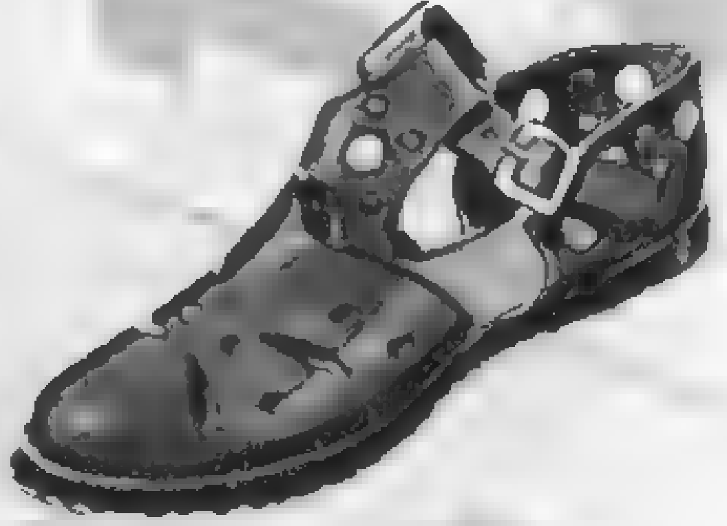
John David slack socks in pure wool with hand embroidered, contrasting clocks. White, navy, camel, corn or powder blue **1.00**



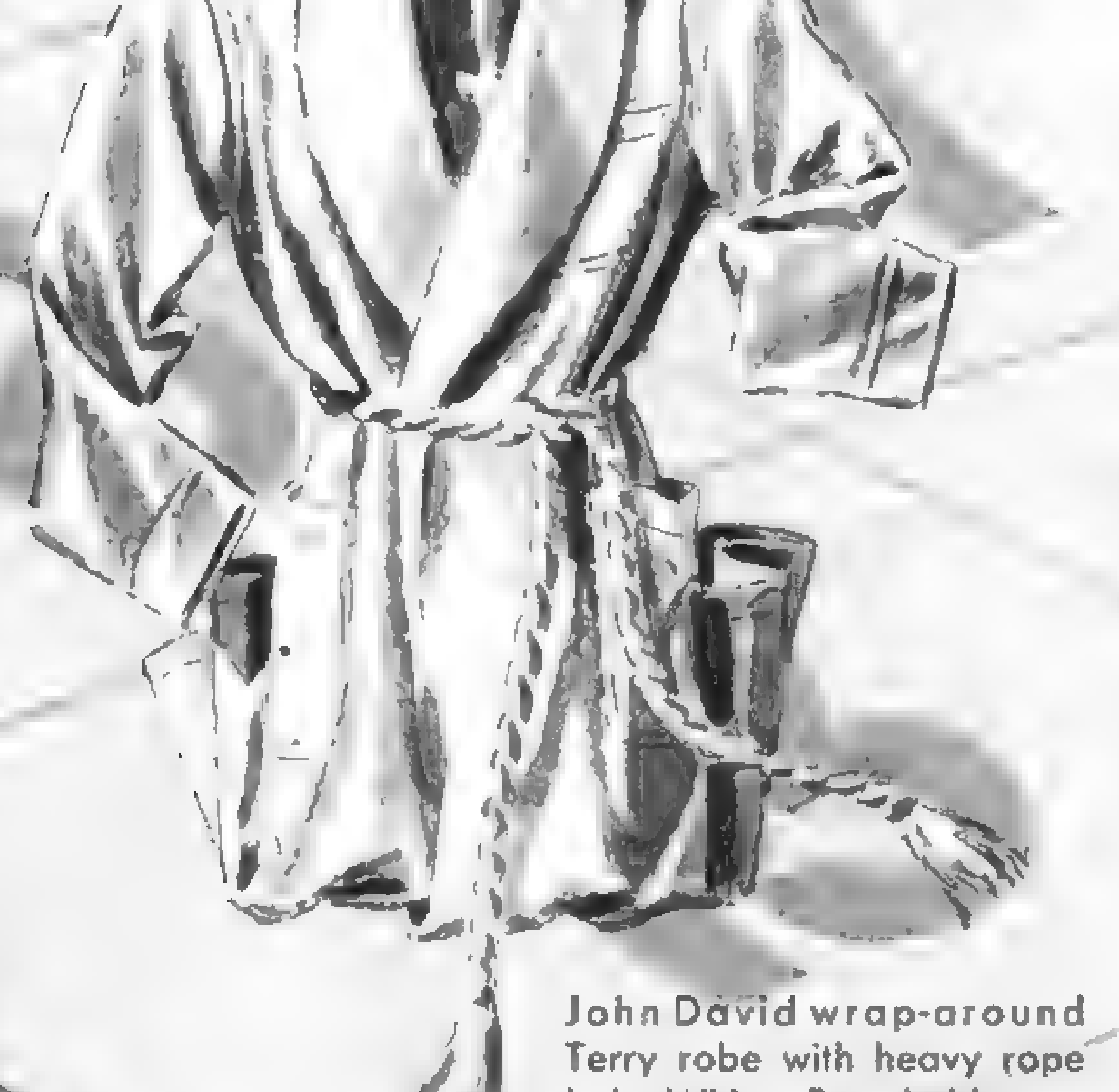
Well dressed men are wearing John David seven-fold foulard ties in various sized white polka dots on navy or maroon grounds. Other foulards in figured or madder patterns. **1.50**



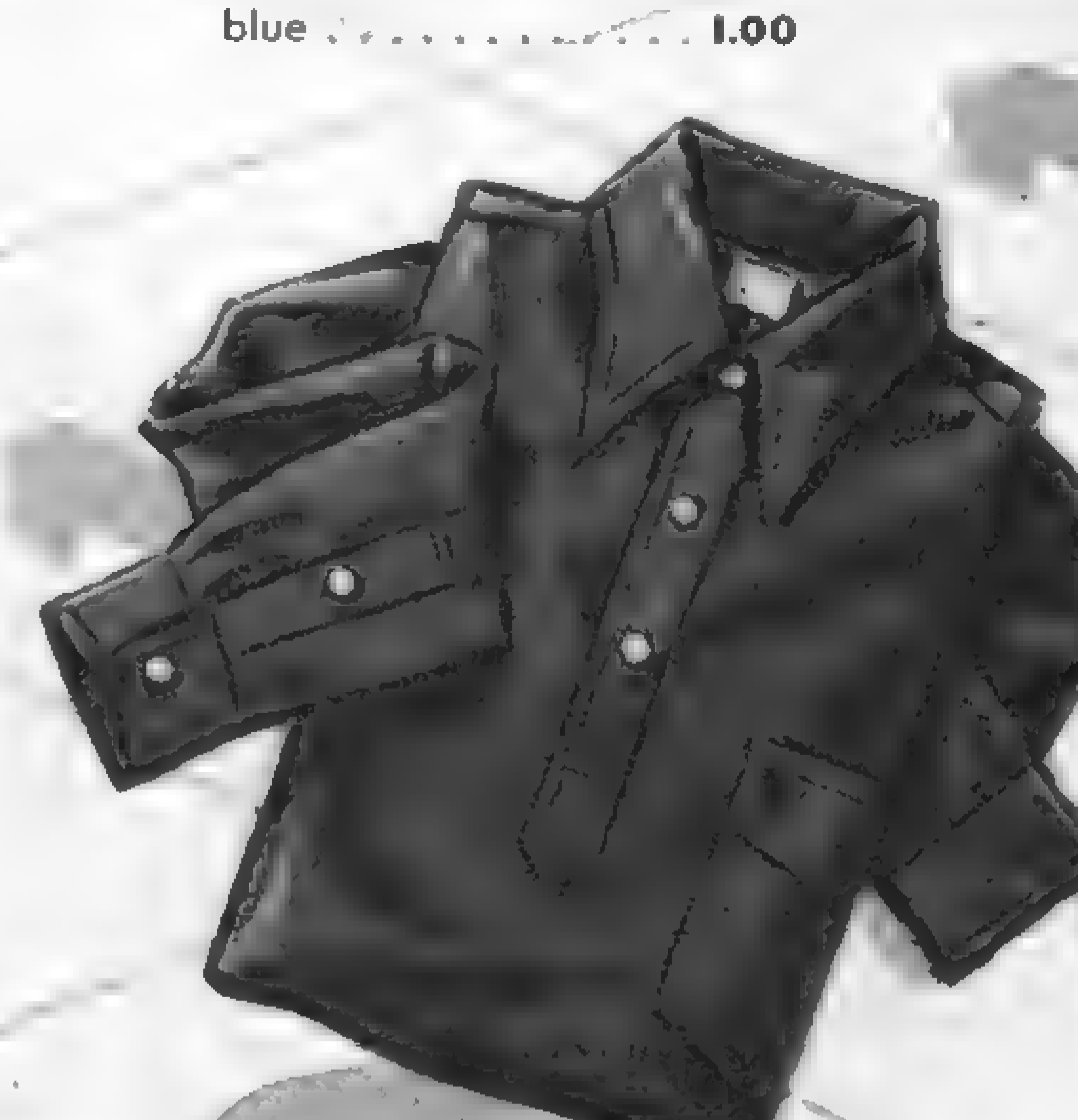
John David all-rubber beach shoes in brown, white or navy with detachable snap straps, **1.75**



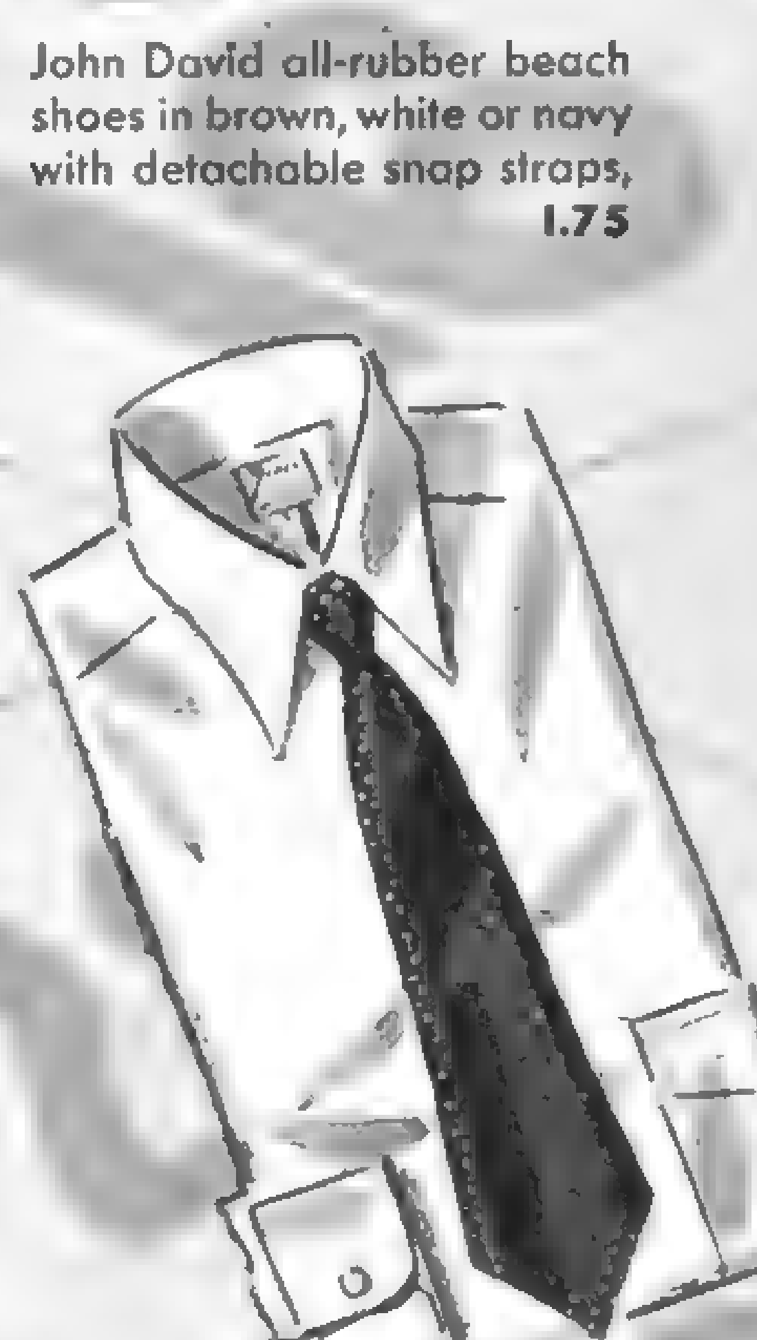
Ideal for beach or sports, these John David leather sandals. In black or brown, with crepe rubber soles . . . **3.75**



John David wrap-around Terry robe with heavy rope belt. White, French blue or corn **3.95**



John David Riviera sports shirt in sand, blue, egg, green, grey, navy, wine or brown washable zephyr-weight corduroy. Sleeveless . . . **3.50** with sleeves **4.95**



John David shirt in cool, light-weight soisette, with collar specially designed for summer wear. White, slate, oxblood, Capri blue, olive green, Burma tan **1.95**

John David, Mail Service Dept., 1271 Broadway, New York

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In the heart of New York's smartest residential district.

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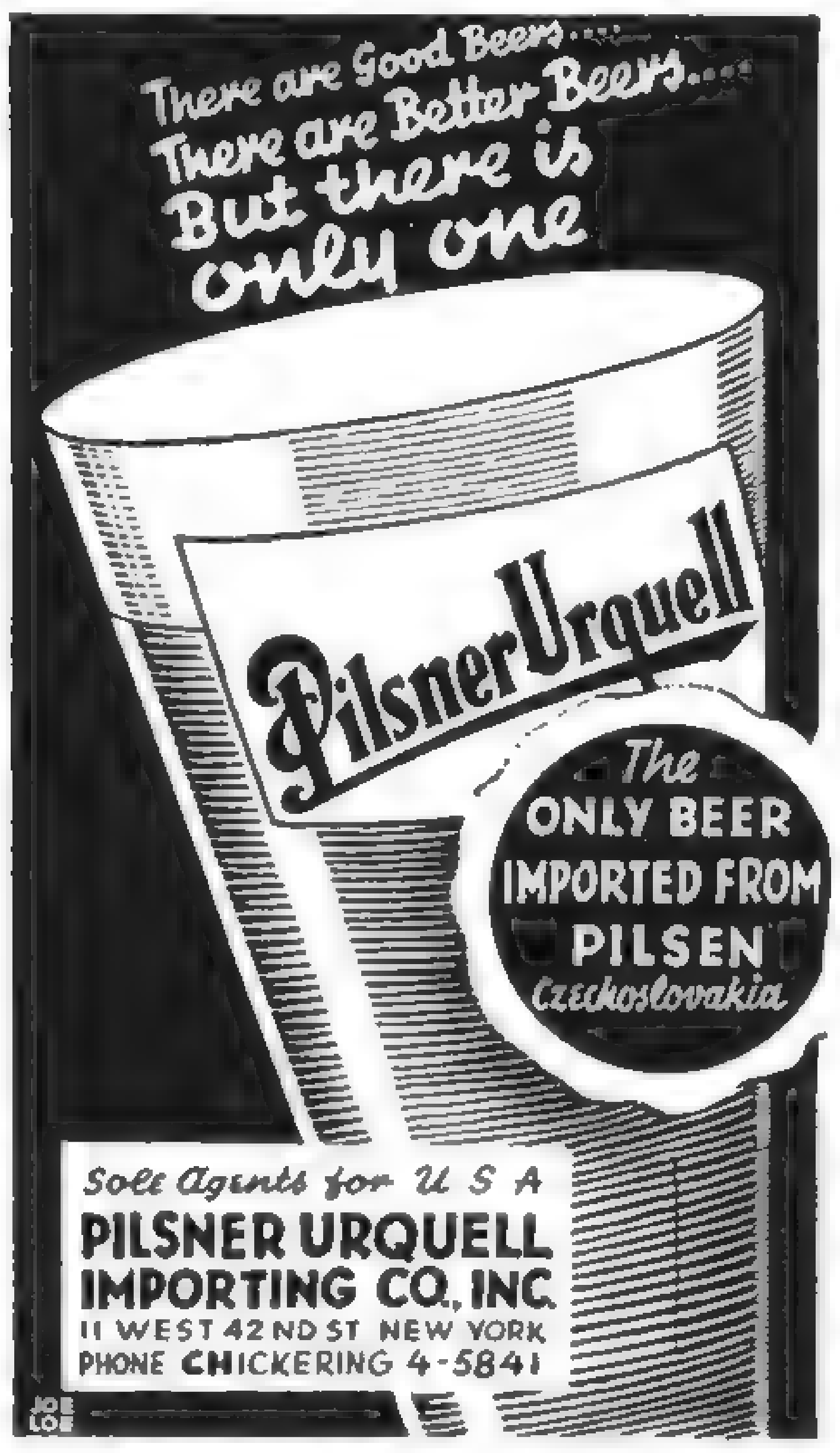
58th Street and Madison Avenue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There are Better Beers....
But there is only one
Pilsner Urquell
The ONLY BEER IMPORTED FROM PILSEN Czechoslovakia
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To write only of the excellent food of Perona Farms is to miss half the story. The thing is an American saga of the immigrant and what he can do in a hospitable land. The Farms are four miles out of Andover, New Jersey. Crossing the Washington Bridge perfect roads ribbon their way over pleasant hills. The little farm house where Mama did the cooking and daughter the waiting on table, while Papa was off in Australia playing the accordion in vaudeville, has grown by cell division until it sports a tiled pool with swans, long patios for fifty-two waiters' quarters, and a huge dining and dancing room. Mama has been forced to get out of the kitchen. Papa, home from his gypsying, plants millions of petunias in the summer, hunts pheasant in the winter over his seven hundred setters, or sails deluxe on the Conte di Savoia. So lovely daughter, who married Maurice from the Savoy in Brussels, runs the place. And you mustn't leave without Crepe Suzette made by Maurice on the $2500 silver duck press and stove made for a king but finally bought by Maurice at auction. Or let Papa take you through the enormous wine cellars. In season the place is overrun with Princeton boys and Governor Hoffman is there when not making strange speeches.

If you are one who remembers his artistry at the Brevoort, you will be happy to know Jean P. Barrere is up at the New Weston Hotel, Madison and Fiftieth. Mons. Barrere still remembers how to order the poulet cooked in white wine and sweet butter and he serves oysters too good for a king, called *duxelle*. Under his supervision, a dinner is as good as any in town. His wine list is being built up, which is necessary for that sort of dining.

For the visiting firemen who live in hamlets too small to support any regular traffic in nudes, the town offers a variety of places. For years Jimmie Kelly's, at 181 Sullivan Street, has set the pace for the rough and tumble floor show. It is frankly what it is and the customers like it. Recently there has opened up the old Club Mirador, 201 West 52nd Street, with enough flesh for four men in every number. One girl does the strip tease from a flying trapeze, another is content to tell bad jokes as she disrobes, practically in your soup. Then there is Leon and Eddie's, 33 West 52nd Street, where the good clean fun is on a slightly higher plane of sophistication. Eddie's songs, which were sung before smut become so smart, are still the best examples of Americana.

For a long time we've intended to tell you about Gage and Tollner's, at 374 Fulton Street, Brooklyn. Seth Bradford Dewey, of the famous wine family, is the host, and the place specializes in fish that can not be obtained any other place on this continent. The waiters and the decor are as changeless as the borough itself; and the restaurant is about as it was when founded sixty years ago.

The increase in sidewalk cafes has brought on a fashion for foreign tastes. The French aperitifs are a good thing in the hot months, such as the Cinzano-Cassis, the Dubonnet and now the Byrrh. Travelers abroad remember Byrrh, the name occupying as many hoardings and billboards as any of our cigarettes or motor oils.

The Hotel New Yorker's Terrace Restaurant having finished with "Tuesday Fite Nites" has gotten around to its ice skating with the chorus swishing by your dinner table at 20 miles an hour. They tell us the sports arena atmosphere will resume again in the Fall with wrestlers, instead of boxers in the ring.

REFRESHING
as the Trade Winds—

Meet the heat the way the planters in Jamaica do! Learn the knack of keeping *cool* with

MYERS'S
★ RUM ★
"Planters' Punch"
BRAND

100% FINE OLD JAMAICA
ALL OVER 8 YEARS OLD
97 PROOF

—the drink preferred in the tropics

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$2.50 MIN. Dinner 6:30 to 10 P M Supper (Food & Beverage) 10:30 to closing. Sats. & Hols. $3, First 3 tiers 50c ex.
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WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS THEATRE-RESTAURANT

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100 PROOF
COMFORT
The Grand Old Drink of the South
MY WORD!
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"Two Heineken's, Please"

Heineken's
HBM
Holland Beer

INTRODUCES
America's Most Unusual Imported Beer

When next you are blessed with a beer thirst, go aristocratic! HEINEKEN'S of Holland has 317 years of happy heritage behind it, and a future as brilliant as its own light topaz. » » Creamy, not too solid, this throat pleasing companion will make you crusade for it "On Draught" like a Holland burgher. TWO BOTTLES WILL CONVERT YOU. IT IS REMARKABLE!

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IMPORTED
HOLLAND BEER
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(★ ★ **TRADE ADVT.** *Heineken's is America's fastest growing imported beer to-day. So far, '37 sales are over 200% of last year's. In half bbls., quarters, bottles,—and those perfect serving Kooler-Kegs. Interested? Write. . . . .*)

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"When it isn't on the Pants— I say, *Put it on!*"

TALON SLIDE FASTENER
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FOR TROUSERS WORN BY TWELVE MILLION MEN!

It's hard to realize that such a small detail as the fly of your trousers could be so tremendously improved that millions of men now actually refuse to wear suits with the old-fashioned fastenings!

Yet this is exactly what has happened. The amazing convenience, the ease and security and durability of the Talon slide fastener for trousers have won the men of America!

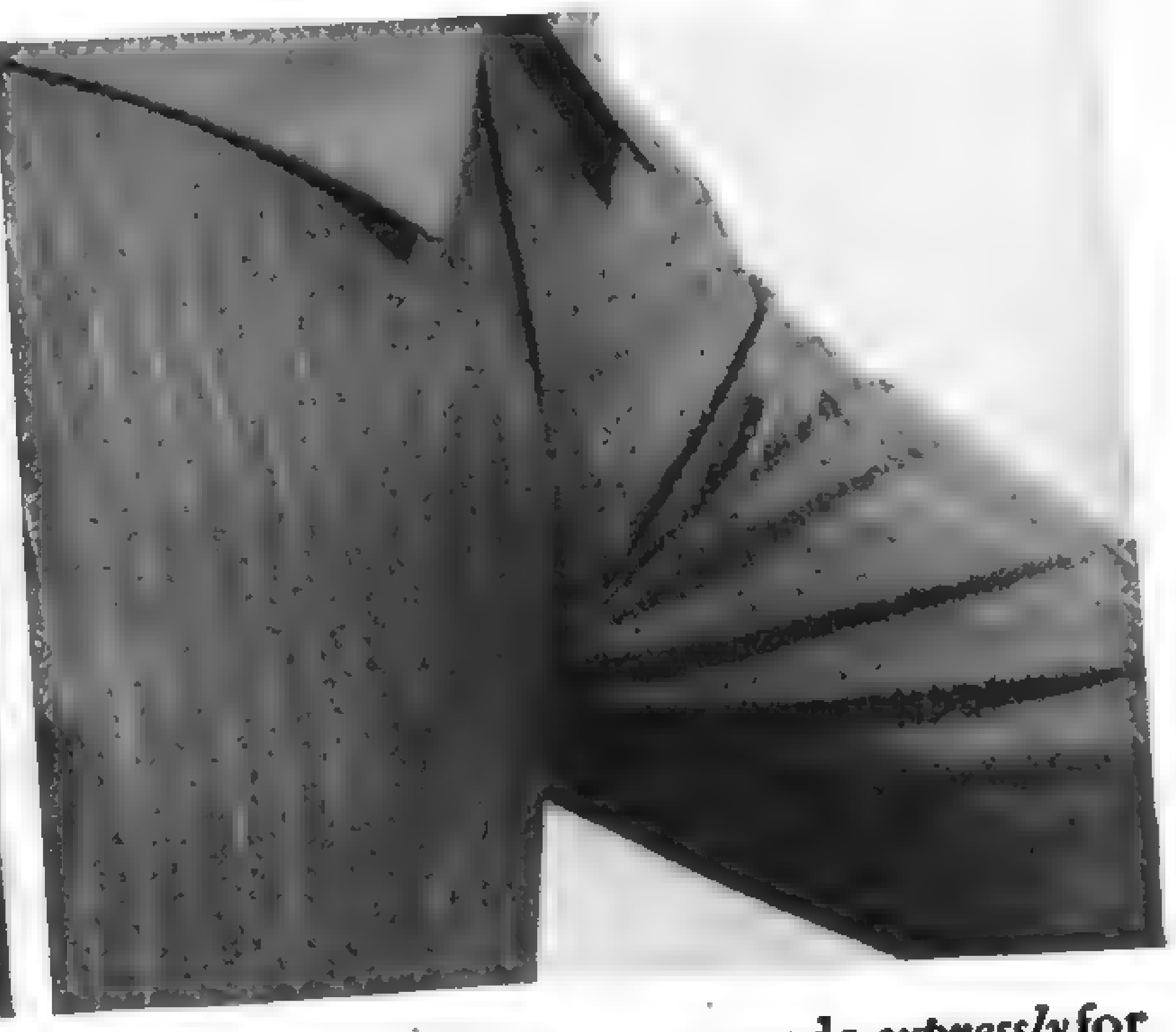
Ask your clothing store to show you a pair of trousers with the Talon slide fastener. Introduced in expensive clothes . . . you can now get this *extra value* on better-made suits in every price range.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY
MEADVILLE, PA.

LAZY MEN
With the Talon fastener, there's only *one* fastening instead of *five*. Who isn't "lazy" enough to like this!

BUSY MEN
Once you've enjoyed the amazing speed and simplicity of the Talon slide fastener, you'll be impatient with the old-type fly!

FORMERLY... How often offensive gaps like the above result from the old trouser closure!



NOW... Talon slide fastener, made *expressly* for trousers, gives seam-like closing, better fit, wear!

BIG MEN
Just *zip* it. And it stays as neat as a seam. No wonder big men prefer the Talon trouser fastener!

FORGETFUL MEN
Talon fastener ends all chance of embarrassment. Nothing to forget. Can't open by accident!

WIVES
Talon slide fastener can't break off! Or be harmed by pressing, dry cleaning.

TRY THE **TALON** *FASTENER ON YOUR NEXT SUIT—AND YOU'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THE OLD WAY*
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE BELT SENSATION OF AMERICA...

Forstner

EXPANSION BELTS

FORSTNER BELTS expand to give absolute freedom of action... never losing their automatic elasticity. They are flexible, cool, light-weight and durable. At better men's shops and department stores, at $1.50 (narrow model $1). If you can't locate a Forstner dealer...write us.

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A Subsidiary of Forstner Chain Corporation, Irvington, N. J., U. S. A.

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In Summer Styles and Shades

MAROON WITH WHITE
BROWN WITH WHITE
BLACK WITH WHITE
BLUE WITH WHITE
OR ALL WHITE...ALL BLUE...ALL BROWN...ALL BLACK...ALL MAROON

FORSTNER EXPANSION BRACES
Made on the same principle as the belts and priced at $1.50. Ask your dealer.

FORSTNER ACCESSORIES, INC., IRVINGTON, N. J.

Send me______Forstner Belts at______
Color Combination______
My waist measure is______
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My Dealer's Name is______
Enclosed is check______Money Order______

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Beau Bacchus

SAYS:

After a fast game of tennis, badminton or racquets, there is nothing like a small chicken sandwich and a half bottle of MOËT. It just makes everything all right.

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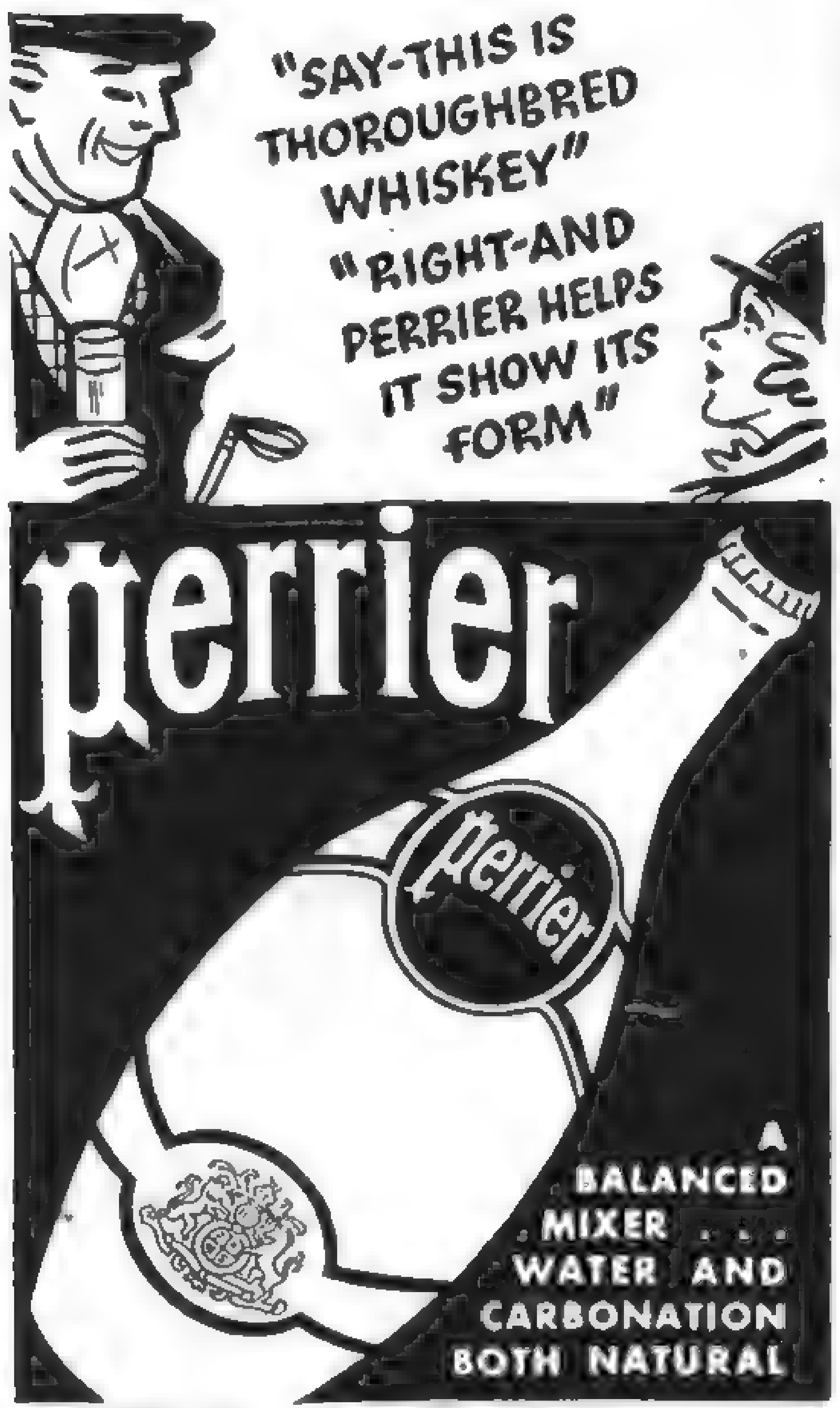
ESTABLISHED 1743
Champagne
IMPERIAL CROWN WHITE SEAL
LABOURDETTE IMPORTING CORP.
745 Fifth Avenue, New York


"SAY-THIS IS THOROUGHBRED WHISKEY"
"RIGHT-AND PERRIER HELPS IT SHOW ITS FORM"
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Perrier
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Restaurant, 40 E. 58 St., PL. 3-2313
DINNER . $1.25
LUNCHEON . . 75c
With FAMOUS SWEDISH HORS D'OEUVRES
Sunday Dinner from 1 P. M.
ENTERTAINMENT AND SUPPER DANCING

The Cotton Club, Broadway at 48th Street, has another show almost as elaborate as their first. The program is not as long, which is a good thing, and it suffers of course from the absence of Bill Robinson and Cab Calloway. But in their place are Ethel Waters and Duke Ellington with his band. The Rhumba dancers, late of the Cafe Yumuri, are about the best on this continent. The costumes are a bit on the dissonant side but the ecru and fawn nuances of the lassies are perfect. It is worth the trip to hear Ethel Waters sing her advice to her Nordic sisters.

The Onyx had to move into new quarters, a few doors down on Fifty-second Street. Now at number Sixty-two, they gain a great deal from the change. The place is larger and the acoustics calculated so that you can live the session through and still retain your senses. If we were to entertain visiting foreigners or outlanders, we would rush to a swing session at the Onyx. By now it has become a cult, one of the strangest in New York. Its fanatical devotees range from subscribers to the Philharmonic to the citizens of Tin Pan Alley. Stuff Smith and his five musicians have the perfect co-ordinated rhythm of a machine. They, above any band in town, exemplify John Hays Hammond, Jr.'s theory about the swing being a fulfillment and enrichment of a rather tawdry set of songsmiths. To hear Stuff embroider and complement a drummer or trumpeter carrying Ravel's "Bolero" at the same time, is an education in Swing music. He can not only show up the inanities of "Pennies From Heaven" but show what it might have been by his interpolations. His playing of "Song of India" is as satisfying as a symphony playing Brahms. And a lot more fun.

Speaking of Swing, Benny Goodman is recognized as nearest the founder of the current cycle of music. His recognition came late, after a roundabout course from Chicago, where it started, via the continent, where it became popular and thence to Park Avenue, through records, which Goodman made here for sale abroad. It all sounds complicated, but that's the way things go: Park Avenue, and its apers, will often take a thing only after dear old Lundon has said O.K. The secret of a swing band is cooperation, not only in the frenzied moments of syncopation but in those phases where it is necessary, for the effect, to give the other fellow a chance. This sort of orchestration is not unknown on the Russian stage, where the great actors play the roles of the butler, if necessary, for the benefit of the drama. Watch Goodman give his drummer full sway. At the MADhattan Room of the Pennsylvania Hotel, when Goodman recently played there, more than half the people on the floor crowded round the band, rather than dance. Orchestra players from all bands flock to Goodman's place, to see and learn. It is rather a mad business, as no piece is ever played the same. It takes a perfect ear to catch the other fellow's improvisations as they happen, and swing his own playing to the direction thus given. It all started, savants say, because the Negroes in the south couldn't read music but knew how it should be played.

For more years than we care to remember, Janssen has been a part of the gustatory life of the town. Surviving the dry years, they have come back in resplendent form and their present Hofbrau at 420 Lexington Avenue is all that an epicure can want. The game list is the most varied in the city, with the wine list adequate to this demand. Our old friend, Kulmbacher dark beer, is again imported.

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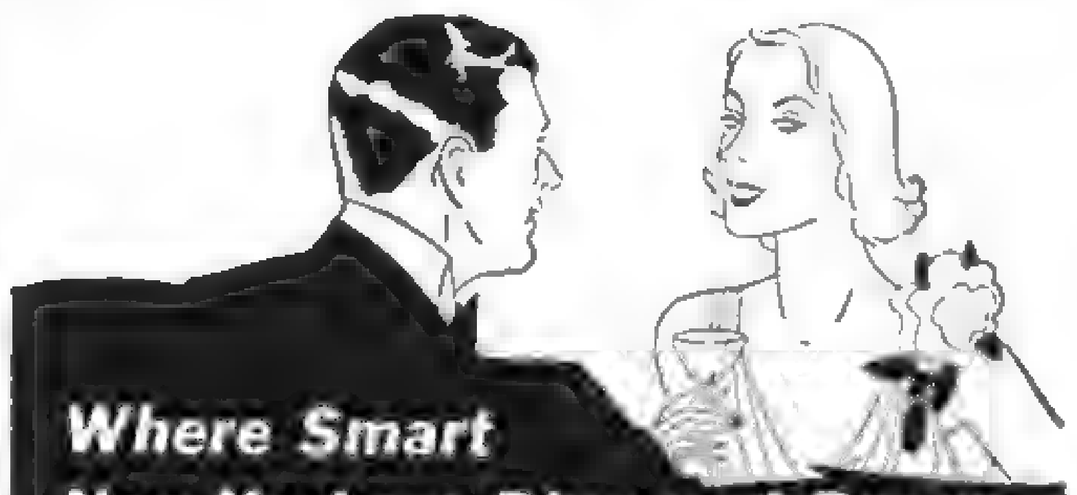
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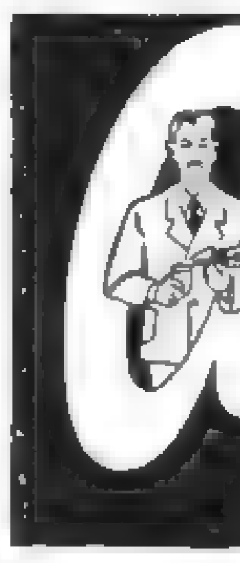
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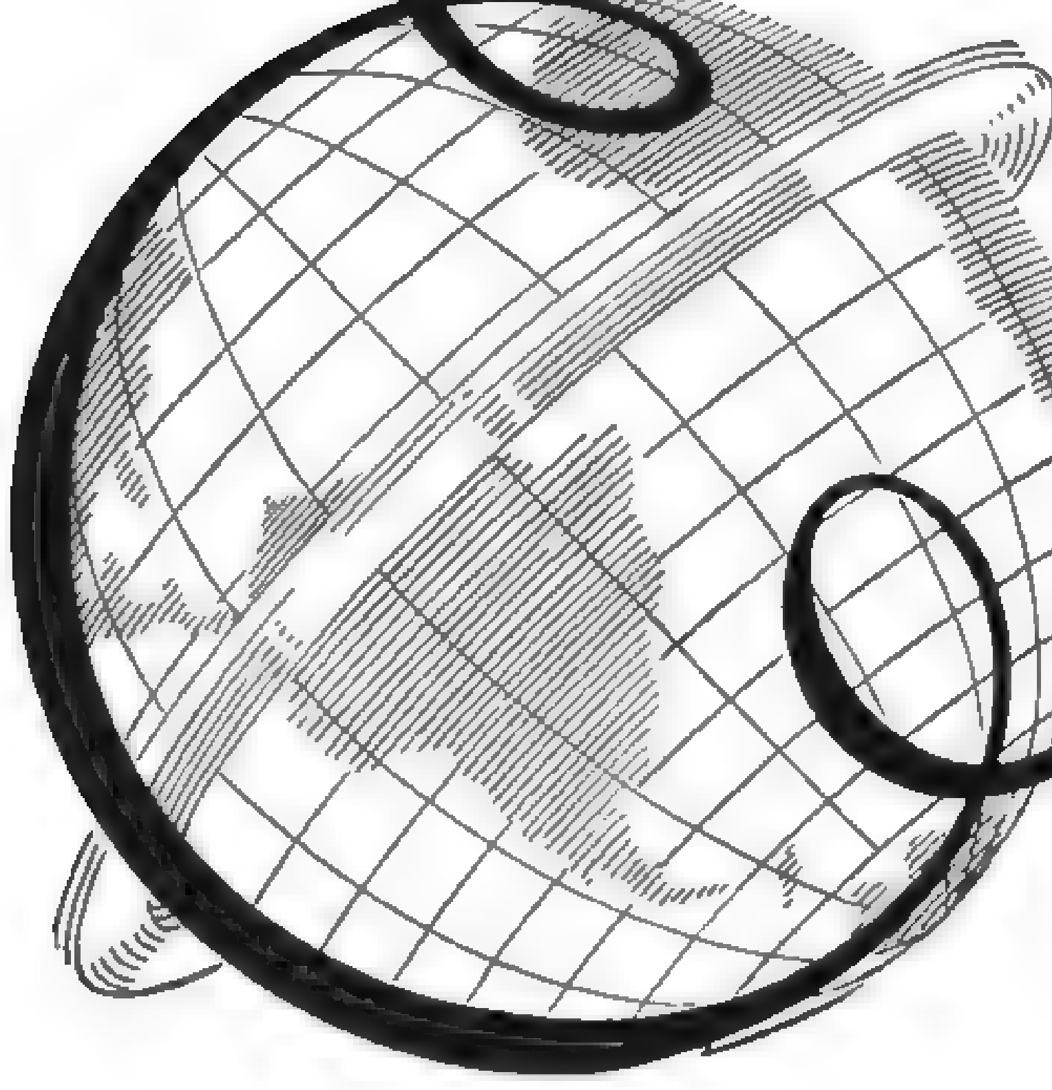
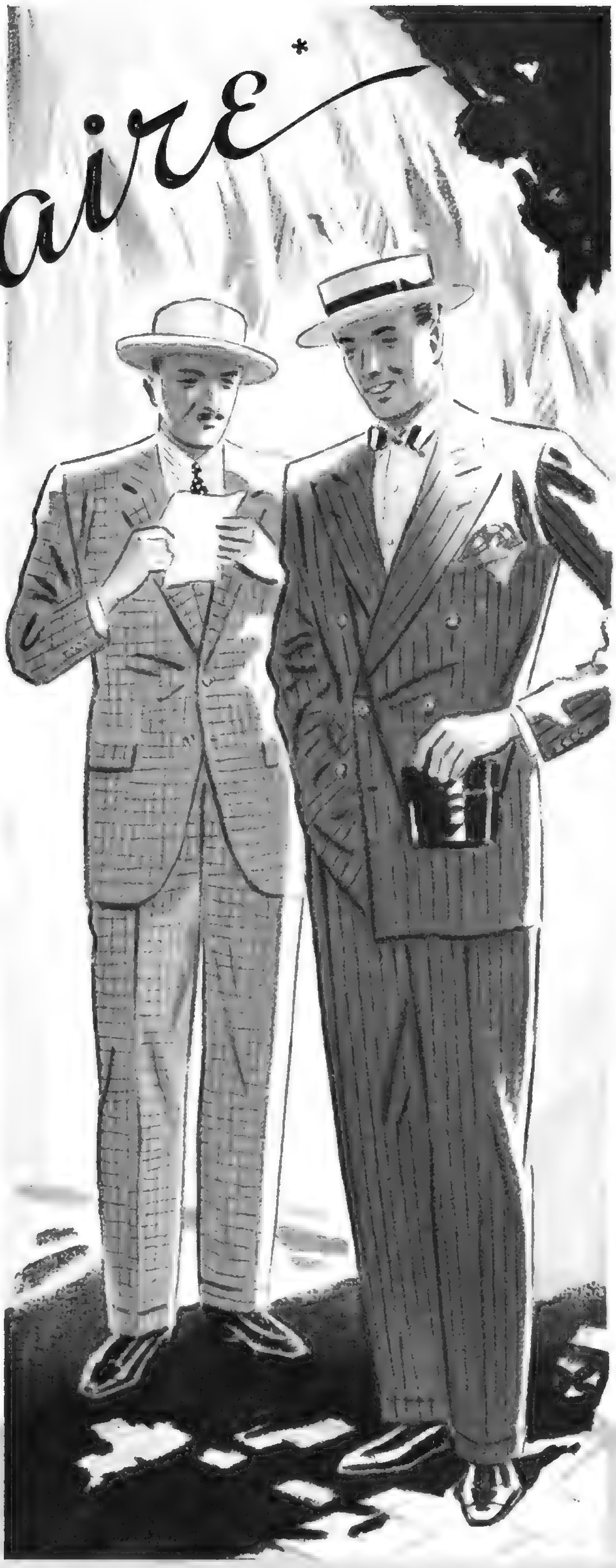


Equitaire*



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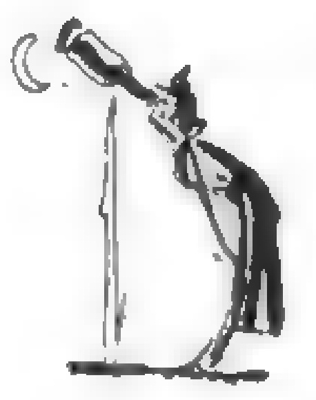
One of summer's compensations are the terraces and sidewalk cafes. S. Gregory Taylor's St. Moritz and the Essex House, at Sixth and Seventh Avenues, respectively, facing Central Park, have an edge on the others. . . . The swank room of the Sherry Netherlands, at Fifty-ninth and Fifth, overlooking gold-plated Sherman, is one of our delights. . . . The folks in the sunken gardens of Rockefeller Plaza always do something tricky with their open cafe.

Barney has returned to his native heath and should be happier there, definitely. At 86 University Place, under the name of Royalists, Inc., Mr. Gallant tries to recapture the lost glories and practices of the dry era. The place is on the garish side, as to decorations, with nooks for tired business men and champagne. But it is the fanciest place in the Village and should claim all of Barney's old friends.

The current French Casino show is better than the preceding one (which wasn't as good as the one before that). With the populace staying more at home, the French Casino offers the nearest thing to the Paris revue.

The Rainbow Room goes happily along. By now it has a sort of vaudeville policy, changing the talent too often for us to know in time to tell you. High spots of the year were the blind pianist and the ventriloquist. The Room becomes less formal in the hot months. Their cups of Rhine wine or Chablis are something to remember on hot nights.

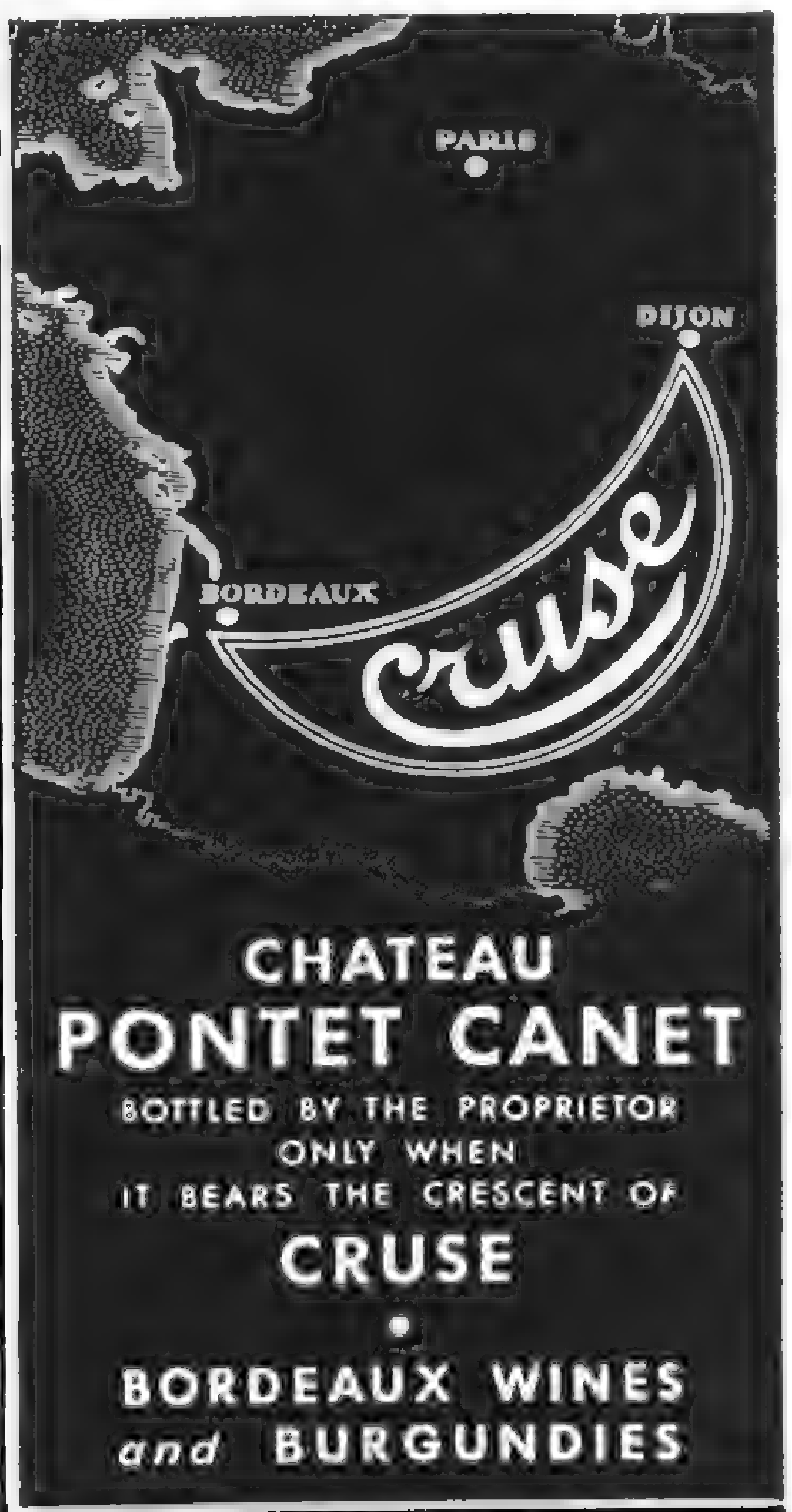


We don't know whether you will have the luck to find him, but on starry nights we like to go to the roof of the R.C.A. Building in Rockefeller Center and look at the stars through the tubes of Professor James S. Andrews. The Professor works only in the interests of science and this intimate chat on the home life of Venus costs you nothing. It is rumored that during the day, bad boys turn the telescopes on the roofs of nearby apartments, sun bathing being what it is among theatrical folk.

It was Roy Howard who stirred President Quezon of the Philippine Islands to the necessities of American cultural life—the gay shirt. After looking over Mr. Howard, Mr. Quezon demanded to be taken to the affable McCrory Brothers, makers of shirts to the gay rich and pioneers. Mr. Quezon started to mull over the fabrics. Bill McCrory pushed the pile of shirtings toward the visitor and said, "Mr. President, shoot the works." Mr. Quezon pushed the pile back to McCrory, saying "You shoot the works." The President bought four dozen of the loudest.

Victor, who in the Golden Age ran the famous Beaux Arts for the Bustanobys at Fortieth and Sixth, presides pleasantly over the Continental, at 10 East 52nd Street. The food is excellent, Camille of the kitchen having run the Palace Hotel, Monte Carlo, for many years. He is fond of the chicken curry, a favorite with visiting Indian potentates. His frogs' legs also are something special.

La Rue, on Fifty-eighth Street, at Park, almost took the Sunday honors away from the swank places this past season. You have to go early if you want a table and you must forget the revolution, with pheasant at $4.50 and Scotch grouse at $5.00. If you can afford it, the food is as good as any in town and the wine cellar one of the most extensive. They have entertainment of a sort but usually this doesn't bother you, just a quiet band for dancing and a palm reader.



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COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

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what's in a name?

Your grandfather, perhaps your great-grandfather, will tell you that once it was barter and trade. Buying in a store, then, was a kind of tug-of-war—an outgrowth of the fur trading posts. You rarely paid the same price twice. You might never have received the same quality on successive occasions. It always depended on your cleverness—or on your luck. No shoddier than his merchandise were the store keeper's methods. It was a case of every man for himself.

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You depend on branded names, just as you deal with confidence with those intimate friends whom you know to be responsible. Branded names, after all, are but good reputations and confidence in a good reputation is wisdom's emotion.

What's in a *name?* Pretty nearly all that's fine.

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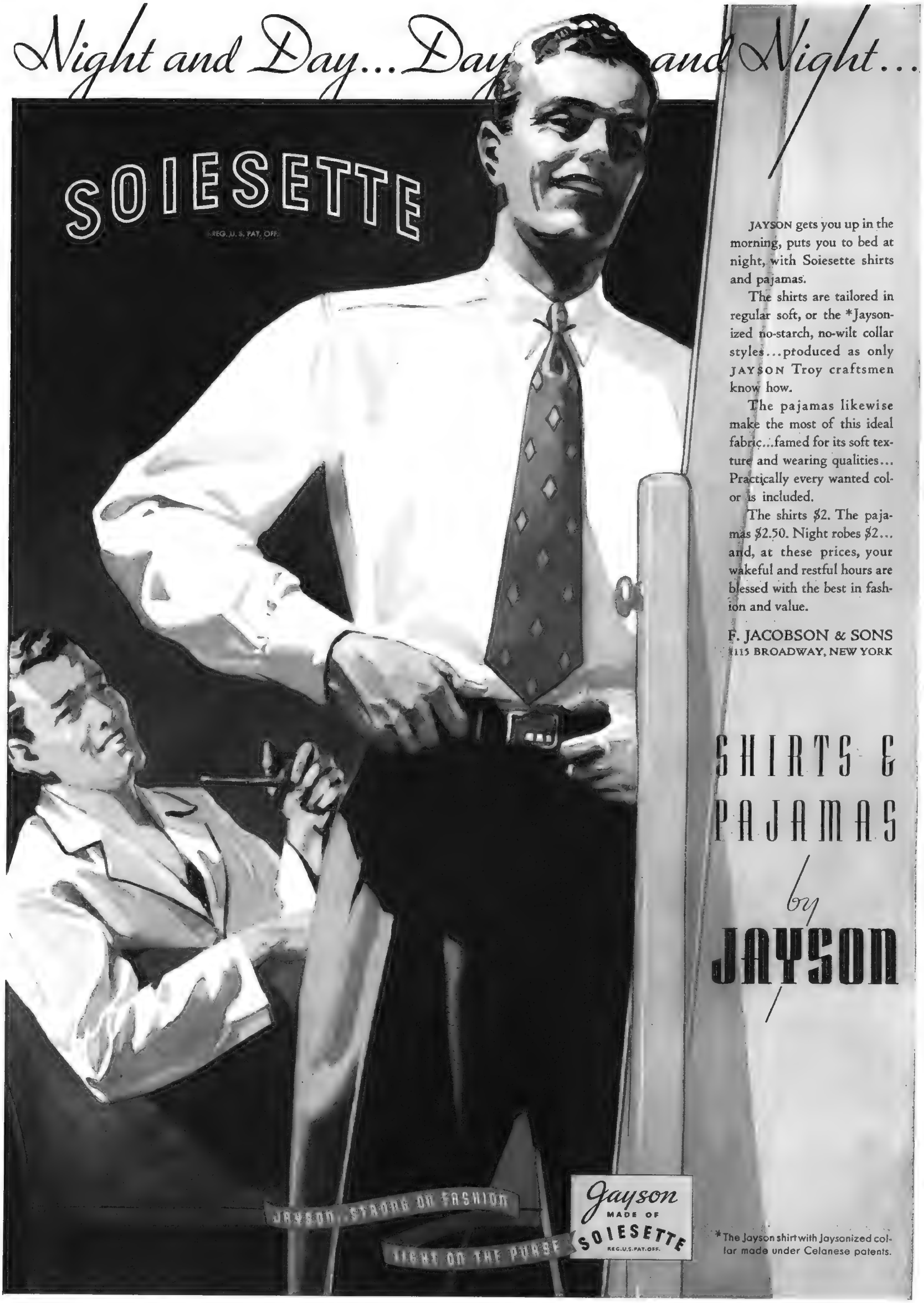
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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Edward J. Fitzgerald feels that his biographical data follows pretty much the pattern expected of poets. He graduated five years ago from the University of Vermont. Since then he's been a truck loader, worked in department stores, and in an insane asylum, been business manager of a repertory theatre and assistant editor of a poetry magazine. Just run-of-the-mine jobs, according to him. Lately he's been supervising one of the government labor market studies. He's made the *American Mercury*, *The Nation*, *The New Yorker*, *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, *The Partisan Review* and lots of newspapers. And he'll send us some more verse like *Four Panels for a Guest Room* as soon as he writes it.

•

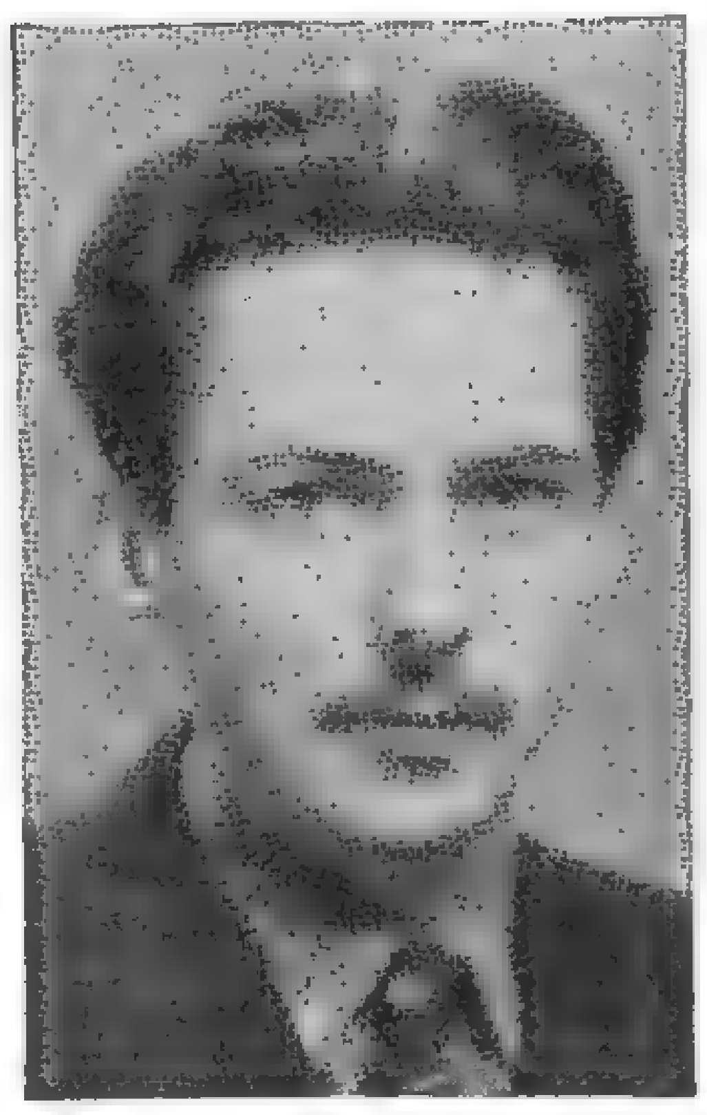
Cope Wiseman says the boy he writes about in *Those Boy-Gone Days* is his son, Henry, by a former marriage, now living with his mother. Mr. Wiseman writes: "I was born in Fort Worth, Texas, in 1896. I followed varied commercial pursuits after graduation from the University of Oklahoma, up until the World War. I spent two years in the U. S. Marine Corps, 5th Regiment; suffered no casualties at front lines, but after close of hostilities secured leave of absence to see Paris and consider my activities in 'Battle of Paris' (wine-women-song) to have been carried out in a meritorious manner. Became newspaper reporter in 1921 with Houston *Post*, later on 'desk' of the *Chronicle*. After ten years, finally discovered there was no new news left to print, man biting dog on average three times year. Bought two masted schooner and with wife and two male friends set out to discover new worlds, leaving Houston last September, 1936. Encountered rough weather, boat sprung bad leak, pumped for our lives for ten days and finally found refuge in Ten Thousand Islands area and subsequently in jungles a few miles from Everglades. Am at present marooned here in tropical paradise. No flag of distress, like it too well."

•

Alan MacDonald is the boy who started the torrid controversy with his contention, *You Can't Sleep with Women*, and uses a pseudonym for obvious reasons. We returned his current article with our comments, and he fired back his revision with these: "Okay Legree. You sure know how to nail 'em to the mast. This rejection slip is a beaut. Says you 'Subject is sure-fire but not handled so well as *You Can't Sleep with Women*.' And Mr. Older-Than-God Smart adds an extra touch with 'Maybe fix up.' Mebbe so. I only sweat four quarts of my anemic blood for two months wrassling that thing to keep from being the traditional One-Shot Charley—and when I received your note today, David A. Smart with a headache would have looked like a babe in arms compared to me—because that slip says 'sure fire' and 'mebbe fix-up' without any clues. But shortly you will receive *Who, Then, Are the Chaste?* back, since Mr. Smart seems to think mebbe fix. And mebbe your pencil write a little more next time." It's on page 44.

•

Charles F. Peters, like another of our fashion artists, Lawrence Fellows, once drew cartoons for the now extinct *Life*. He was born in Norway, the son of the official Court Painter. For some time he was associated with Rogers Peet, advertising. Before that he served in the French Foreign Legion and helped defend the Dardanelles. He speaks four languages fluently, and is now acquiring a fifth, through his marriage to a German movie actress of the silent days.


Edward J. Fitzgerald

Harry Purdy

Arthur R. Tofte

Harry Purdy is a Discovery, whose first published story appears on page 86. It's called *Real Life, True Life*. He's twenty, a sophomore at the University of Michigan. He is working his way through school, and isn't married, naturally.

•

Gerard Morris doesn't know exactly where he was born nor how old he is, and isn't curious. He's lived mostly in Southern California and says he's written a lot of stuff and saved a lot of postage by not submitting it. He writes: "I have two novels and thirty or forty or fifty short stories mouldering in a desert well near Palm Springs. I began to want a story, any story, any thing, in Esquire or anywhere else to see if after all I could even make sentences. This *Gand* business (page 89) is the result and I'm a little sad because it proves nothing. I'm in a sanitorium at present with t. b. and am working on a novel that will be good—if finished."

•

Daniel J. Brimm, Jr., said that if this picture didn't suit us he'd pose in helmet and goggles, although nobody but kids wears them any more. This is his first appearance in a magazine not connected with aviation. He's a student as well as a flyer. He got his M. A. degree when he was eighteen, and taught Latin and English for four years. In 1917 he was turned down for military service because of a bad eye, so he started hanging around airplane factories, sweeping floors, and eventually, after studying engineering in the evening, drawing designs. He has worked for the Curtiss Company and for Ireland Aircraft. For a time he operated a seaplane service in Port Washington. Now he teaches in the Manhattan High School of Aviation Trades. He takes his responsibilities seriously and says he'd rather take that raw East Side material and change it into useful citizenship than design and fly a new airplane. He feels that airplanes, in Spain, for example, are not always helpful to civilization, but a good citizen is always an asset.

Arthur R. Tofte, our other Discovery of the Month, was born in Chicago thirty-five years ago, has lived in Milwaukee mostly, and was educated at the University of Wisconsin. He says: "I've had numerous advertising jobs, writing copy on motor trucks, aluminum ware, bathroom scales, grinding machines, mechanical exercisers, and such glamorous subjects. Now I write advertising copy for Bucyrus-Erie Company and edit their monthly trade journal, *The Driller*. Five years ago, between jobs, I spent six months riding a bicycle around Europe, getting back-road and back-street color and experiences. I have written two novels which I hope some day will find a publisher in a weak moment. One is picaresque, and written in the manner of *The Wine Is Sour*, (page 70). He isn't married too.

•

Hugh Troy is a painter of murals. But he has come to the conclusion that mural painting is a delightful form of philanthropy so he writes between murals to help balance the budget. He has quite a reputation as a practical joker but modestly insists that most of the feats attributed to him are so distorted and improved upon in the telling that they're hardly recognizable as they're printed. Besides, they make it difficult to convince people that he takes his painting in dead earnest. So he'd rather we didn't mention the jokes. He recently completed a series of panels depicting episodes from Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*. His latest effort, published in this issue is a personality piece on Vincente Minnelli.

•

Fletcher Knebel, who pans *The Pontifical Press*, page 59, has done newspaper work since his graduation from Miami University, Oxford, Ohio in '34. He is a Sigma Chi and a Phi Bete. He has been with the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* for over a year now, and is in their Washington bureau at the moment. He's twenty-five. And married.

Charles F. Peters

Daniel J. Brimm, Jr.

Fletcher Knebel

Oscar Morgan rises to defend his portrayal of William H. Schnitzer, *Reno's Unsung Columbus:*

I have just read, in your April number, in the *Sound and Fury* department, the letter headed *A Correction*, written by one of the sons of William Schnitzer, "Reno's Unsung Columbus." Not wishing you to think I went off "half-cocked" in that article, I am writing this letter.

When I first planned to write Schnitzer's story I did not know he was dead. I had been away from Reno for many years, save for occasional visits, and had naturally lost contact. My intention, originally, was to locate Schnitzer, interview him, and then write the yarn. I first got into touch with a former city editor of mine, who for years was Reno's city attorney and whose father had for a long time been a Washoe county (Reno) judge. He told me of Schnitzer's death and of the name he had taken, together with other scraps of information. I then took it up with the present publisher of the *Gazette*, who also was once a city editor of mine, and he threw a little more light on the affair. He is a very conservative, able newspaper man and always reliable—or almost always. I also, on a visit to Reno, talked to several attorneys about Schnitzer. All knew he was dead, all knew he had taken the name of Sheldon. Nobody mentioned his return to Reno to practice. That effort of Schnitzer evidently was a futile one, because he returned to Los Angeles. Nobody told of the divorce cases he had had in Reno, mentioned by the son. One prominent attorney did say he had seen him once and his spirit seemed far different from that which he had before he was disbarred. It may not have been tortured, as I phrased it, but he was different. I distinctly remember what he was after he was disbarred. He was whipped.

As an editor of many years experience I know the importance of verifying stories and all the details in them. Under the circumstances I did not depart from instructions I have given to many a reporter.

I realize, of course, that the main theme of the yarn was *How Divorce Came to Reno in a Big Way*. That was told with entire accuracy, because I took part in it. In that article, for the first time, Schnitzer was glorified and turned into a martyr, and yet this son sees only other, non-essential phases of it all. I'll frankly admit to you there were some features about the whole episode that were not touched upon. They were not important and they would have been slightly at war with the manner in which it was being treated. My experience as a newspaper man, however, has taught me that if a man's name is misspelled in an article glorifying him, that misspelling will be the main thing he will see. He will accept all the rest as his due, but the error will almost come under the head of slander.

Schnitzer, as his son's letter says, may not in later years have been proud of being Reno's Divorce Columbus, but that most likely was because that title couldn't be disassociated from his own disgrace and humiliation. I am glad, naturally, his family has such a splendid memory of him and that he prospered sufficiently to care for them.

Sincerely,
Oscar R. Morgan
Pacific Grove, Cal.

P. S.—According to the son's letter Schnitzer did change his name, as I said he did. Sixteen years is a long time. So, the outstanding facts remain: Divorce, in a big way, did come to Reno because of Schnitzer; he was disbarred; he did feel he had to leave Reno; his name was changed; no tribute has yet been paid by Reno to the founder of its chief industry—so, let's let it all go at that.

For a perfect OLD FASHIONED *Cocktail*

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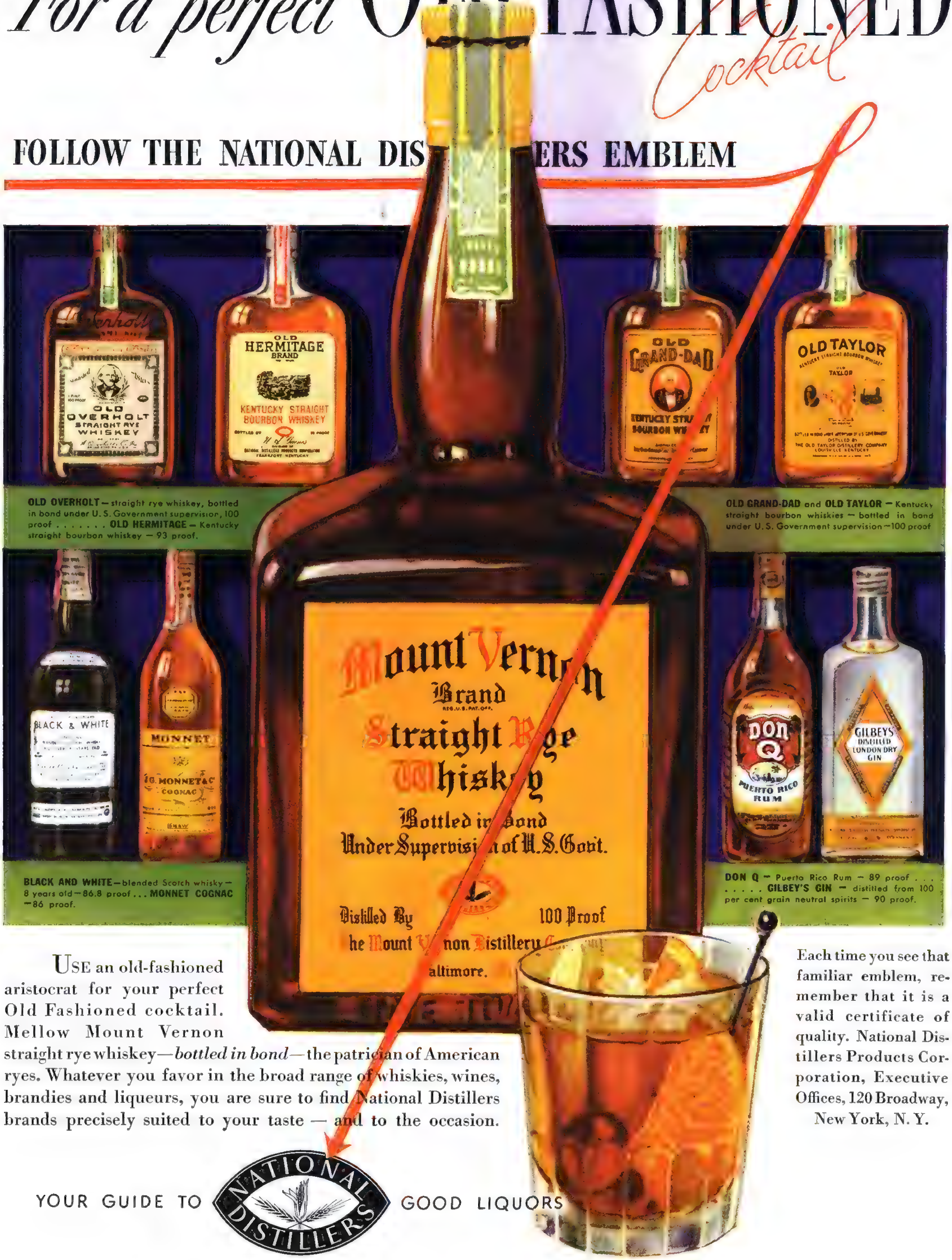
Old Overholt
OLD OVERHOLT STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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OLD TAYLOR
Mount Vernon Brand
Straight Rye Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
Under Supervision of U.S. Govt.
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MONNET
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DON Q
PUERTO RICO RUM
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OLD OVERHOLT—straight rye whiskey, bottled in bond under U. S. Government supervision, 100 proof . . . . **OLD HERMITAGE**—Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey—93 proof.

OLD GRAND-DAD and **OLD TAYLOR**—Kentucky straight bourbon whiskies—bottled in bond under U. S. Government supervision—100 proof

BLACK AND WHITE—blended Scotch whisky—8 years old—86.8 proof . . . **MONNET COGNAC**—86 proof.

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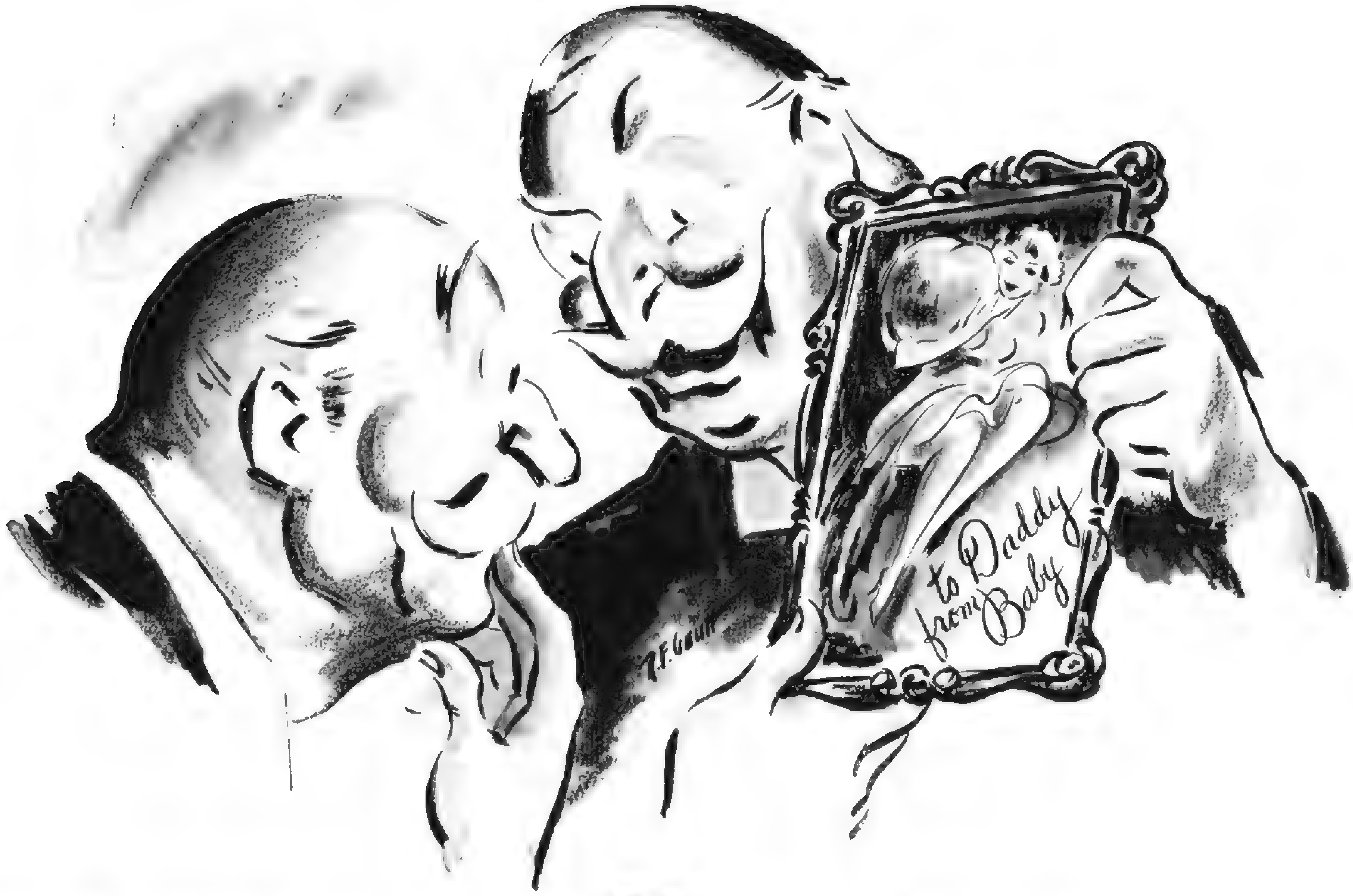


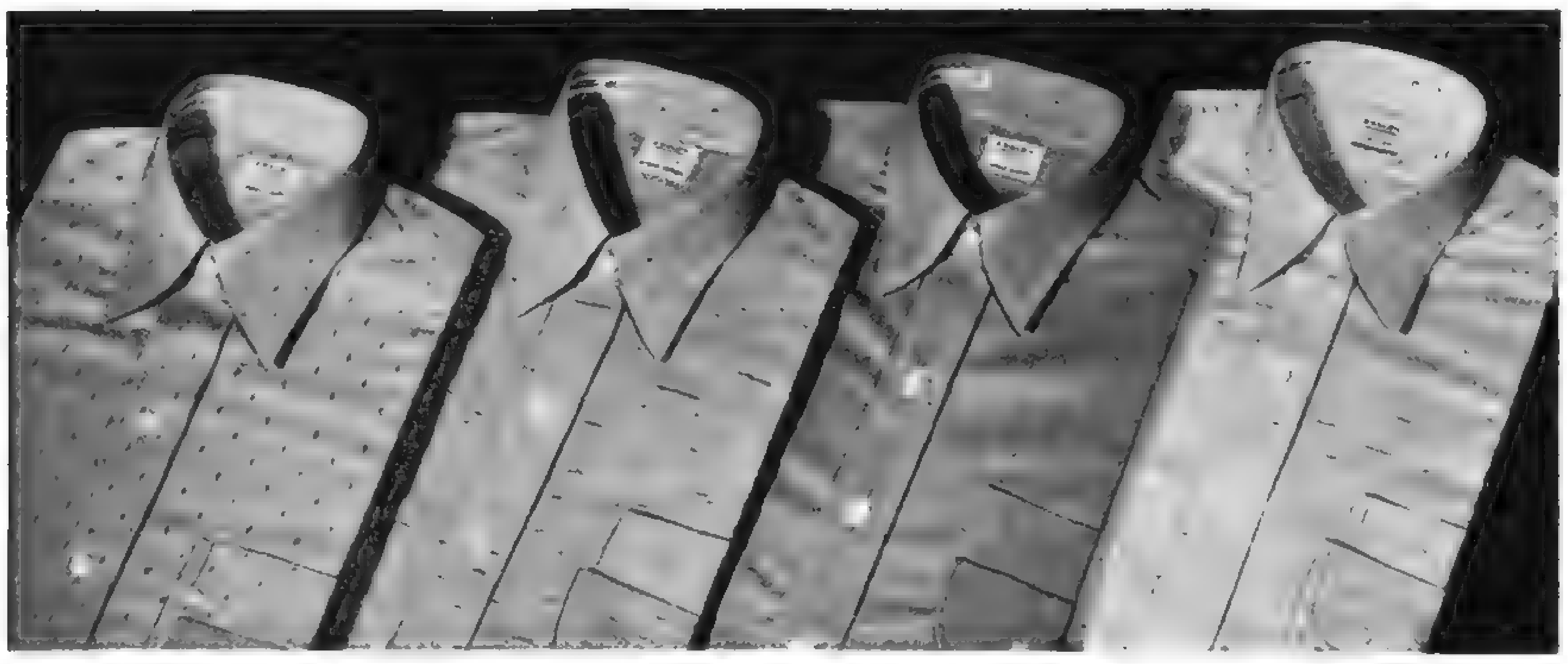
How *young* must a Daddy be to appreciate *Essley Shirts* on Father's Day?

We admit it; it was men with youthful ideas who first snapped up the Essley Shirt. They seized upon its original Trubenized collar, which, without starch or stays, remains fresh, smooth and unwrinkled from breakfast to good night!

They luxuriated in Essley's Precision Fit . . . Essley's exclusive way of designing and sewing a shirt to avoid "bunching" above the vest line.

But you can't keep a good thing secret. Soon conservative oldsters of 27 were agreeing with gay young blades of 72 that Essley is tops.

For Father on Father's Day . . . and for any male above the blouse age, any day of the year . . . we advise Essley, the shirt demanded by the new generation. In smart patterns to suit any age or idiosyncrasy. $1.65 to $3.50, at department stores and better men's shops everywhere . . . Essley Shirt Co., Empire State Bldg., New York.



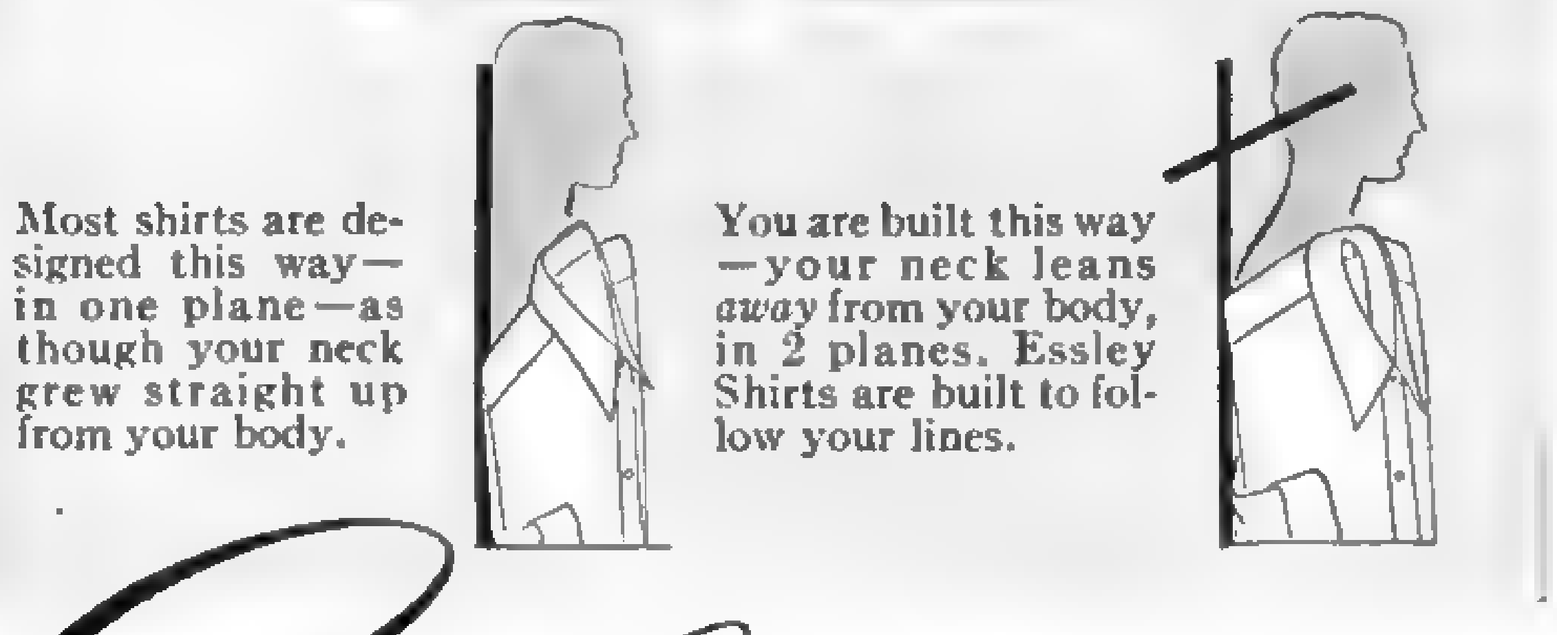
ESSLEY Dobby Shan
Shantung type of fabric, with neat dobby pattern, in smart new dusty tones . . . blue, tan, grey and wine . . . as well as white. With the original Trubenized collar and Essley Precision Fit.

ESSLEY Ocean Tones
A smart shantung-like weave, cool as an ocean breeze, in blue, tan, grey, wine, green. For business wear as well as sports. The original Trubenized collar, of course — plus Precision Fit.

ESSLEY Pinpoint Madras
New tones of blue, brown and wine in one of the season's smartest solid-color shirtings that appeal to men of good taste everywhere. Essley original Trubenized collar and Precision Fit.

ESSLEY Jaunty Weaves
Small strands of darker threads blend smoothly into the soft background color of these smart new Summer shirtings. Blue, tan, grey—and white. Original Trubenized collar and Precision Fit.

THE SECRET OF "PRECISION FIT"



Most shirts are designed this way—in one plane—as though your neck grew straight up from your body.

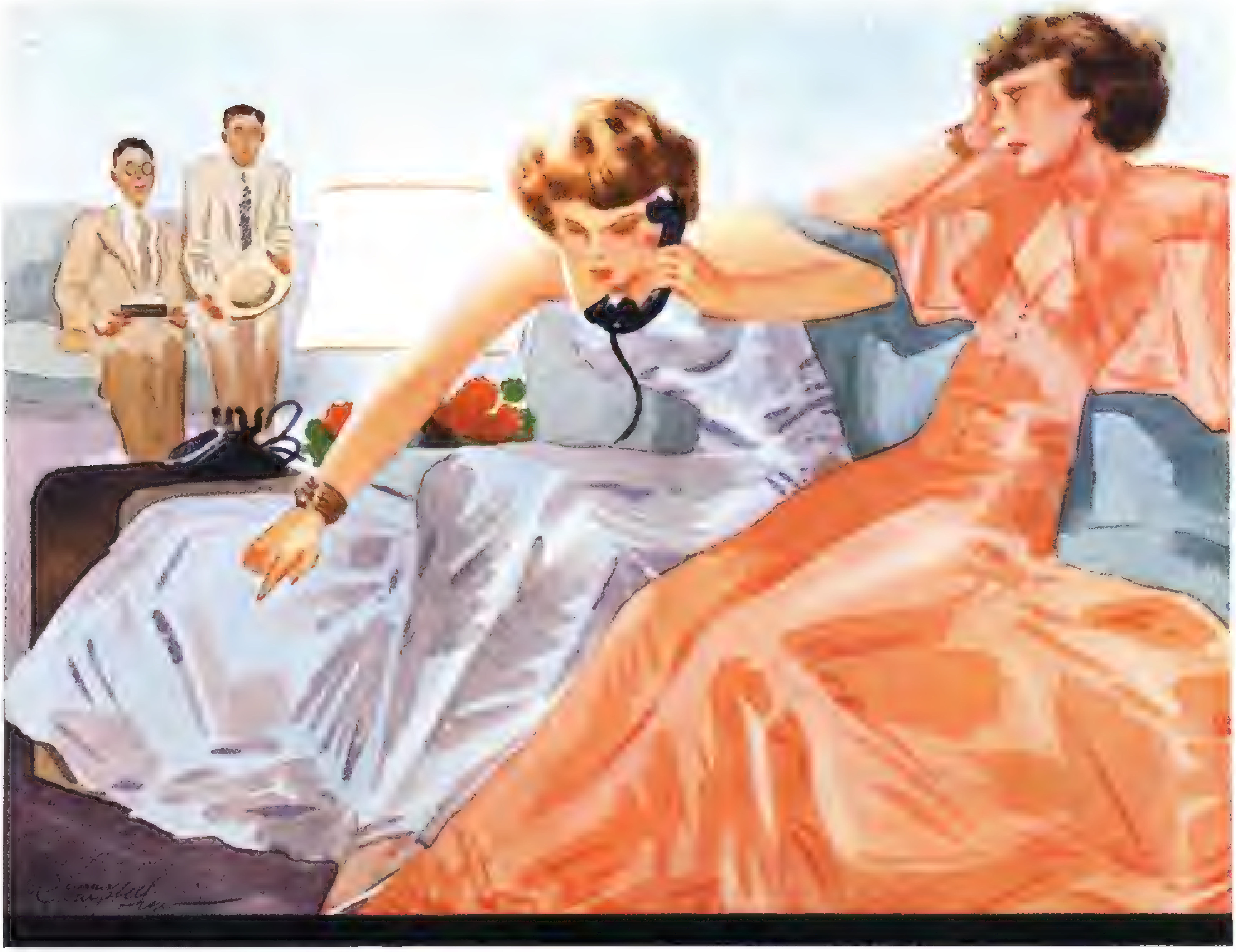
You are built this way—your neck leans *away* from your body, in 2 planes. Essley Shirts are built to follow your lines.

Essley SHIRTS

WITH THE ORIGINAL TRUBENIZED COLLAR —AND PRECISION FIT

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING
LAUNDRY TESTED and APPROVED by

The American Institute of Laundering has awarded its Seal of Approval to Essley Shirts for washability and wearability; and to the Trubenized process . . . originated by Essley and a feature of all Essley Shirts . . . as the standard of quality in fused collars.



Hello, escort bureau! You can just take 'em back. We ordered a couple of Princeton graduates in Hart Schaffner & Marx suits!

THESE chaps *may* have gone to Princeton; but it's quite evident the bureau wasn't any too careful about checking the kind of clothes they were wearing when they sent them out on this assignment. You certainly have to give these little girls credit—they knew what they wanted, so naturally their specifications included Hart Schaffner & Marx suits.

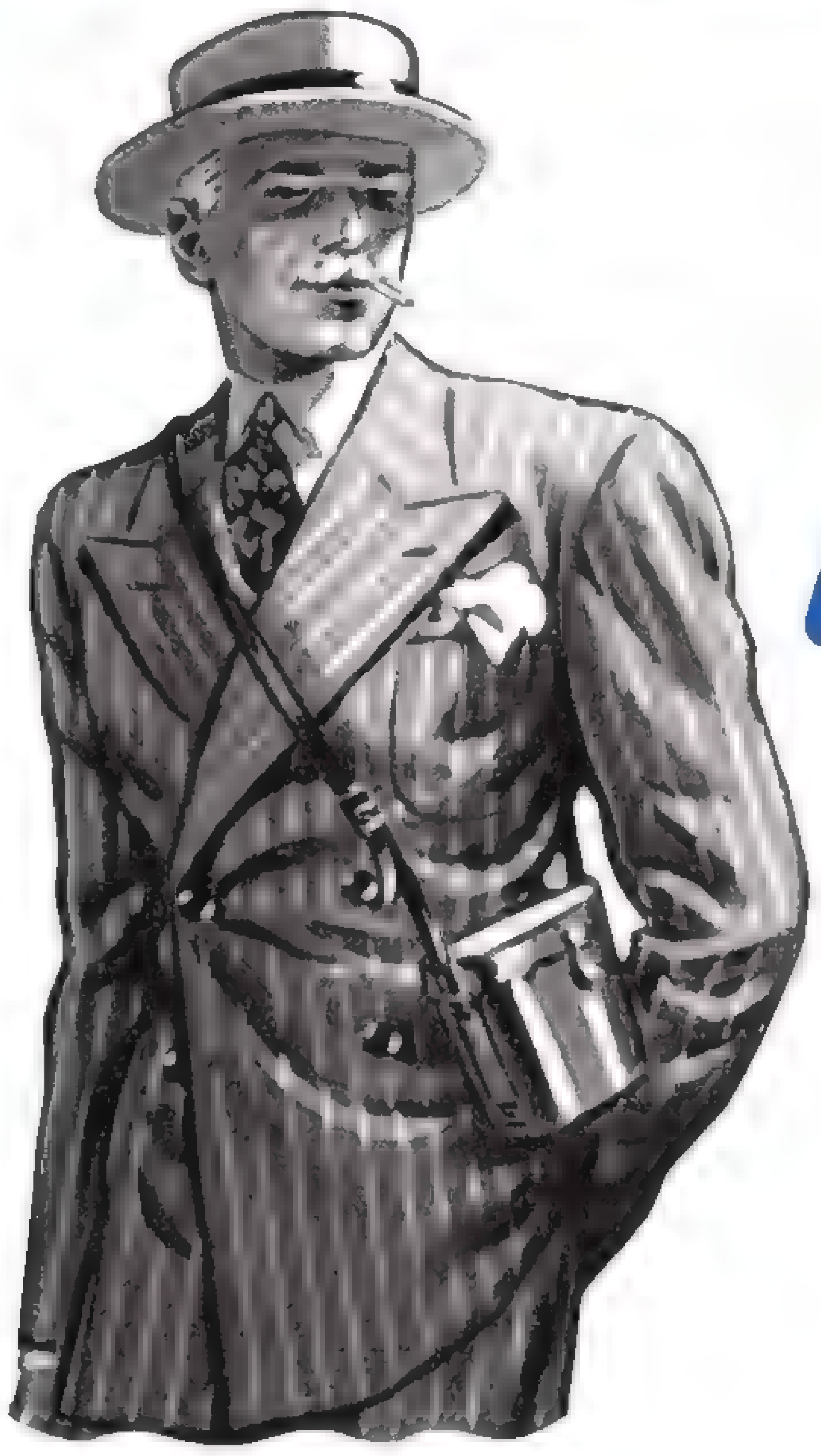
It's possible that this woebegone pair wouldn't have made the grade even *with* Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes, but evidently they'd have been a lot better off if they had worn them. For somehow or other, suits that carry the Trumpeter label can do *extra*-ordinary things for even the most ordinary figures.

First impressions are all-important. The fact that these boys probably had never seen Princeton might readily have been overlooked had they shown up in Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes. The solution to never being caught in a similar predicament is a visit to your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer today!

Win A Complete Hart Schaffner & Marx Wardrobe

Caption Contest Ends Midnight Sunday, May 23

All you have to do is to write the winning caption for one of these famous Hart Schaffner & Marx cartoons! See your local Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer for details!



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Gulfweight

To the list of modern miracles—air conditioning, radio, streamlined trains—add this new 48-ounce in-between suit sensation. An entire Gulfweight suit weighs only 48 ounces—assuring you cool comfort de luxe. But—and here's the most amazing thing of all—it has *all* the trim, *permanent* style of a year-round weight suit. Stop in tomorrow and see this Hart Schaffner & Marx development in the new sports and drape models . . . *feel* the fabric and judge the value of Gulfweight for yourself.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR . . . A BIG THING TO FIND

The Old Boys of Bucharest

They enjoy nothing more than scandalous gossip, and would rather spy upon their friends' wives than their own mistresses

by PAUL MORAND

▪ ARTICLE ▪

BUCHAREST, it is said, is paradise for old bachelors. In a society that is small but as clearly divided as scenes from the Lives of the Saints unfurled along frescoes in orthodox churches, the old boys are received, pampered and fed everywhere. They are the link between Paris, Vittel, Carlsbad and Capsa, and between the realm of worldly thoughts and the small scandals of the capital. They rise late, appear at weddings and funerals, accompany friends to the station on every occasion—a custom of long-gone Russia and of the Spain of yesterday. They keep the secrets of the young divorcées, more numerous now than ever in Bucharest, where marriage has turned into a temporary measure of convenience, and they readily offer advice to lovely ladies who hesitate before acquiring a third husband. They slip through the stage door at the Alhambra, sniff voluptuously at the scent of make-up and the warm flesh of naked chorus girls to whom they promise trips to Paris, the show girl's dream. They are seen at rehearsals in theatres large and small; they applaud when the government is criticized.

"Our officials are not a burden on the budget," says the leading man.

"How come?" says the ingenue.

"You have never heard of a government official being paid, have you?"

"But some day they'll have to be pensioned."

"Why pension them? They are rich."

"How can they be if they are never paid?"

"Anyone who has been an official for thirty years and has not found a way of getting rich is not worthy of living in Roumania!"

The old boys rap the dusty floors with their canes to show their delight at the sauciness of the dialogue.

The old bachelors are fond of mentioning their duck hunts in the Delta, their fox hunting, the antelopes they bagged near Brasov, and the rounding of the hares when the hunters advance in circles over hundreds of acres and the day ends in slaughter. Their automobiles always smell of bear and honey-colored tobacco. They are gamblers—of the kind that flourished in the old days of Russia—or rather, they were gamblers. They have placed their chips on every green-covered table in Europe. They have played bridge in London, at a guinea a point at Saint James's. They have polished the leather of the seats in every Bucharest club, of all the gambling dens of the Calea Victorici that assume the guise of political clubs, of all the casinos of France and Monaco. On the subject of poker they are divided into two camps, composed of those who believe that a straight beats three of a kind and those who don't. At the Automobile Club, the Agricole, the Aero-Club, the Cercle Militaire or the Jockey they have sat the night through and often until the following noon, fattening the pot. They grumble at the service and their caricatures are hung on the wall between engravings of English Derbies. They are often behind in their dues. Everyone gambles in Bucharest, gentlemen in clubs, merchants in cafés over lotto boards; cab drivers gamble the night's fares before turning in. Bankers sometimes gamble depositors' money. In the casino at Sinaia the wife of a banker who had been declared bankrupt called "Banco." As she was collecting her winnings, one of the old boys standing beside her reached for the stake and said:

"Excuse me, Madame, but I am one of the stockholders."

The old boys like to evoke the days of their rivalries with the Russian princes when they placed bets of twenty thousand francs, gold, on Sardanapale. Enthusiastic and without method, they raced the first automobiles, winged over the Carpathian mountains in the first flying crates.

"The Pig was telling me one day . . ."

"That was in the good days of old Skull . . ."

"Guess where I met the Duck . . ."

Do not imagine that they are referring to characters of the underworld; these are mundane nicknames, fashionable in Bucharest. They recall the appellations of ancient princes and Byzantine Emperors: the One-Eyed, the Bear, the Brave, "Ear-ring" . . . there is something in them that is familiar, brutal and reminiscent of great deeds that is enchanting.

The old boys live quietly in small bachelors' quarters. They show you their collections of gold snuff boxes bearing the arms of some reigning lady; they show you the portrait of the ancestor, a turbaned hospodar, bearded to the eyes, a poniard in his belt. They have inherited from him the glint of savagery, Turkish or Polish, in their eyes. Intelligent, adaptable and seductive, without much practical sense, they dazzle by their rhetoric, the extent of their reading and libelous information.

The old bachelors of Bucharest are poor. Money has slipped between their fingers; women and gambling got the best of the great fortunes of their fathers, the boyars, The Farmers' Trust, advancing money until the depression, has taken over the collateral of their loans. The bachelors of Bucharest find consolation in remembering the days when they got their brandy by the barrel from Cognac, when truffles were shipped from Paris on the Orient-Express and there were thirty balls each season in Bucharest. Their fathers were the friends of Carp and Marghiloman, old monocled gentlemen, half Russian noble and half Magyar lord, filled with contempt for neighboring peasant democracies, Serbian or Bulgarian.

"When my grandfather went to the *Varieties* to applaud Hortense Schneider," one of them said to me, "he always bought the box next to his own in which to deposit his hat and cloak."

"The indolence of my grandfather," said another, "was so great that he never counted his winnings at the gaming table. His secretary did it for him. When he lost they brought him fresh funds—a fur bonnet filled with gold coins."

"When my great-uncle sent a present to a woman he did not tie the parcel with an ordinary cord. He used a string of pearls . . ."

"Napoleon had never seen a sleigh. It was in Vienna, in summer. Without waiting for winter, my ancestor had sugar sprinkled over one of the drives of Schoenbrunn and the sleigh was ridden before the Emperor."

The old bachelors of Bucharest are indiscretion and inquisitiveness personified. They know the name of the graft collector for every government official and they can name the sums collected. They give out more scandalous gossip than Sir Peter

Continued in center of page 241

Who, Then, Are the Chaste?

A man's virtue is in constant danger from Stuffing Stomachers, Telephone Trappers and Ubiquitous Underfooters

by **ALAN MACDONALD**

• SATIRE •

MAN'S natural chastity has always been an aggravation to women.

Eve of Eden had the initial experience with this vexation, it is said, when Adam acted like a shrinking lily on the first evening they spent together. Dido, antiquity's No. 1 torch singer, was so upset when she found Aeneas couldn't be sidetracked, that she turned on the heat after he had gone rather than before. Everybody remembers Mrs. B. C. Potiphar's exasperation with Joseph in the great Egyptian refusal.

And 'twas ever thus, to coin a clause.

There's Galahad, for instance. He certainly looked like a world-beater astride his nag, yet contemporary wenches definitely say he was a dud since he always wore his armor to picnics. No one, according to the archives, ever succeeded in making a Saturday Knight out of Galahad.

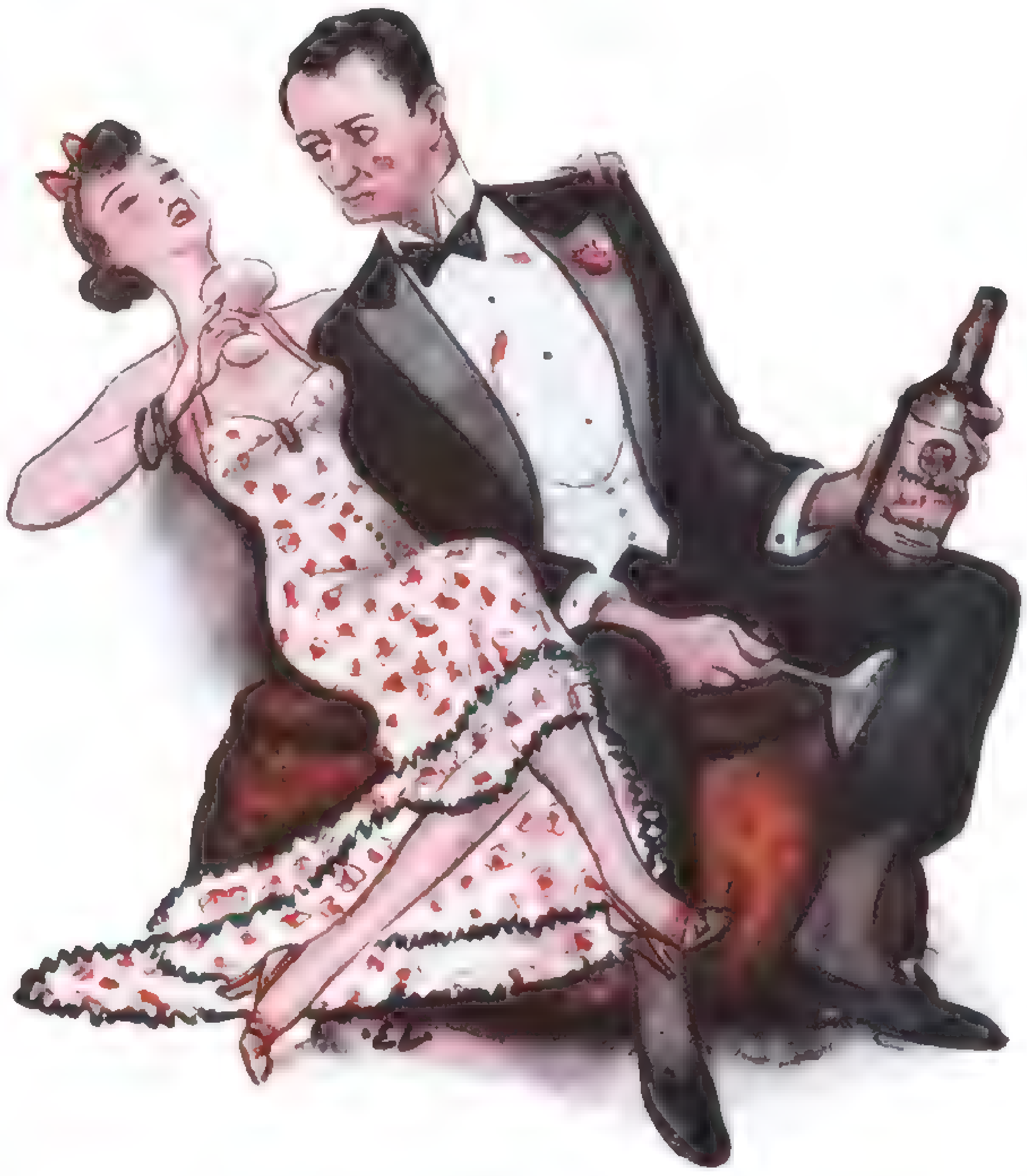
Almost without exception, every great reformer or religious zealot has been a man. A walking tour through the history books will reveal these masculine Soloists of Light in every age and in every clime—denouncing sin from barren hillsides, organizing crusades against infidel hell-raisers, leading converts in and out of wildernesses, exhorting their fellows to self-abnegation and long boat trips. In short, going to extremes which their more complacent girl friends never would have attempted.

All of which doesn't mean that women aren't nice people. They really are—fundamentally. But they've been forced to struggle against this ascetic indifference in their gents since the beginning of time and temperatures. The Monastic Period (*Biol:* see Glacial) which began about 240 A.D. threw a scare into them which has never been forgotten—and the period lasted hundreds of years. During this time, men hiked for seclusion in droves, girding up their loins with gusto and unconcern.

These were dire doings—and the women realized it. They knew they must have husbands, foot-warmers, screen door fixers, and fathers for their children. They knew that something must be done, and quickly, in order to get "co-operation" out of their ideal-ridden playmates.

So what? So they began to do a little research work. They studied the cat, the fox, the gayly colored birds, the ant, the honey bee, and the butterfly. Even the lowly crocodile and the giraffe did not escape their attention. The results were encouraging. New tricks came into being, the thing called technique was born, a new era seemed imminent. The boys didn't gird themselves quite so tightly, and sometimes they risked a backward glance on their road to the hermitages. The "neither willing nor reluctant" attitude began to be noticeable, and it looked as if night life might pick up.

But it didn't turn out that way. The majority of the needed collaborators were duly curious, but only a few felt take-a-chancy. That devilish diffidence, for some reason, persisted.



Oddly enough, no two of them ever offered the same excuse for this standoffish attitude. Hence, by necessity, the technique of the gals grew widely diversified, not because they wanted things that way but because their quiescent consorts forced them into it. Types of break-'em-down technicians were developed on the unified idea of whole-herd protection. Some of their number, naturally, did employ scandalous tactics which didn't help the credit rating of their sex, but the bereft belles in all divisions knew that if the race was to go on, if they were to have homes and families—men must be taught to paw.

In this short and none too erudite commentary, it is impossible to describe all the rôles into which women have thrown themselves in order to entice their potential roommates down from their pedestals. All of you know about the heathen Hussies who make no bones about their heliotrope procedure. They attack the problem from the purely elemental angle which is as simple as 1, 2, 3. Just man, maid, man made. Then there's the familiar school of Scenics whose co-eds know that a good-looking face and figure are excellent mantraps. They merely keep their landscaping in good repair and in sight of the customers. The Stuffing Stomachers are another commonly known group. They work on the idea that the way to a man's capitulation is through the kitchen and refrigerator. The Ego Elevators, too, with their flatter-patter, are so numerous that no identifying description of them is needed.

These four major battalions were organized early in the game and their members are easily recognized. But some of their corollary divisions are a touch more subtle and their capers of captivation are not so clearly defined. It is the maneuvers of these corollaries which we will attempt to sketch—for many a pure, unsuspecting brother has been addled and saddled by their ingenious tactics before he knew just what he had been jockeyed into. Here they are:

THE POSING PROVOCATIVES. These are the nymphs who play teasing games. They strike a promissory note and bank on compounding interest that way.

Naïveté is effortless, for them. Sliding into a position on a davenport which would make a veteran bacchante look like a bush-leaguer, a Provocative will inquire archly: "What books have you been reading lately?" But when her confused quarry plunges into a book review, she appears restless and faintly irritable. With an air of cozy intimacy, she'll bend over to light his cigarette, get him into one of those full-eye clinches, and then remark: "Isn't that radio terrible? It has been that way all week." While he feels hot and cold, inept and impotent—without knowing exactly why.

Furniture and clothes are part of a Provocative's needed equipment and she can manipulate both items with facile ease. At mantel hanging, doorway draping, shaft crossing, shoulder strap sliding, curtain clinging, foot sitting, and cushion nestling, she is a past master.

The provocatives are wide-eyed at a man's apparent acute consciousness of them, but they manage to keep a deft grip on the steam throttle in case his mercury drops below 101.

After a few sessions with one of the skilled artisans of this group, any man is ready to give in. He reaches a pitch where innate restraint no longer functions, and a dove in the glove seems far more important than a dozen displays across the room. So he reaches for the dove—which is exactly what the little dove has been working for.

THE STEMWARE SIRENS. These Cocktail Cleos depend on the witchery that lies in a wassail bowl so their maneuvers are confined mainly to the bottlefield. They have learned that a well-placed potable will put the wobbles under a majority of pedestals.

The swift tempo of their entertainment, their air of fellowship with their cronies of the cup, the easy click of their repartee, and their understanding in moments of heart-to-heart mellowness—these are their weapons.

The intensity of their activities varies according to the manner in which their prospects reach the "point of submergence." Some Sirens need merely to sip and stay put, others have to get blotto themselves.

These last, the Blotto Blamers, are an interesting study in their own right. They usually stay in second gear until they've grouped a few drinks under their girdle tops. Then, with that as an excuse, they perform as if they had swallowed lightning, pampas grass, and the cornerstone of a state asylum. They go through a repertoire of juvenile stunts. They become cuddly, combative, croony, and caustic—in alternating cycles. Their escorts find them out with his car, or his best friend, or under his bed, or talking to people who shouldn't be talked to.

Unfailingly, on the succeeding evening, a Blamer asks for a report of the "black-out" period of the night before. She says hopefully: "I suppose I was terrible. You know I don't remember a thing after you carried me over to the couch there at Mildred's." But when her chivalrous swain tells her he let her sleep awhile, then filled her with black coffee, and brought Mildred along home to put her to bed—she raises her hands in a gesture which might be either apology or imprecation, and says ambiguously: "Surely, surely, something will happen to me sometime."

THE UBIQUITOUS UNDERFOOTERS. Admittedly a peculiar name, but certainly one is needed to characterize this far-flung order of women who believe that prevalence is the first law of pursuit. Everywhere their quarry goes, these lambs are sure to follow. They seem capable of being anywhere at any time, with an infallibility which would renew a wavering Presbyterian's trust in the principles of fore-ordination.

An Underfooter works on the theory of omnipresence, ready to throw herself into the breach in moments of masculine weakness. The boys who are on the rebound, who are lonesome, the misunderstoods, the bridge table widowers, the nagger refugees, the blues sinkers—all are among her clientele.

A finer shading of this art, and a much more insidious one, is the formation of a "duo" without the man's doing anything about it. The thing is put over by a gradual process of visual education. Our Underfooter shows up on the same boat trips, the same between-act lobbies, the same vacation beaches, the same ad infinitums—until folks, seeing her so often with the same male companion, take it for granted that he is "private property," with suspected overtones of habeas corpus.

If the ubiquitous one can carry her campaign to the point where the gentleman in question can't back-track without looking like a virtuous jellyfish or frightened rabbit, she can rely on his ego to produce a certain reckless bravado. Then the terms are hers. In calling his hand she may be relatively lenient, but he'll not escape with his whole hide.

THE PORTAL PUSHERS. Some of the very knowing will argue that this type of melodramatic scene-thrower no longer exists—that she went out with the Turkey Trot, motor veil, and pendant bosom watch. But don't be fooled. These natural thespians will continue to flourish so long as a certain percentage of men take to cover the moment feminine pyrotechnics loom in the background. The Pushers know when a slightly raised voice in public will do the most good, when a flood of tears will do the most dissolving, when a bleak look will make their conscientious gallants feel like Attila the Hun.

Theirs is the Hang-On game. They are the ones who "just can't give you up."

At the first hint that a heretofore steadfast "boysie" may be suggesting a mutual valedictory, the Pusher gets between him and the door. Then she backs against it with increasing emotional upsweep. She threatens him, threatens herself, threatens the gas meter, the medicine cabinet, and the last act of East Lynne.

At this stage, if he is among the above percentage of Gullibles, he comforts her. He does anything to get past the fireworks, realizing with some apprehension that she could hunt him down anywhere and play to office forces, sidewalk crowds, or even family reunions.

No doubt he is a little astonished at the apparent havoc he has wrought in her—and perhaps he's a little buoyed by a new sense of power she has given him. Anyway he dribbles along, postponing climactic action—until one belated dawn he awakes to find himself muttering: "Now, old boy, this is a kettle of fish."

THE TELEPHONE TRAPPERS. Bell and Edison never intended their transmitting device to be used as a grappling gadget, yet many an otherwise untouchable male can be dragged into subtly "promotional" situations by the flick of a dial. This is because a certain abandon can be achieved over an intervening wire which somehow doesn't jell in face to face contacts. Here are a few of the many formulas:

(*Coziness*) "We're popping corn in front of the fireplace and Bill just went for more beer. Come on over—Sally's here and there's not a soul in the place but us."

(*Conscription*) "Now don't say 'no' for we'll make it any night you can come. If not Tuesday, then Wednesday or Thursday—or even next week. Jane has it rented for the whole month and it's right on the beach. Bring your toothbrush, just in case."

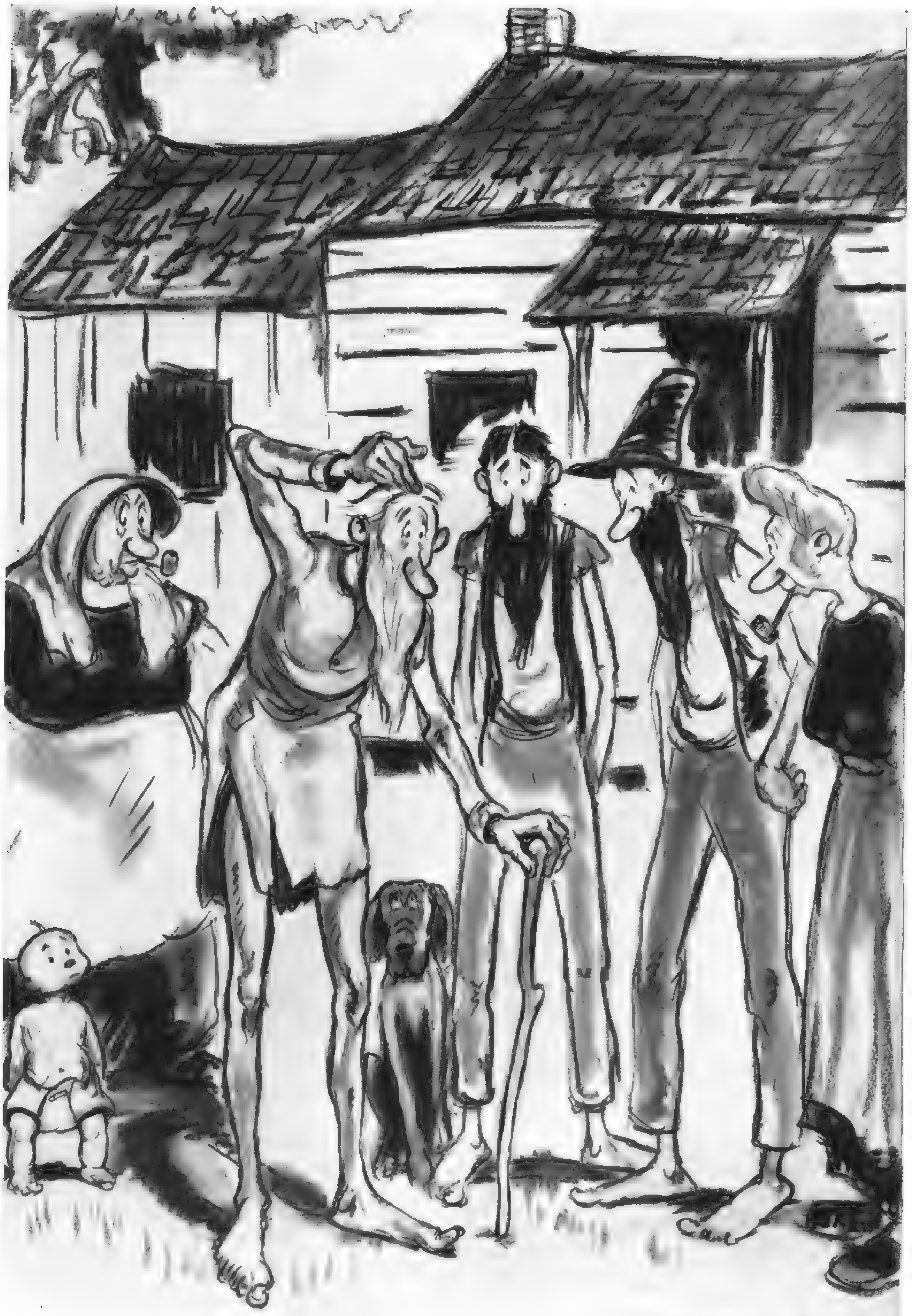
(*Coincidence*) "Yes, I'm in the lobby. Agnes and I had dinner out for a change. Then she remembered you stayed here. I can—but Agnes can't. She's going to a show with George. The third door to the left of the elevator? I'll be right up."

(*Continuity*) "—and there they were, my own devoted Nicky and some awful blonde. I've just got to talk to you about it. Dust off the bar and disconnect your phone. I'm coming over."

THE GIFT GAMBLERS. The members of this guileless group operate a sort of year-round-yule racket. They take chances which vary in size from a wrist watch to a college education in their own private sweepstakes. The highlights of their procedure can be given in short order. A Giver depends on gratitude to produce a lien on love activities. She knows that theatre tickets may produce exclusive title to an evening's taxi-tangling; that a covertly paid night-club check gives first claim in case her wine-dazed escort begins to imagine he's Casanova; that money loaned to or spent on men is usually an interest paying investment.

Books, clothes, furniture, vacation trips—sometimes a job or even room rent—are bestowed with a cleverness which disguises the underlying motive, with a benign touch which never could be mistaken for a lease on his libido.

And there, beleagured brethren, are some of the corporeal hazards which beset you in your resolute march along the straight and narrow. When your time comes and the probabilities of your "being taken" seem inevitable, try to be philosophical. Let yourself go with as much grace and manly gusto as possible. After all, it won't kill you. #



"Dang hit—ah took 'em off t' other day fer sumpthin' er other but ah caint remember what fer or where"

The King of Laughter

Unflattering analysis of the great Charlie Chaplin by a guy who used to be his ghost writer and yes-man

by JIM TULLY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

It has been fifteen years since I first met Charlie Chaplin at a dinner given by Ralph Block in Hollywood. A book upon which I had been working eleven years had been accepted for publication. I was still dazed and poverty-stricken from the experience. Though the novel was sentimental and uneven, Block had faith that I might be more than a "one book man." As such, he brought me to Chaplin.

Paul Bern, a Prussian Jew, and the only man I have ever known who practiced all the teachings of Christ, was a guest. Carey Wilson, a leading scenario writer, and several lesser known men, were also present.

Having learned to observe men during seven years as a road kid, and later as a wandering bruiser, I was soon aware that success had put a polish on the screen vagabond. If manners were a cloak to hide feelings, he wore a gorgeous garment.

Outwardly he was unmarked. One could not sense in the dainty fellow in evening clothes, a roving pantomimist who had thrown away a fifty-cent shirt at the end of each week to save a laundry bill.

While playing as a silent buffoon in a cheap Los Angeles theatre, he was seen by Mack Sennett, an Irish-Canadian then beginning to produce cinema comedies. He was apparently forgotten by Sennett and allowed to wander through the nation buying his weekly fifty-cent shirt. Several months later Sennett remembered his antics and decided he had need of him. Chaplin was then in a Pennsylvania town. He was engaged at one hundred twenty-five dollars a week.

Films were then a crude commodity produced by illiterate men who saddled their tastes upon a public that a well-known director said was nine years old mentally. The director was not much older.

Perhaps neither Sennett nor Chaplin, until their meeting, had ever read a book in their lives. Sennett, whose sense of the ridiculous was broad as a prairie, was an Irishman without emotion, and barren of the nuances of life. In Chaplin, unknowing, he had caught a bird of richer plumage.

Fitted by nature to be a lieutenant of police, or an alderman in an over-populated ward, Mack Sennett, born Michael Sinnott, one time chorus boy and blacksmith, will have a niche in the celluloid mansion of the future for having held the stirrup while the first greatly talented man of the films vaulted into the saddle.

Neither were then, nor ever after, creative men. Chaplin became, like Sennett, a master of gags—a gag being a remembered incident twisted to fit a situation.

A short while after joining Sennett, the stray little Englishman was the ninth wonder of the comic world. With a new expression and a wider audience—he was soon vastly wealthy.

He was now in the middle of his fame. Though he still wore spats and lived in the pitter patter of his theatrical world, his chaotic mind was above the average.

Untrained in consecutive thought, and not the conversational equal of several at the table—he was the master of all in mimicry and laughter.

When all were leaving, Chaplin volunteered to take me home in his limousine. Noting my bewilderment in the large car, he laughed and said, "Two beggars, Jim."

Harcourt, my publisher, had given me no advance on the book. The wolf was under the bed. Paul Bern drove him a few hundred feet away. By a ruse he convinced Chaplin that I could be useful to him. It was not an important matter to the comedian. My salary of fifty dollars a week would make no dent in his million a year.

When I hesitated, Bern said, "Take a pension from a king when you can."

It was agreed that I was to write articles with Chaplin's name attached, thus adding to my income. However, he allowed his name to be signed to only one of the articles.

The fairness of a man who analyzes another should be considered. If at times it seems I make of Chaplin a toy Hamlet in a tinsel town I hope it will be remembered that my compassion and understanding covers much.

His early years wrote with a heavy and terrible hand upon him. Though he became their master, and in so doing acquired the manners of a Chesterfield, remembered sorrow had early turned to gall within him. For what was left of a great battle with environment, I had everlasting respect.

The master simulator of the age, only in anger or solitude was he ever himself. Though he was often childish in quarreling, he was always above vengeance.

Imperious as Satan, and scornful as Voltaire, and often attacked with acute melancholia, he would hide such qualities in public. Well-meaning people, ever on the alert to evade logic, wished to protect him. Their impulse was wasted. Cesare Borgia was no more able to take care of himself.

Intelligent men seldom impressed him. For H. G. Wells, the son of a servant, he had patronizing tolerance. For Shaw, brittle as glass and as easily seen through, he had more respect.

Like Dickens, he came from the dregs of London. His vision was greater than the novelist's in that he could see futility. With the exception of his work, he was generally devoid of sentimentality or self-pity.

Volatile, turbulent and petulant, his malice died with his anger. He had often the detachment of a first-rate man. His charm, his ease of manner, his graciousness, were undeniable. He never made comment on those who had wrongfully used him. Neither did he ever speak of a kindness he had done for another.

He could enjoy intense solitude. For hours, alone, he would thumb the piano and chant broken fragments of pathetic songs.

So abstracted did he become one evening he forgot my presence in the room. The lights of the street followed dusk, and slanted across the mighty, good-looking mimic. On the calm water of the spirit, I did not wish to break the spell.

It was near midnight when he asked, "Are you there, Jim?"

When I answered, he said, "Let's take a walk."

Going through the deserted studio, we passed along the dark streets to Hollywood Boulevard.

Moon and stars hung low. He watched them for some moments.

"Napoleon wondered if there wasn't a God, who made those stars," I said.

His gaze left the sky. "One guess is as good as another—a weird man, Napoleon."

"Yes," I volunteered. "On the way to his coronation he said, 'The same people would turn out to see me going to the guillotine.'"

The comedian laughed dolefully.

There had recently been a sensational execution. The death of a beautiful young woman in England returned to him. Fear of poverty and gossip had made her kill her child. "Come dear," the hangman had said, "I'd rather love ye than hang ye."

His face was solemn as we turned on the well-lit boulevard.

It was soon radiant.

Brooding for hours at a time, untrained and illogical, the poisoned weeds of a frustrated childhood had grown rank in his mind.

More feminine than masculine in his ap-

Continued in center of page 231

Goin' to th' Buttin'

Old Bull Callihan was bloody as a stuck hog, and all the women were hollerin' for him to beat the ram

by JESSE STUART

• FICTION •

You know there's not much doing around here on Sundays. It's always that way 'pears like. A body just gets too lonesome. Just want to do something. Want to get out and do something besides spitting at the cracks in the corn crib or pitching horseshoes, or playing mumble-peg. So I just went down and got Viney to go out on the hill with me and look at the ground I'm going to farm next year. You know that flat back of the Crump place on the hilltop where all the big white oak stumps are. You know Viney is going to be my wife before the winter's over. We're going to jump the broom. That's done settled.

A funny thing happened. We walked up the hill—you know Viney—plump as a persimmon before the frost bites it. She just huffed and puffed going up the Ike Murray hill. Her cheeks just as red and pretty. God I just looked at her and thought about the time she'd be my wife. I was the happiest man in the world. Just to think I'd get as good looking woman as Viney. I took her by the arm and we climb up the hill. I'd hold to a sprout and hold to her hand and pull her along. We skived up the bank—you know Viney's kindly plump and heavy. I'm not so light myself—six feet tall and weigh two hundred pounds. It took a pretty good sprout to pull us both up. But you know how it is. Going to be married you know before the spring. Might get married a Christmas if Viney's Pa has good luck with his starvation-poles and Pa has good luck with his coal and lassie-sorghum.

"Viney," I says, "seems like I hear voices upon the ridge. Upon the Town Ridge behind the dead chestnut trees and all them pretty leaf-colored oak and poplar leaves." "And it might be a fox barking," she says, "or a dog in the sheep. Can't tell about noises on this hill. Foxes bark in the day time and come right in and run off with your chickens. Dogs sleeping under the cookstove and don't darst to move." Well, we just keep huffing and puffing and pulling up the steep bank by the sprouts. I tell you it was awful to take a girl up a hill like that. But you know my Viney Porter. She can about go any place you can take a mule. She can go places in the brush I really can't go. She works out in the fields and knows all the hog paths in this country. That's the kind of a woman I want. One that will get out and do things and not set on the Stool of Do-Nothing all her life with a confounded poodle dog on her lap or a old gray cat with a pretty piece of ribbon tied around her neck. The Devil take a woman of that kind. Devil take 'em now for he'll get 'em later. I want a woman just like Viney—one not afraid of the hound-dogs bark at night—but she'll take a lantern and go to old Spot when he's treed—go for miles. Fur as she can hear him bark. Viney's not afraid of the rattle snake's rattling. She knows it's a sign to get away and she gets away. She's not afraid of any living thing that walks or crawls—snakes, bitin' dogs, foxes or man or woman. Can fight just like a man. But she's short of breath and pants going up a hill like this one. She's a woman of my own heart and I aim to marry Viney Porter.

Prettiest day I believe I ever saw. Sun shines on the old dead treetops where John Haynes cut the timber last year. Old dead leaves—great wisps of them hanging to a lot of the limbs all criss-crossed among the green sprouts come up here from the stumps. "Listen," says Viney, "believe to my soul and God I hear a polecat in the leaves—listen—listen." And she cups her hand over her ear. "Hear that racket in the leaves won't you—" "Ah," says a voice, "bet they'll be a lot of people there today. You know it's been knowrated around all over the deestrict. Bet people will be there from everyplace."

"Well if it ain't old Briarhopper and Arabella," I says. And we step out to meet them. "Well what are you doing out on this ridge a day like this—feeling the sun? Seeing the lizard catch the greenfly while you can? You know he's not got many more days to catch the greenfly and sun on the logs—" "No," says Briarhopper, "we started to the buttin'. You going to it I guess—" "No," says Viney, "never heard a thing about it until now. It's news to us." "W'y," says Arabella, "it's been knowrated here and yon. Going to be a buttin' out here at the Hickories at ten this morning. That's where we've started. You know how crazy Briarhopper is about a buttin'—never have had one around here in a long time. Used to have 'em back in the mountains—I mean the real tall mountains—every little whipstitch. Won't you jine in the crowd and go along? Just got about one hour before it starts."

"What do you say Viney that we go," I says. You know it's best to always ask the girl you are to marry about little things. "Suits me," says Viney. "I'd like to go. I'd like to see a good old bloody buttin'. Ain't seen one in so long. Not since we come from Flint County."

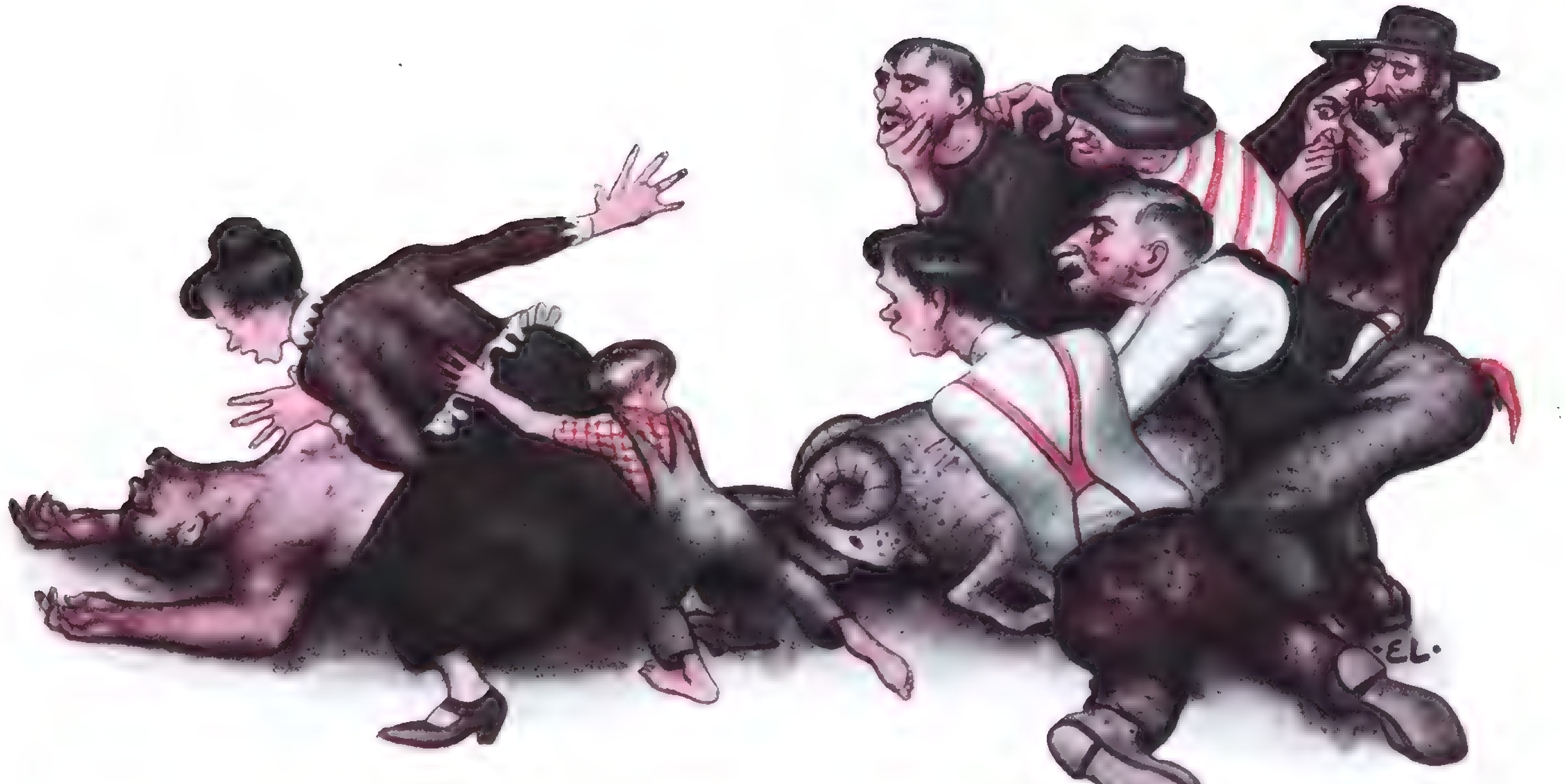
"Well, this is going to be a real buttin'," says Briarhopper, "you know old Bull Callihan is going to fight Felix Chapman's ram. It's going to be good. Bull rode the bear in the cage at the Flint County Fair you know. W'y that bear rode everything they put in the cage with it. Bull rid it though. It tried that front-paw stuff on him. He broke its holts. You know old Bull is a much of a man—head like a bullet and shoulders broad as a corn crib door. Great big arms and big fire-shovel hands. He ought to put up a awful fight—"

And we start walking out Town Ridge toward the Hickories. Leaves dry as powder on the ground—brown leaves—and red leaves—and the timber getting bare. "Right here," says Briarhopper, "is the place where a churchhouse used to be. Grandpa come here when he was a boy. They was holding church here. W'y he carried a whole load of dry brush and leaves and piled them up in front of the church house. Had a old wooden-legged man a preaching. And Grandpa set the leaves and sticks on fire and took over the hill. W'y of all hollering and pouring out at the winders they put it up. Great Grandpa had a time getting Grandpa out 'n it. Traded the Judge a set of mule harness some way. Got him out of it you know. Hard to get a man out 'n disturbing worship them days."

"W'y," says Arabella to Viney, "all this land through here where these big trees are—it used to be in wheat. Grandpa said he used to cut wheat here. Now it is a sheep pasture. No churchhouses here for miles. No houses here. Just acres of woods now——and the Little Sandy flowing below. Most of the timber cut—just brush here and wasteland."

You ought to see old Briarhopper Howard. Tall as a sapling and wild as a mountain shoat. Been going with Arabella for a year. Says he's going to marry her in the spring in time to housekeep before cropping. Lord she's a pretty thing. Hair the color of a black oak tree. Hair down to her waist. Teeth as pretty as a daisy petal. Next to my Viney she's the prettiest girl in these parts. You know I like hair the color of cured-out wheat straws. I like eyes the color of the sky in the spring—not eyes the color of midnight like Arabella's eyes. She steps as proud as a pullet in the spring. We are proud of our girls. If I didn't have mine to tell you the truth I'd be after Briarhopper's Arabella. Old Briarhopper would have a race on his hands for that girl. She looks plenty good to me even if her eyes are black as midnight. Never can tell what's behind them pools of ink—maybe it would surprise you.

Briarhopper has Arabella by the arm. I have my Viney by the arm. They are in front of us a kicking up the dead leaves until we can hardly hear them talk. The sun is pretty in the autumn sky. We can see the world from this ridge—looking down on the Little Sandy—a big brown cow-snake coiled at the foot of the backbone of high



TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

hills. We are going to the buttin’. Just started for a little walk until we met Arabella and Briarhopper. “Give me a cig,” I says to Briarhopper. “Just got roll-you-owns,” says Briarhopper, “want one? Have to roll them in a piece of sugar poke, it makes the taste better.” “Sure, I’ll roll my own,” I says, “not long now to hold you up —and we’ll get moving again.” I pour the stud from the little draw-strung sack—pour it on the brown-sugar poke-paper and stick it the best I can with my tongue. It looks like a turkey’s bill but it is good to smoke. I strike a match on my shoe-heel. Light my cig. We are on our way again.

“Look at the crowd going up yon pint,” says Briarhopper. “Going to be some crowd out there today—all worked up too. Brought the old difference along with me.” Briarhopper shows a long blue pistol—twirls it around by the trigger guard on his finger—then slips it down under his pants. Don’t know whether he has a holster there for it or not. A funny place to carry a gun. A hard place to get one when you need it. Leaves beneath our feet—a rustling. Kindly makes me feel sad. ’Pon my word and honor it does. Leaves dying. Crows a cawing and flying over the brown woods. Just so lonesome—w’y young people just have to have some place to go. Just got to get out to a buttin’, a foot washing or mumble-peg. Got to get out if it’s to spit at cracks or shoot at crows. A lot of fun shooting at crows with a rifle. Lot of fun shooting lizards’ heads off with a pistol when they jump up and snap for greenflies. Give ’em a ball at that white spot under their chins. Trees just every way you look and rockcliffs and water. W’y a body gets tired of all that and the old brush scattered around over the hills. A body likes to get out and mix and mingle with people once in a while.

“Wait,” says Briarhopper, “watch me get him. Want to try my eye anyway. Watch me knock his trotters.” He pulls the long blue pistol—takes aim at a lizard about twenty paces on a rotted log—a lizard in the warm sun at peace. “Whow.” The blue smoke rolls. The lizard falls off the log quivering on the brown leaves—his head goes with the bullet. His blood runs on the leaves—his little feet work in the air for a minute like a boy pedaling a bicycle. Then they become silent—stiff in the wind as twigs on the oak tree. Briarhopper puts the smoking pistol back under his pants. “She’s clicking all right. In good working order. Believe I could knock out a gnat’s eye today.” And we walk on around the ridge—laughing, talking—feeling the good warm sunlight—feeling the wind—the good fresh wind from the autumn cornfields. Breathing the wind. Watching the people go up the other hill to the buttin’.

“We’ll soon be there,” says Arabella, “at the Hickories. Did you know there used to be a school at the Hickories. That’s what I am told. Said there were houses all along this ridge—and people used to use this road. They used to go to town this way. Funny the way a country is once settled and grows up. It wouldn’t take long for the whole country to grow up again if the people would all die. Bushes—you can cut ’em down and they just keep coming like the hair on your head. People around here give their whole life to fighting sassafras sprouts. And in the end—who wins? W’y the sprouts win. Look at ’em on these hills won’t you? Look at the handful of us. Look in the graveyards at the men and women who fit the sprouts. Who wins now I’m asting you? W’y you know as well as I know the sprouts win.”

“You are right,” says Briarhopper. “Look at me. Cut ’em all my life. What have I got? Hardly decent clothes to my back—a good horse and saddle and a good gun. That’s all I got and you—my Honey-Bunch of Daisies. Oh, if I had the ammunition and could just stand and shoot ’em out by the roots I wouldn’t mind to fight the sprouts. But this thing of just some kind of a old grubbing fool bent over all day pecking like a chicken pecking for June bugs—I can’t see the pint. It’s beside it—W’y it is. Now look at these hills won’t you. Look at them. Wooly as a cur dog’s back. They’ll always be wooly. Just as wooly as you see them now. Maybe the old people did clean ’em up and sow ’em in wheat and maybe they et the wheat. It made the bone in their bodies. Give their children new flesh for their bones. But that’s all gone now—all dust and the sprouts are right back here like a wild country. W’y this looks like a wild country. Don’t the foxes come right out here in the pasture in broad daylight and get the sheep?”

“W’y,” I says, “this is the place Pa said the young people used to come and spark when he was a boy. Said the ridge was just lined with horses every Sunday and they rode up and down the road under the shade of the chestnut trees and the oaks and courted right up a limb. Said he had Kate Crum on behind him once and they was just a tearing right around through here—and a big snake was a laying across the road. Said it was twice as long as a fence rail and about as big around as a cow-brute’s thigh The horse snorted and turned—spilled Kate and Pa right in the middle of the road. Pa pulled his pistol and shot it in the eye. Said he had to shoot it in a toucheous spot or a bullet wouldn’t a done it no good. Pa said a lot of men had seen that snake a laying on that big rock down there an sunning—

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We'd Ought to Have a Law!

It was the beginning of trouble for all the bluegill fishermen in those parts, when Henry Hogholder came home skunked

by HAROLD TITUS

SPORTS

The fish and game law digests are out and once again a few hundred thousand fishermen and hunters are trying to determine what and why. The smart ones know that much of this new legislation will further bewilder and harass them and do the species named no good whatever and in some cases a deal of harm. Those who are not smart are even now thinking up new laws, a pastime to which they appear to be addicted beyond salvation, and that brings us right down to Henry Hogholder, champion law-getter-up for our neck of the woods.

This story about Henry is told because what happened is so typical of the genesis of much of the legislation affecting citizens who follow the sports of field and stream.

Now, Citizen Hogholder runs the Hay & Feed place down by the freight house and as far back as the livery stable days he's had a local reputation for being one of the golblamedest fishermen that ever tortured a worm. Back in those times, give Henry an afternoon off, a paper of scrap tobacco, a down-by-the-head rowboat and the essential implements and he'd bring in the finest mess of bluegills that ever sent their appetizing odors out to mingle with the fragrance of sweet peas in the back yards along Maple street, about supper time of a soft summer evening.

Henry just never missed. Never. He always got a mess, there being an abundance of fish, not many fishermen and the only requirements to luring bluegills being plenty of time and patience, anyhow.

But the old days, understand, passed some time since. More people came to fish. Not so many trophies could be realized per hour of worm—or grasshopper—or cricket-sozzling. Henry's limit catches began to get scarce, indeed. More often he returned with scarcely enough for a decent meal.

Finally, however, arrived that epochal evening when Henry came home skunked. Yes, skunked. Without any. None. He'd been fishing that lake since before he went off to lick Spain and he'd never come home without enough to eat, anyhow. But at the end of this August day he returned empty-handed.

He put the car away and laid his pole on the spikes in the garage wall and thoughtfully sprinkled the rest of his worms in he dahlia bed. Then he walked slowly into the kitchen and said sort of off-hand to his wife that he guessed they'd have to have eggs.

That took Mrs. Hogholder's breath, you bet. It struck her dumb for a while but she had quite a bit to say after she'd got the bacon sizzling. Henry pulled off his overalls and put on his pants and washed in the sink and didn't comment much, but after he'd got his face wiped as far down as his mustache he gave her a look over the towel and said:

"By jolly," he said, "fishin' sure's gone up the spout. By jolly," he said, "summin's gotta be done. By jolly," he said, going after the back of his neck, "we'd ought to have a *law!*"

"A law?" his wife said, surprised.

"Yes," Henry said. "A law."

So on Saturday when Phil Popple, who has been our representative in the legislature since the Dodges pulled away from Ford, came in for a sack of growing mash, Henry called him into the office and put him in a corner in more than one way.

"Phil," said Henry impressively, "our lake's gettin' fished out. We've planted 'nd planted," he said, "but she don't hold up. Summin's got to be done 'nd I know what she is," he said, and it's a bet Moses looked just that way when he fetched the tablets down from the mount.

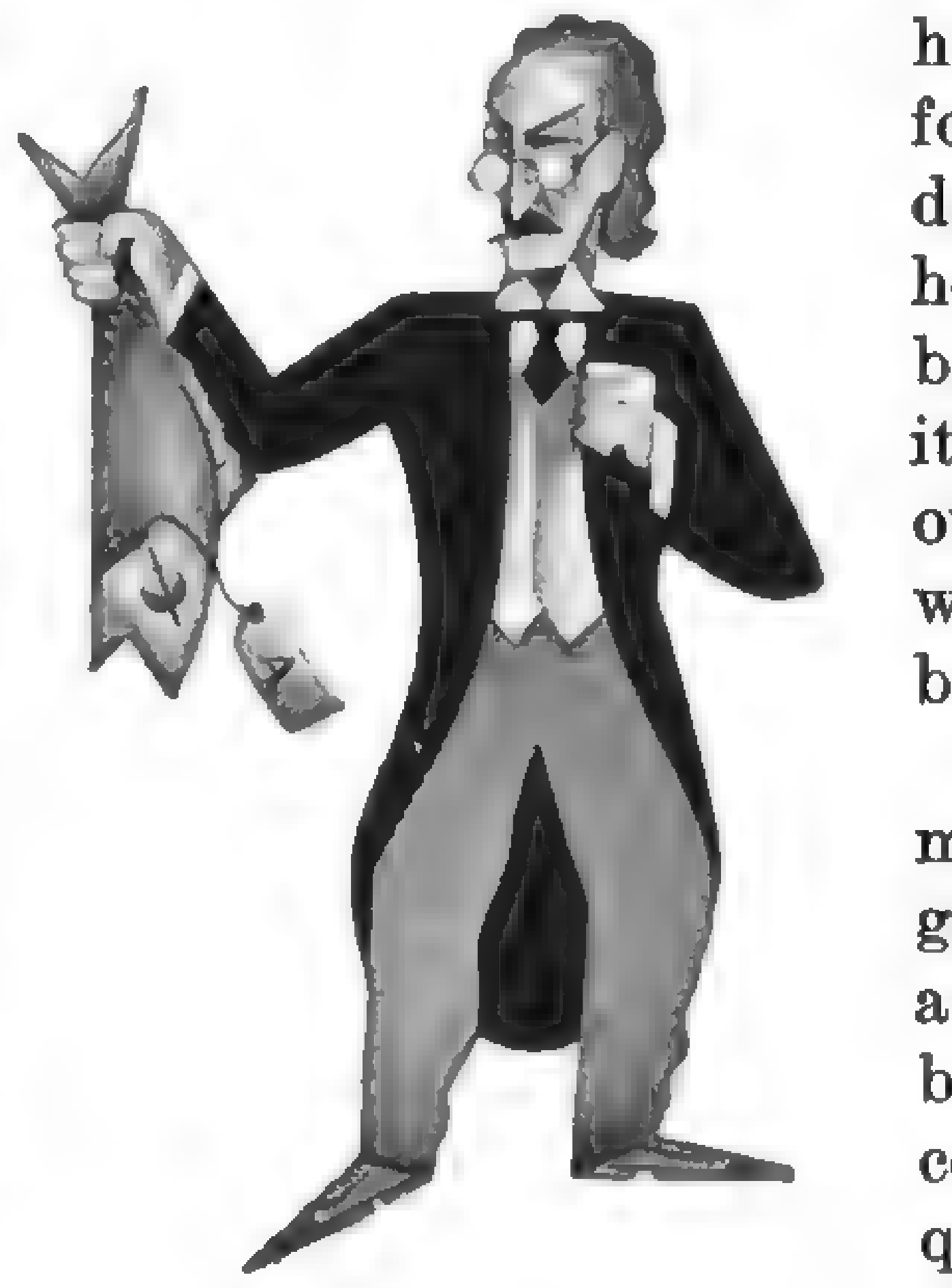
"It's the law," he said. "She's all wrong. Dead wrong. Here we got a size limit of six inches on bluegills and did you ever know a six-inch bluegill that had spawned?"—leaning forward and stabbing at Phil with a forefinger.

Phil hadn't. Phil had never even wondered how big a bluegill had to get before productive sex experience became possible but he looked duly astonished, Henry being on the party's county committee.

"No," said Henry for him. "Neither did I," he said. "Neither did anybody else," he said.

"Now," said Henry, leaning back again, "I expect I've caught more bluegill than any ten men in this locality and what I've learned studyin' 'em would fill a book big as a Sears Sawbuck catalogue," he said. The first part of this statement was reasonably accurate; not stretched by over three or four hundred per cent, anyhow. The second was something else again because neither Henry's powers of observation nor his natural curiosity is marked. He knew that bluegills have to have water and could tell them from punkin seeds and rock bass and that was about all. But part of being a fisherman, understand, is to say you know all about the life habits and environmental necessities of your favorite species. "I've gutted hunnerds of thousands of bluegill," he went on, which was again magnifying things a little as Mrs. Hogholder always dressed his catch except the summer she had a felon. "And s' help me, I've never found spawn in *one* under seven inches! So," he said, "if we take 'em before they've spawned it's just like vealin' all our calves 'nd then wonderin' why we can't buy beef."

He said a great deal more but that's the gist of it. Phil listened attentively, Henry being on the county committee, and became quite indignant over the situation and said he certainly would get busy first thing.



So along early in the next session Phil introduced his bill to raise the legal size limit on bluegills from six to seven inches.

The Fish Commissioner was somewhat disturbed. He didn't like that bill. He appeared before the committee, bringing a technical aide with him. The aide produced a great deal of information which convinced a number of committee members that in water of the same chemical content, temperatures and food supplies as are found in our lake, a bluegill has surely spawned once and possibly twice by the time he has reached the six-inch length. The difficulty, he said, was due to the fact that demand had increased while supplies had not. When an erosion problem could be solved and the silting over of spawning beds stopped, and when happier conditions for insect life could be prepared to increase the natural fodder for fish and when more shelters where fry might escape enemies were installed he felt the yield per acre of water could be stepped up considerably, but such projects took both time and money. A change in the law, he felt, would achieve nothing.

The Commissioner went further. He felt that a change in the law would be harmful. He pointed out the extreme susceptibility of bluegills to handling, arguing that once such a fish has reproduced himself he should be considered ready for harvest because if he is hooked and released there's a good chance he will die and do no one good. Besides, he added a bit cautiously, his staff had come upon evidence which made them suspect that in waters such as this a bluegill

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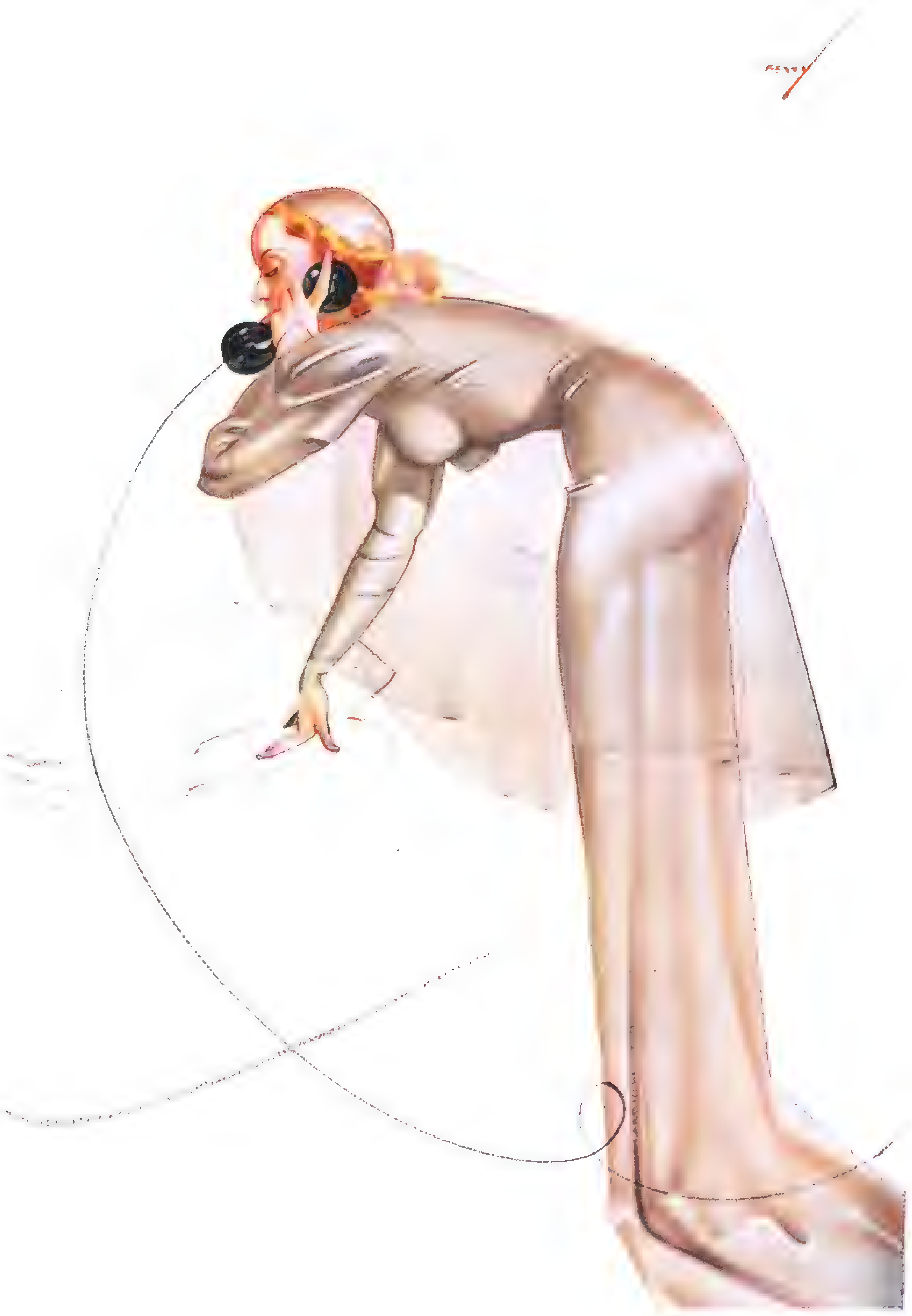
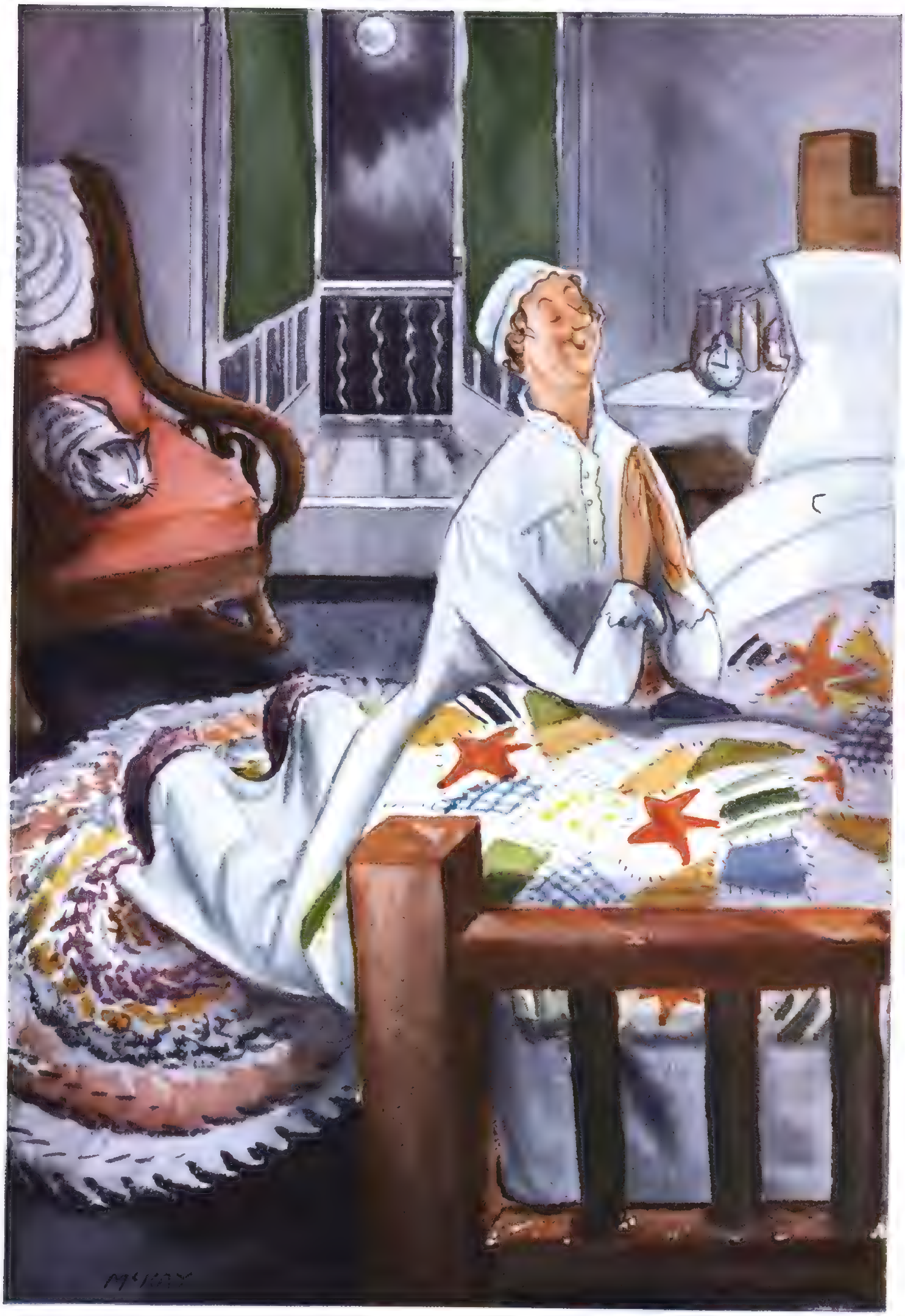


"Well I looked under the pillow and I still can't find the wedding ring"



"Ah! Men!"

The Honor of the Goon

When a highborn Malay avenges an insult to his family, he makes the punishment admirably fit the crime

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

When Bomar Winlock was at Kennesaw Military Academy he was best known for falling downstairs. This was no idle slip of the foot, for with the aid of some convenient double joints he had perfected it to an art. The technique was as follows: When visitors came to the school Winlock, loitering about the entrance, would graciously offer to show them to the Major's office on the second floor. At the top of the stairs he would point out the office, bow a polite good-by, turn as if to descend and then *Wham! Slap! Bang!* Down the stairs, head over heels, rear over teakettle, would plunge the unfortunate boy, his broken body hesitating realistically at the landing and then resuming its dive to death—*Slap! Bang! Wham!*—by now to the accompaniment of cries and even screams from the observers above.

When he reached the bottom, confederates approached and after solicitous conversation:

"Is he dead?"

"No, he's still breathing."

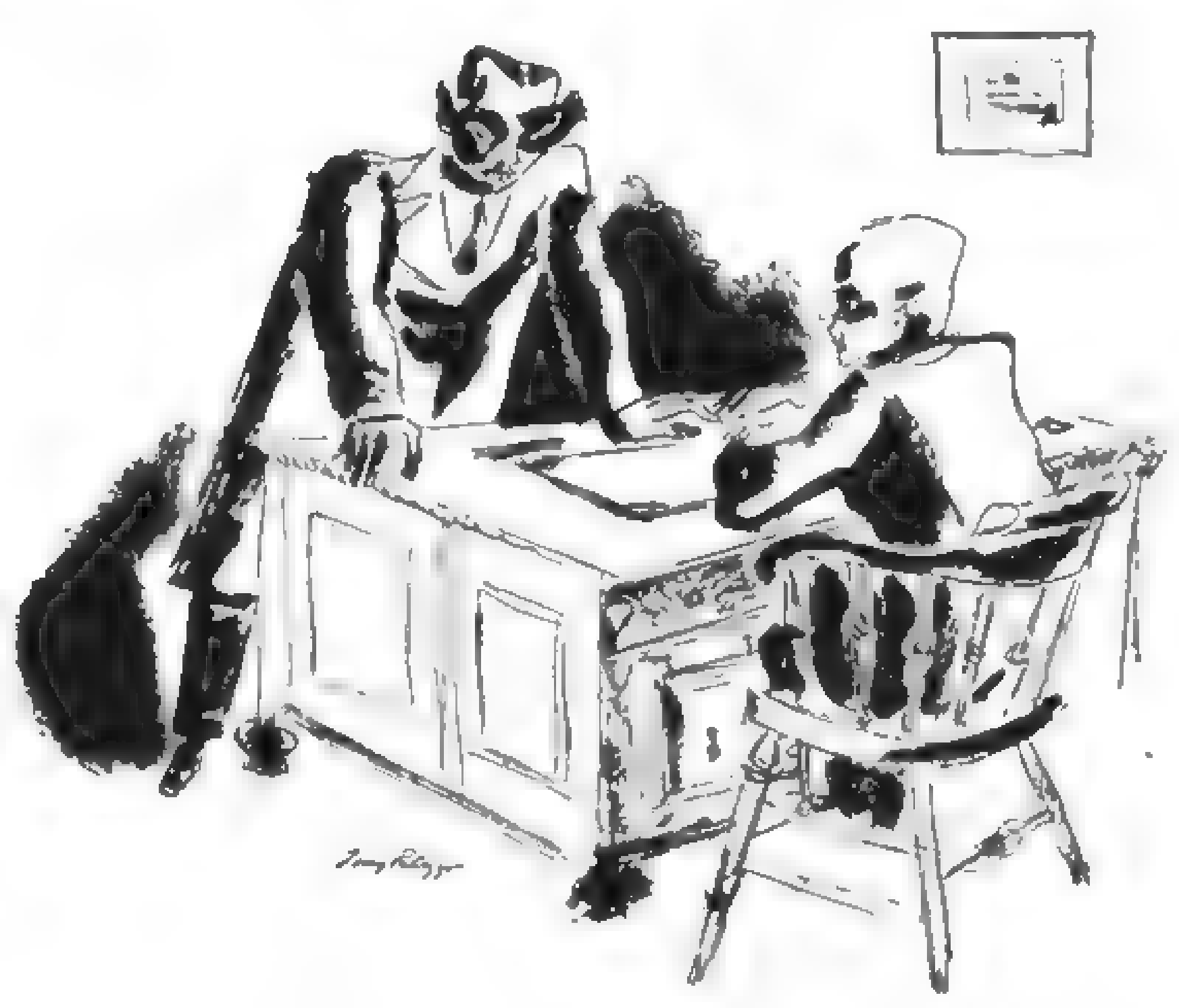
—they would pick him up and bear him out of sight, presumably to the infirmary.

The brilliance of his career at this rôle so intoxicated Bomar that he pursued it upon proper occasions through freshman year in college, after which a growing sobriety made him suppress it except on a few irresistible occasions. One of these had to do with the Goon.

The Goon, roughly speaking, was from the Far East, and was often referred to at State Reserve College as a Chink, though actually she was a Malay. An eager, gentle-faced girl with a slight limp, she had scarcely been a week at State Reserve when Bomar, much as another man might crave a drink, was seized with an irrepressible impulse to fall down the stairs of the Curriculum Building. It was a good fall, steep steps, and even co-eds who had seen him before gave little yelps of terror and dismay. But of all who saw him only Ella Lei Chamoro ran toward his supine, motionless body to give succor.

She was so sincere about it, so possessed by pity in a wide-eyed Oriental way, that some premonition of maturity must have stirred in Bomar, so that instead of playing the game out he arose and walked rather sheepishly away. From that moment he disliked her emphatically; it was he who named her the Goon. There were other goons—fat girls, ugly girls, unattractive girls generally, but Ella Lei Chamoro was the goons of goons.

A very particular adolescent cruelty seemed to sharpen itself for her like a snickersnee. Imaginary faults and excesses were attributed to her; she was practically ostracized at all unofficial and most official occasions and her face which had once been childish and receptive, developed by junior year certain unattractive lines of hurt, panic and suspicion that even the famous Oriental imperturbability did not conceal.



One February day in her junior year, Edward Forney, Dean of the college, was in a somewhat testy humor after the disagreeable task of dropping the students who had failed their mid-years. He lingered in his office after his secretary went to lunch and was unprepared for the visitor who knocked on his door at half past twelve and, unannounced, came in.

"This is Dean Forney?"

"Good morning. Yes."

"I am Mis-ter Lei Chamoro."

"Oh, yes—" The Dean got up. "Glad to know you."

Mr. Lei Chamoro was a slight, wiry, yellow man who seemed in his early twenties. He was dressed in European clothes, English clothes of a discreetly sporting trend, a checked vest, an olive verve to the tweed, very good London boots and a fine camel's hair coat. With a leisurely air and an unsmiling expression he sat down.

"I have come in regard to the student Meese Ella Lei Chamoro," he said, politely but abruptly.

"Oh, yes. Your sister. Sit down. Miss Lei Chamoro has been a most interesting student. She has done very well here."

Mr. Lei Chamoro nodded, rather impatiently.

The Dean noted that his eyes were jet black with a pin-point of pearl; that he had never seen such a thin line for a Clark Gable mustache.

"Dean Forney, what is a goon?"

"A goon?" The Dean was startled. A goon. He knew of course it was what had been known in his day as a bird or more brutally, a wet-smack, but his mind worked quickly and in an instant he arrived at the conclusion that the word had been applied to Miss Ella Lei Chamoro.

"A goon?" he repeated. "Why I think it's some undergraduate slang, some joke."

"And what does it mean?" The pearl point of the pupil had enlarged enough so that the Dean could feel himself filling it completely.

"Why, I—I scarcely know—those things change so fast. May I inquire why you—"

"In my land," said Mr. Lei Chamoro, "the word is well understood. It is not merely among the shameful words—it is an unmentionable word. If I could possibly defile myself I should have defiled myself now by letting it pass my lips."

"Oh, it's nothing like that here," said the Dean hastily. "I think it came from some cartoon—yes, I know it did—from Pop-eye. You know, Pop-eye, The Sailor Man. Or perhaps you don't have Pop-eye, The Sailor Man—in—in—" He cursed himself for not remembering Ella Lei Chamoro's land of origin.

"The name has been applied to Miss Ella Lei Chamoro."

"What? Oh, I'm sure it hasn't. Or at least it must have been the merest joke. You know how undergraduates are—"

Mr. Lei Chamoro took a notebook from his pocket, and read from it aloud.

"By Maurice de Ware, once
by Vernard Butler, once
by Oates Mulkley, once
by Waveline Wilson, four times
by Porter S. Spaulding, four times
by Gloria Matezka, three times
by Claude Negrotto, twice
by Eubert M. Duke, three times
by Bug Face Lovett, twice
by Bomar Winlock, eleven times."

The Dean was overwhelmed.

"Of course I didn't know about this," he stammered finally. "But you can see from the very list of names that it is simply some undergraduate fashion. Take for instance Bug Face Lovett—"

"Meese Lei Chamoro has not a bug face."

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The Art of Mug-Mending

Thanks to plastic surgery, close-ups of the mellower movie queens can be viewed without blinking

by HERB GRAFFIS

• ARTICLE •

OFFHAND you wouldn't think of Hollywood as the place whence issues any encouragement for playing at matrimony longer than the regulation nine innings. You probably get your notion of the private lives of Hollywood from reading about the goings-on among its younger hit-and-run spouses. Have you been noticing during the last few years that the connubial stability of the older movie Venuses is becoming set at a rate almost as conservative as the interest rate on government securities?

The explanation for this is that science has provided older age security in holy wedlock for motion picture beauties. As the calendar gets thinner the dolls themselves become less interested in playing ring-around-a-rosie and more concerned with playing house. Fortunately for these cooling, aging she-stars of the cinema, the plastic surgeons' work on them reduces the urge of their husbands or loving turnkeys to request transfers.

Cupid might have laid the loved one low with his bow and arrow but the plastic surgeon's knife and needle are keeping the victim reconciled to looking at the face, and even the figure, of the darling to whom eternal allegiance have been sworn on the Belgian hare and Hollywood basis.

The competition among the established beauties of Hollywood is of a ferocity and desperation exceeding any other battle in the chronicles of commerce. It is entirely safe and a lot of fun for a young, beautiful and resilient female in the pictures to shunt males in and out of Reno, Mexico, and other wayward stations like a busy engine at a junction point. But when the dame herself begins to show signs of mileage, she starts thinking about staying hooked to some old reliable Iron Monster. She takes inventory of herself, in which job she is assisted by the volunteered services of sister cats who can scratch with words sharp enough to cut a speck of caviar into 5,000,000 pieces.

So the lady whose mileage is being revealed in her mug and her form hies herself to a plastic surgeon. Hollywood was Sutter's Mill of the gold rush of the plastic surgeons. The movie gossip writers attended to that. They informed the nation that Dr. Donald von Duck had just done such a perfectly precious job of applying a block and tackle to the wrinkles of a cinema antique that the lads were going around now wondering whether the patient was over the age of consent or should they take a chance anyway. It was thrilling reading and soon had M.D.'s with diplomas from Armour, Swift and Cudahy changing over from abortion to plastic surgery.

The biting light, sun and artificial, required for picture making, the tempo of living and the punishment of fighting against weight all connived to put the brand mark of Hard Use on strong-willed star females who had no hankering to be playing lavender-and-old-lace character bits at $10 some days. These desperate women were easy skinning for the hide grafters who held forth the promise of concealing signs of wear and tear. The quacks dived at this chance like an All-American tackle scrambling for a fumble. With press agentry to aid and abet them they staked out a claim to what has become a major division of the Hollywood commercial picture. No general squawk at this prostitution of a fine art then was registered by the comparatively small number of truly expert plastic surgeons in the country because they had all they could do attending to their own trade. At that time the patients of the McCoy plastic surgeons were mainly society women and stage actresses. A few cases of industrial casualties accounted for the major part of the plastic surgery work on men.

But now, wherever in this fair land there is a reputable and skilled plastic surgeon you stand a fairly good chance of running into some slightly shopworn movie queen, incognito. And probably in her wake are plenty of women of less extensive notoriety waiting for the doctor to rehabilitate their fronts. The personal appearance angle of the movie-star business has provided a necessity for the most skilled touches of the plastic surgeon. Despite all the touches the make-up genius can supply and all the tricks of lighting and camera angles, the public gaze may blink at a living close-up of the high priestess of glamor. Those blinks may shave chips from box-office figures, which is a consummation devoutly not to be wished by star or producing company.

Consider the cases of two of the cinema sweeties of international fame upon whom Time and others had laid heavy hands, especially in the brassiere zone. They had reached the stage of bust development known as the super-droop. A lady can have leprosy in Hollywood and get by in pictures, but when her lungs flop on her she is a flop. Unflopping these twinkling, but fading, luminaries was accomplished by skilled plastic surgery. These two beneficiaries of the masters' services now have what are solemnly esteemed by Hollywood's experts of experts the most gorgeous, thrilling and delectable box-office and fireside snubbers presented in motion pictures.

The operation by which these transformations were effected is one that obviously demands specialized skill. An incision is made at the lower junction of the breast and the torso so scarring will be concealed. An orifice is cut in the breast skin to accommodate the nipple in its new home.

The hide is then yanked away and surplus fat, tissue and skin removed. The inside works are kept carefully intact. The surgeon remolds the remaining fat nearer to the heart's desire, slips the nipple and areola into anchorage, sews up neatly and his secretary attends to the bill. The cinema darlings don't begrudge such expense for these jobs. Mr. G. of Washington, D. C., really pays for it. He lets them take it off their income tax payments when properly itemized under depreciation.

The movie gals have put plastic surgery on a production line basis instead of custom built jobs. There is now enough of a market for services of skilled and ethical plastic surgeons to have expanded the field from less than a dozen of recognized high standing a decade ago, to a roster over the hundred mark now. The figures are the independent estimates of several plastic surgeons of high standing acknowledged by authorities in the general surgical field.

It is to such experts that the smart women go for such jobs. The money they pay is often super-colossal considering that the job may not rate by the expert plastic surgeons as the most difficult they do.

The expense factor has had much to do with the growth of plastic surgery's employment. Prior to the war plastic surgery was mainly a luxury for wealthy women. They would go into retirement—usually someplace in France—and emerge eventually in a synthetic virginal radiance. They would not stand close inspection on those earlier face lifts. But now the technique has improved, mainly due to better suturing, and about the worst break a dame gets on a job done by a competent man is a little line that makes her look as if she forgot to wash her ears. Even this adds somewhat to the appearance of youth.

When the war plastic surgery, followed by the industrial and automobile accident trade, provided a field for specialization of younger men, prices for beautification came within

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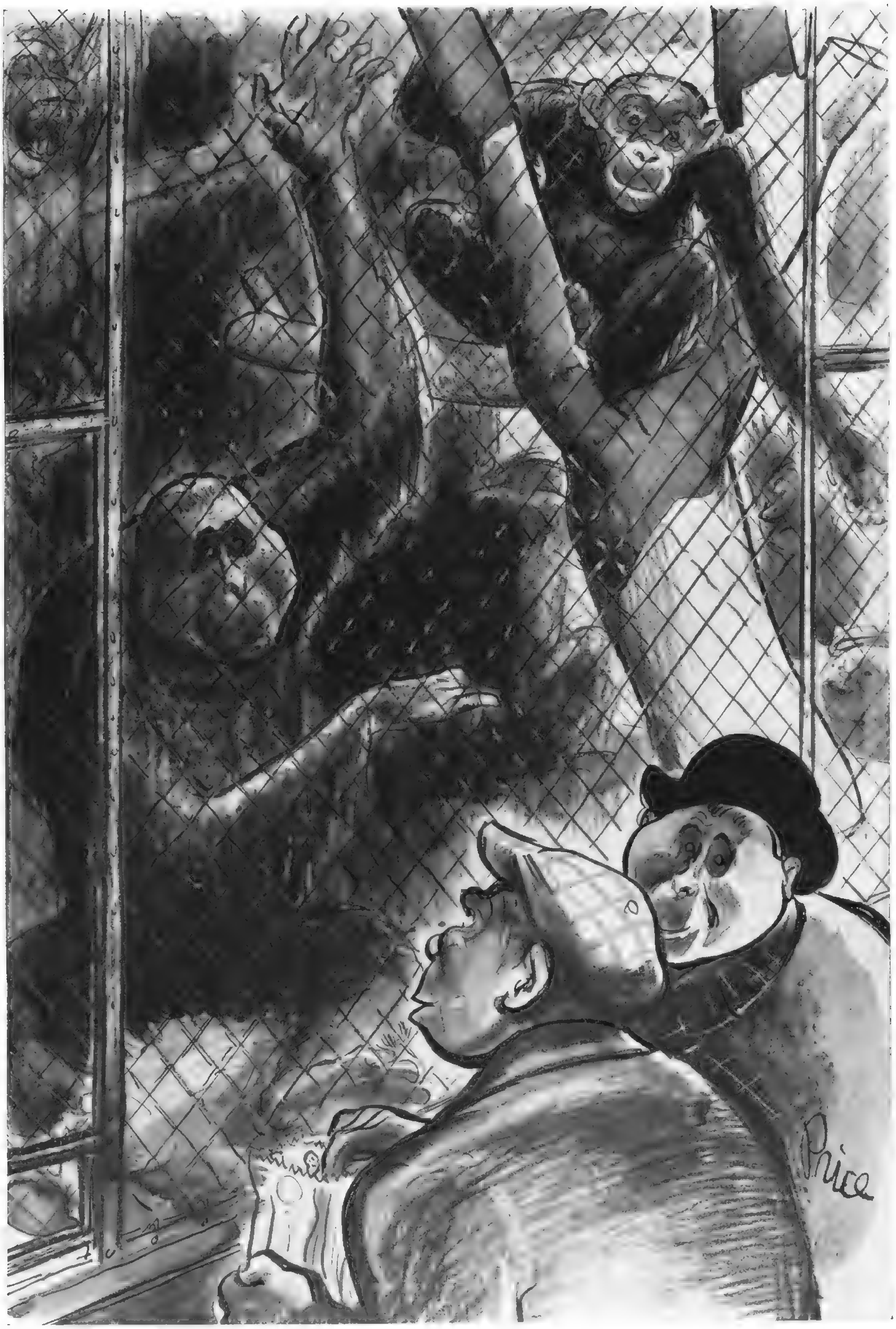


"Damn if they don't look sort of human, Joe"

Evening in Madison Square

It seemed that her mother had only to hover around, plodding and silent, and Catherine would follow her home

by MORLEY CALLAGHAN

■ FICTION ■

On the autumn nights when Fred Billings used to meet his pal, Herrman Neuman, at Madison Square before they went on uptown together, he used to see a young girl in a belted coat and long bobbed hair crossing slowly on the path by the fountain, or, if it was still light enough, stopping a while to feed the flock of pigeons. She had such a clean, smooth, proud way of walking and holding her head that Fred used to watch her till she was out of sight.

Once when he was sitting on the bench waiting for Herrman to show up he saw the girl in the belted coat looking around for something to toss to the pigeons, so he whistled and grinned like a comrade and offered her a bag of peanuts. She thanked him in a perfectly natural and unspoiled way and they had a little conversation.

"Why do you come this way so often?" he asked her.

"Why do you?" she said, laughing.

"I come up from Sixteenth Street, and my pal comes over from Twenty-fifth."

"I guess I just like crossing through here in the evenings, that's all."

"Why here always?"

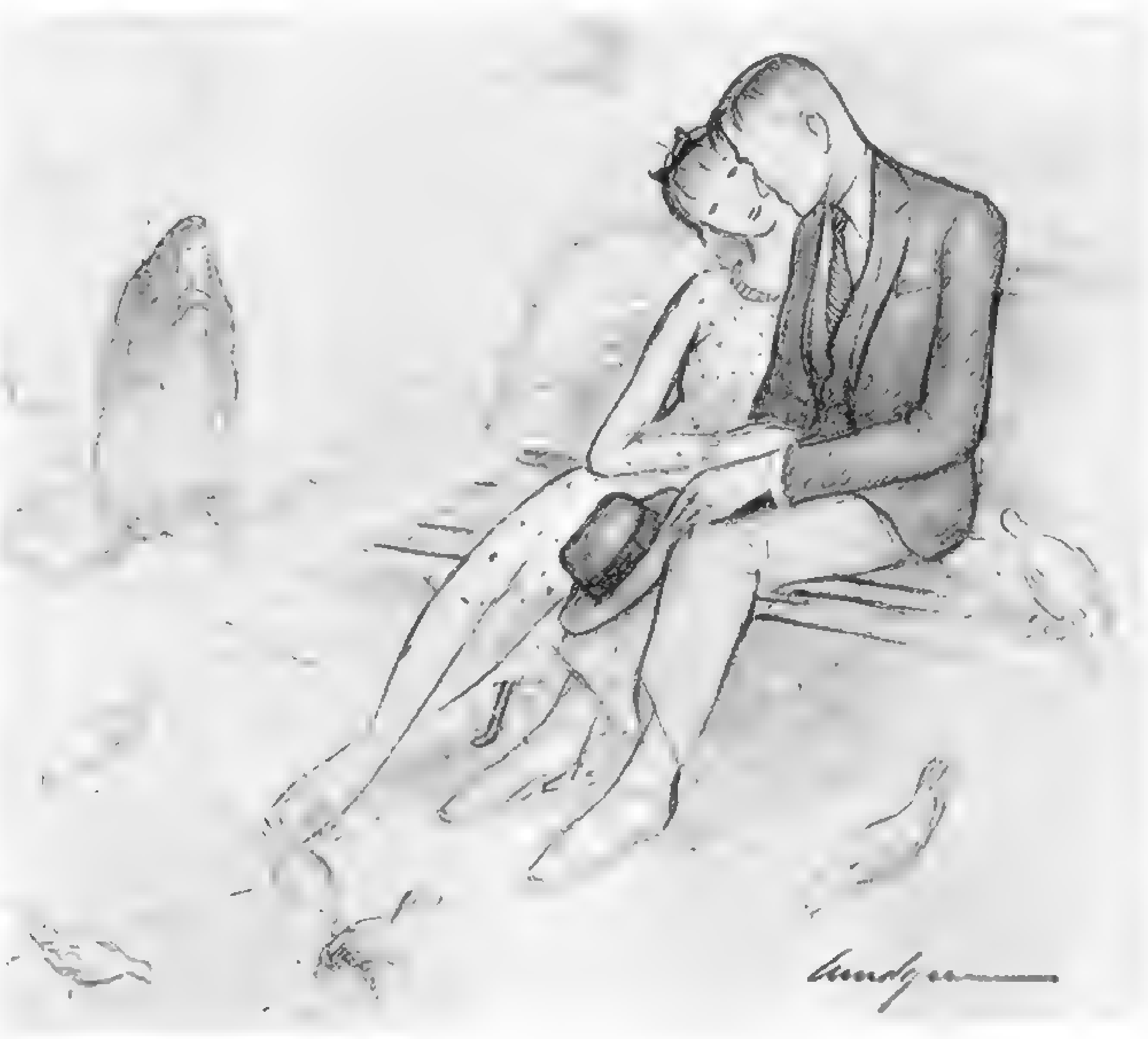
"I don't know. I guess it seems kind of nice here at nights just when it's getting dark," and she laughed as she looked around the Square.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Sixteen," she said, and as she went on to tell him that her name was Catherine Beasley and she lived east on Twenty-sixth Street, he didn't know what to say to her because he had been sure she was at least eighteen.

On these crisp autumn evenings in the Square, when there was a man and woman with their arms around each other on every bench, when kids were roller skating on the sidewalks and old men with torn shoes were trying to find a place for an early sleep, Fred found himself pretending to Herrman that he had something important to tell him that would keep them sitting there till they saw Catherine Beasley. He whistled and waved to her when he saw her coming. Once he walked home with her, and saw her mother, a large, slow moving woman, carrying some parcels, going in ahead of them, but he was ashamed to ask if he could go in because Catherine was so young. Her father was dead, she said. He used to think if he could keep it simple and easy and natural with her for a year or two then he would have as fine a girl as anyone could want. Up to this time he had never said an intimate word to her, for he didn't want to scare her away from the Square. He just kidded her and laughed lazily as if she were a very little girl.

One night when the darkened office buildings seemed to rise up around the Square like a wall that secluded them from the rest of the city, Fred and Catherine and Herrman sat on one of the benches for hours, and then Catherine got up and began to do a little tap dance, the light on the path shining on her face that was full of laughter as she kept pushing back her long bobbed hair.



"I didn't know you could tap like that," Fred kept saying. "Keep it up."

"Isn't she a swell looking kid?" Herrman whispered.

"Say, she's got everything. With a little practice I bet she'd be as good as Ginger Rogers."

"What makes her such a happy kid?" Herrman wondered, as the two of them sat there sharing their admiration for her.

When Catherine was out of breath she stopped and doubled up and puffed out her cheeks, and then she undid her coat and sat down beside Fred. For the first time, in a slow, gentle, hesitant way, as if she were very fragile and precious he slid his arm around her waist, his hand sinking into the soft wool of her sweater and feeling the rise and fall of her breathing.

"Like it here?" he asked.

"Gee, if I could get my breath I could stay here all night," she said.

As they sat there humming dance tunes, listening to the laughter of a bunch of boys with bicycles near the fountain, hearing the little group of bums, who were leaning against the rail, and arguing as they passed a bottle of wine, Fred realized that Catherine was sitting stiff, tightening up beside him, looking steadily at the lights on Twenty-sixth Street, where a large woman was walking very slowly as if she were taking a little stroll in the evening.

"What's the matter?" he asked her.

"That's my mother," she said quietly.

"Is she out for a walk?"

"I guess she is."

"Maybe she'll come along here."

"I don't think she will," Catherine said.

"Let's speak to her."

"Why do you want to speak to her?"

"Maybe she'll ask us to go home with her and have a cup of coffee," he said, laughing.

"No, don't you come with me," she said, with such a peculiar agitation that he was offended, as though she had flatly rejected him.

"Well, she's not bothering about you. What's the matter?" he said and he held her a little closer to him and tried to brush her head against his cheek. But she held herself tensely aloof from him, still watching the woman, hatless, with a slow heavy step.

"I think I'd better go," Catherine said, getting up.

"Aw, stay a while. Come on, please," he coaxed her and pulled her down on the bench beside him. "It's early. You're not tied to her apron strings." He tried to make jokes and whisper to her. "You wouldn't leave me like that, would you?" he kept asking, and all the time he was feeling the strong pull of the mother so sharply that he had to keep turning furtively to watch her passing under the lights. "Does she know you're here?" he asked.

"She's pretty sure I'm here."

"If she wanted you to come she'd come walking through here, wouldn't she?" he said, and he got sore, believing that the mother was sure she only had to hover around there in her calm, slow moving, indifferent way and bit by bit she would pull Catherine away from him and out of the Square.

"Please let me go now, Fred," Catherine said.

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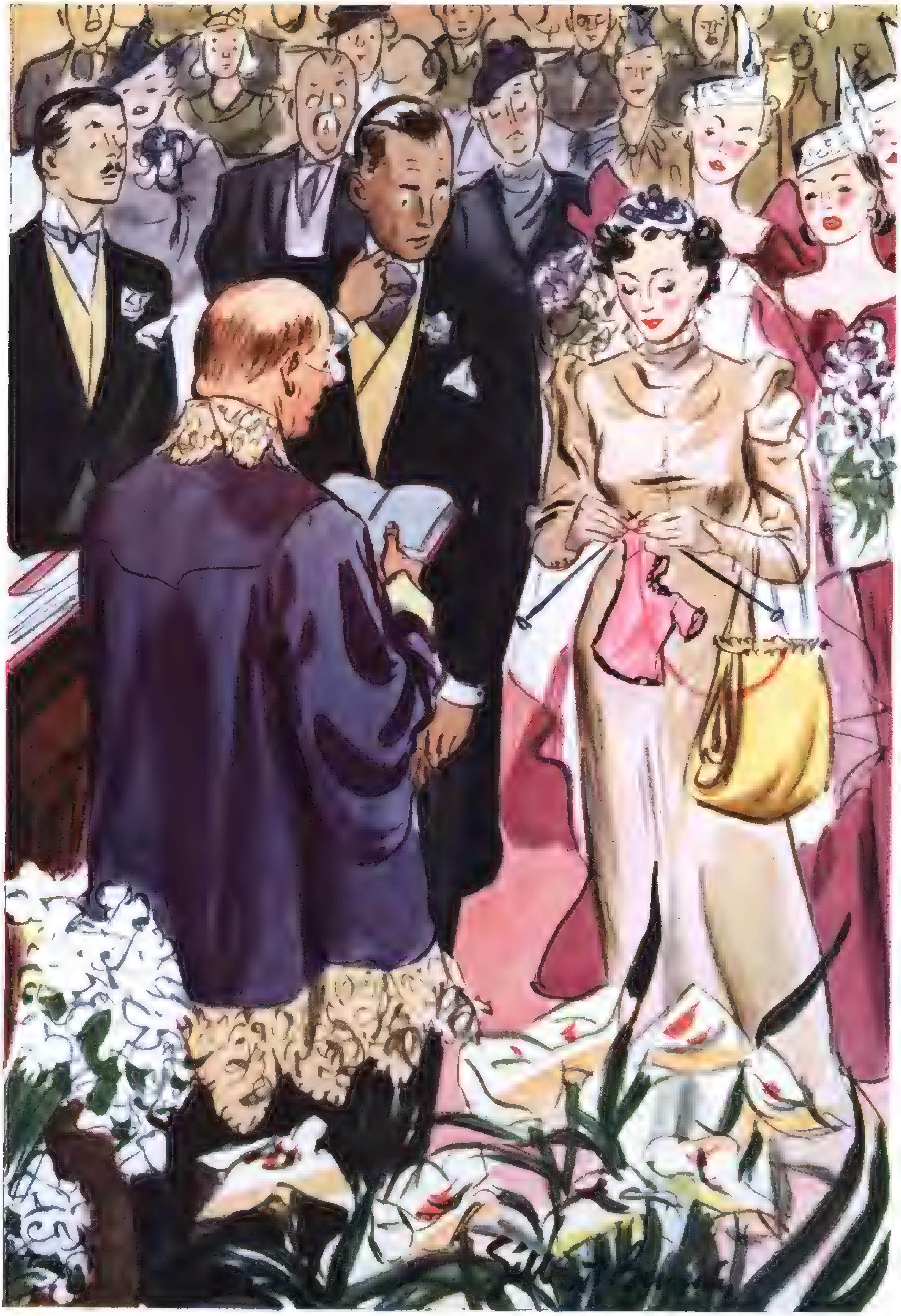

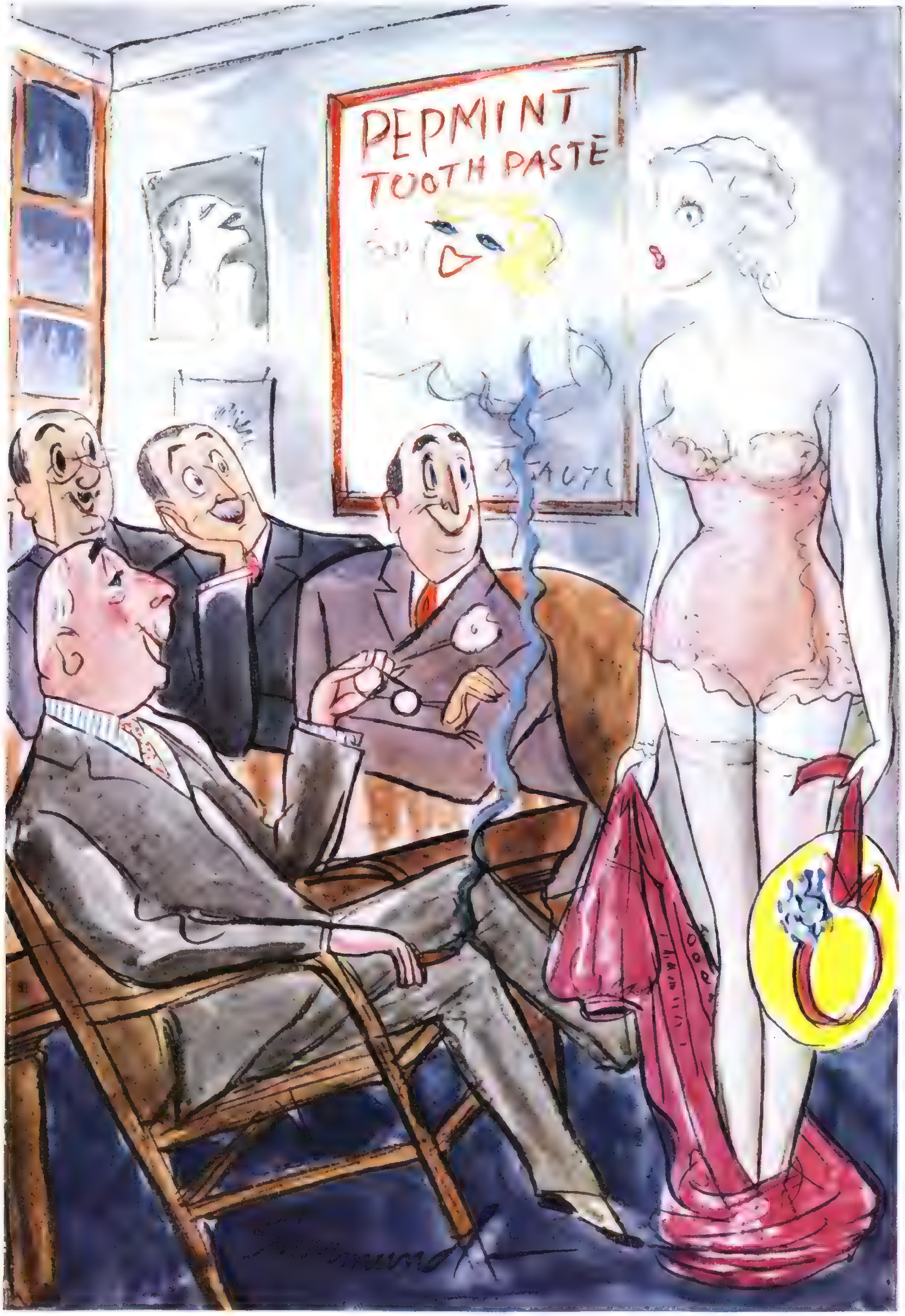
PEPMINT
TOOTH PASTE

"You'll do, Miss Wilson—now what we want are photographs of your teeth for a national campaign"

The Pontifical Press

Panning those young reporters who misguide a gullible public by calling a spade an excavator

by FLETCHER KNEBEL

▪ ARTICLE ▪

No champion of the people has yet arisen to deny that the daily comings and goings, scrubbings and beatings, tiffs and assignations of the race are quite simple processes. Nor to deny that the vocabulary necessary to explain those processes is anything but hydra-syllabic. When a guest in the apartment domicile inquires as to the cause of the rumpus rushing up through the floor from the flat below, it is taken for granted that the answer should be framed in some such manner as, "Oh, it's just those Klotzes raising hell again."

But let neighbor Klotz make the public prints some time for an act of valor against thieves or as a principal in a labor squabble and he appears to the reading public as a cross between an oracle and a dynamo of action. Instead of a friendly neighbor with a penchant for making noise, he becomes some kind of mystic being who "announces," "charges," "reveals," "assails" and "launches investigations."

Why the newspaper should take unto itself the burden of placing the mantle of statesmanship on almost every politician and that of deep intellectuality on almost any small man of affairs who permits himself to be interviewed is a bit murky. It is certainly not an act of charity. For after surrounding its fellow men with the aura of cosmic importance, the newspaper reserves the right to call the same men nasty names, in profound terms, of course, through its editorial columns.

The practice is primarily a journalistic mechanism of self-defense. For who cares to pay three pence, in this age of enlightenment, for that which is not Significant?

It is a blissfully subconscious dodge on the part of the hired hands entrusted with the writing of the daily news. Yet the newspaperman instinctively realizes that if his utterances are not to be cast aside as mere trivia, he must impart to his stories the illusion of importance. He must shroud the characters of his plot in the royal velvet of significance.

He takes on this stern mission at a tender age. As a cub reporter he is made to feel that his employers publish no tripe, and this despite the untold columns that are filled with sweet inconsequentials, written off as "good will" to various groups like advertisers, foreign blocs of the population and the church folks.

The brave young journalist accordingly lards his copy with high-sounding terms calculated to raise a smutty little divorce court episode to the level of universal drama. And by the time he reaches the rim of the copy desk, he is so saturated with the pontifical tradition that he unerringly runs his pencil through the plain little household words and substitutes phraseology that seems plucked from the annual report of a $100,000,000 investment trust.

The manner of constructing this ponderous holy of holies for the little men and women who occasionally pop from the simple paths of daily toil to be written about in this omniscient world of the press is one of discreetly arranging the verbal accessories. It is accomplished by a dab here and a dab there. Innocent words in themselves, these dabs combine to work wondrous changes.

Here are some of the landmarks in the press's triumphal march to the golden streets of Great Events.

Announce. This is a word dearly loved by the newspaper gentry. While technically the word is often used accurately enough, the effect created is one of heavy deeds far out of proportion to the facts at hand.

Announce is a ponderous word. To the lay reader the word calls forth the image of no little ceremony. The way Blotz actually "announces" that he is resigning as deputy county clerk is to buttonhole a reporter shuffling through the courthouse corridor and say that he is damned sick of working for $200 a month and is going to sell refrigerators for his brother.

But when this appears in the late afternoon editions as—"Daniel P. Blotz, veteran deputy county clerk, today announced he had tendered his resignation in order to enter private business," the newspaper reader unconsciously envisages something far different. He sees an official ceremony in Blotz's office, where Blotz makes a speech to assembled clerks and friends. The going of Blotz has been prestidigitated into the stream of Great Events.

Plurals. Plurals are heavy favorites in newspapering. What newspaper reader ever heard of—"A policeman today was instructed to search for" an escaped prisoner? Ah, no. It must perforce be—"*Police* today were ordered . . ." or "*Agents* today were detailed . . ."

In time of approaching floods, the ruminations of the lone tug captain at the foot of Walnut Street leap into print as "the *fears* of *rivermen* were increasing today . . ." or "river *experts* today viewed with apprehension . . ."

No reporter or rewrite man who knew his job ever dealt with labor trouble, disasters or business transactions without adding an "s" to the word "official." When Superintendent Blotz of the Ace Manufacturing Co. gives the newspaper boys the lowdown on the "sit-down" strike of Ace employes, his grudging remarks become in print—"Plant *officials* today warned they might close the doors unless . . ."

All this gives the reader the impression of vast activity and Great Events. He sees, in the first case, instead of just heavy-footed Patrolman Blotz, scores of beweaponed policemen scouring the city in the interest of the commonweal for the escaped wrongdoer. He sees literally hundreds of "rivermen" with furrowed brows scanning the river and telephoning the newspaper to make dire predictions. He sees a whole army of "officials" at the manufacturing plant "warning" great crowds of somebodies.

Nations for Clerks. The big shot reporters and international chroniclers take it for granted that they should let the opinion of some government underling become the thought of the entire nation.

Recently the Associated Press plunged into an international story with the magnificent observation that "Britain looked with cold suspicion today toward Japan . . ." Even the most sophisticated of readers could

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Police Grill
Picketed
Ex-Convict in
Mask Killin
POLICE READY
TAXICAB

Sit-Down Strikes and Balls

The shrewder boys in the major leagues have shown it isn't the meek who inherit the pay dirt

by N. M. GERSTENZANG

SPORTS

When two outfielders, most likely a couple of Dodgers, come together to catch one fly ball, there's a loud crash of skulls and a couple of hapless ball players are sprawled, semi-conscious, on the green. That is not a baseball sit-down.

Clearer and more dramatic incidents of the class struggle on the diamond are provided in the following episodes.

Babe Ruth walked into Colonel Jake Ruppert's Third Avenue Brewery, asked the Yankees' owner if he was satisfied with Joe McCarthy as manager of his ball club and thereby sent his own huge frame skidding to the prosaic plane of gentleman golfer. The most magnificent figure in all baseball no longer had anything to sell. Perhaps the Babe now realizes how grim was the outcome of that interview. His bold step led to the record sit-down strike of all time in the national game. Figuratively Ruth has been sitting down these last three years, so far as baseball is concerned.

Several years before Babe Ruth took the animal by the horns and made his classic bull, another one-man putsch was staged against what ball players petulantly regard as the iron grip of club owners, but with a different ending.

Bill Terry, as usual, was holding out for more money. Bill had become the champion sitter-downer of them all, even though this weapon of economic strife had not assumed its present name in the comic opera duel between baseball magnate and player. Terry wouldn't play for the kind of dough the Giants were offering him. He would become a baseball coach at a business college that nobody, including Terry, had ever heard of. He had attractive offers from semi-pro teams. Or he would go into business. In short, he had all the tin weapons with which holdouts have threatened club owners from the time Mike Donlin went into vaudeville until Dizzy Dean told Branch Rickey he'd become, of all things, a furniture salesman before pitching for the salary the Cardinals intended to pay him.

John McGraw, then still a czar among managers, knew Terry could not afford to do any of these things. Memphis Bill could make much more money playing first base for the Giants. So he ignored Bill's threats.

More, he ignored Bill. The Giants were in Memphis, Terry's home town, for spring exhibition games on their way north from training camp. McGraw was expecting Terry to visit him to talk contract and was anticipating keenly the chance to snub his troublesome first baseman. Bill casually walked into the Giants' hotel, learned that his boss was in his room, and called him on the house phone. No answer.

"I'll see him anyway," Terry said determinedly, and up he went. He knocked softly on McGraw's door. No answer. Then he rapped persistently. Still no answer. Finally he pounded, and McGraw's stubbornness must have become an impenetrable wall, for Terry never did persuade him to open that door or any other door but one.

"Bolsheviks," as McGraw called players who defied him, never sat well with the Giants' late chief. And Terry as a player was a bolshevik in money matters. Mac remembered the Memphis incident and Terry's refusal to report, but when the time came to choose his successor as manager of the Giants he named Bill Terry.

If Babe Ruth's ill-advised strike became a fiasco and he now smacks booming drives from a golf tee, waiting for the offer of a manager's job that no baseball executive has yet made, Terry's rebelliousness has helped make him perhaps the biggest figure in the game. Bill's stubbornness was not the smallest virtue that recommended him to McGraw when that Mr. Napoleon was looking for a new leader of the Giants. "Sitting down" wins in baseball nine times out of ten, or at least forces concessions from the magnates that inflate the pride and pocket of a ball player.

Why? Simply because he who rebels and he who is rebelled against profit by insurrection. The fans pay for public exhibitions of catch-as-catch-can stubbornness. Baseball is not only the great national pastime; for six months of the year it is the great American frenzy. The game thrives on arguments, both on and off the field. And in the off-season when the tides of pennant warfare have flattened out, the fans are bored. To fill the baseball vacuum during the winter nothing has yet been discovered that has been as effective as the wrestling over terms between magnate and holdout. This keeps alive interest in the game and nurtures baseball's loves and hates. On the diamond these emotions are heavily weighted with the dollar sign.

In no other business is the sit-down as potent ammunition as in baseball. Terry himself may have set the pattern for his prize holdout of 1936—Hank Leiber. The blond Arizonan the year before had given promise of becoming a great right-hand hitter. Still, he was only a rookie then. But he did know all the answers and held out for nearly two months. Finally he forced from the Giants a contract that paid him over $11,000 for his first full season in the major leagues, a campaign that saw him spend half his time on the bench because of his failure to hit consistently. And he received a salary in five figures for sitting down after the season opened as well as before. In what other line could a young man do as well as the result of mere promise without first producing?

Terry and Leiber are only two of the figures that rebellion has helped make familiar to fans. By their truculence are we best acquainted with such stars as Dizzy Dean, Hornsby, Gomez, Ferrell, Lindstrom, Mungo, Frisch, Grove and Babe Herman.

Contract
AWA

Some have been merely playful about the serious business of making money; nevertheless they have succeeded in jacking up the price for their services. Dizzy Dean's perennial peccadilloes have been marked by farce, recriminations, shrewd horse trading and open insurrection with vocal accompaniment. Last year the eccentric Dean held out for $40,000 and was dead serious about it. In the course of the deafening verbal salvos fired by Dizzy and Branch Rickey, general overseer of the Cardinals' chain gang, the developments included a threat by Virgil Davis, former St. Louis catcher, to punch Dizzy's head off, followed by solemn polling of ball players on whether Diz could take it, an offer by Dizzy to accept $1,000 for each winning game he pitched, a threat to go into the furniture business and to become a radio star and a warning that the Cards would have to pay him two years' salary if they forced him to stay out of baseball that season. In 1935 Dean also held out.

Soon after the 1934 world series, in which Dizzy and his brother, "Me 'n' Paul," pitched all the winning games against the Detroit Tigers, he broadcast that the Cardinals would have to raise his pay. But several weeks later Diz meekly announced that he had signed his contract, and Rickey's most persistent headache was cured for a while.

This announcement, however, was fol-

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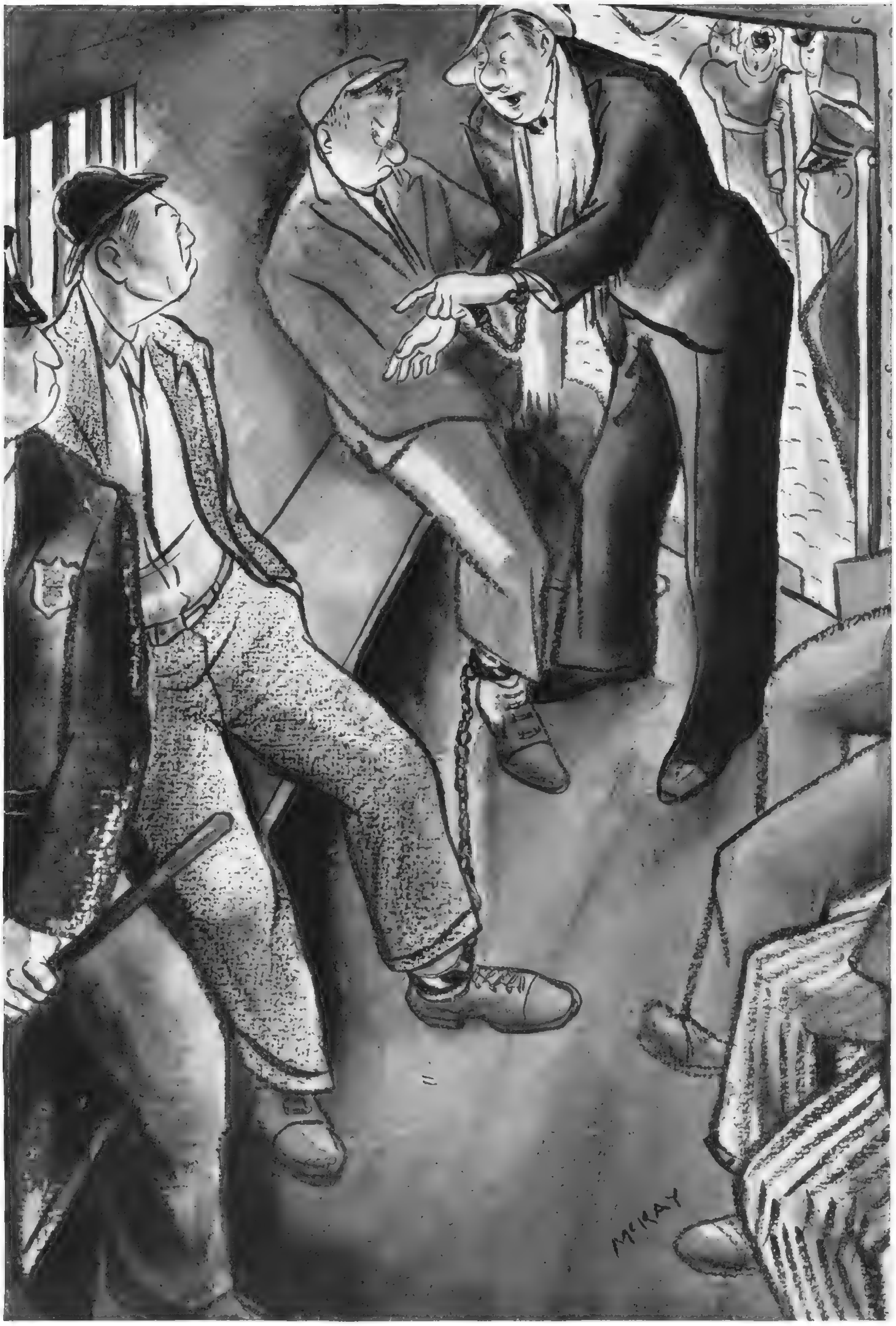
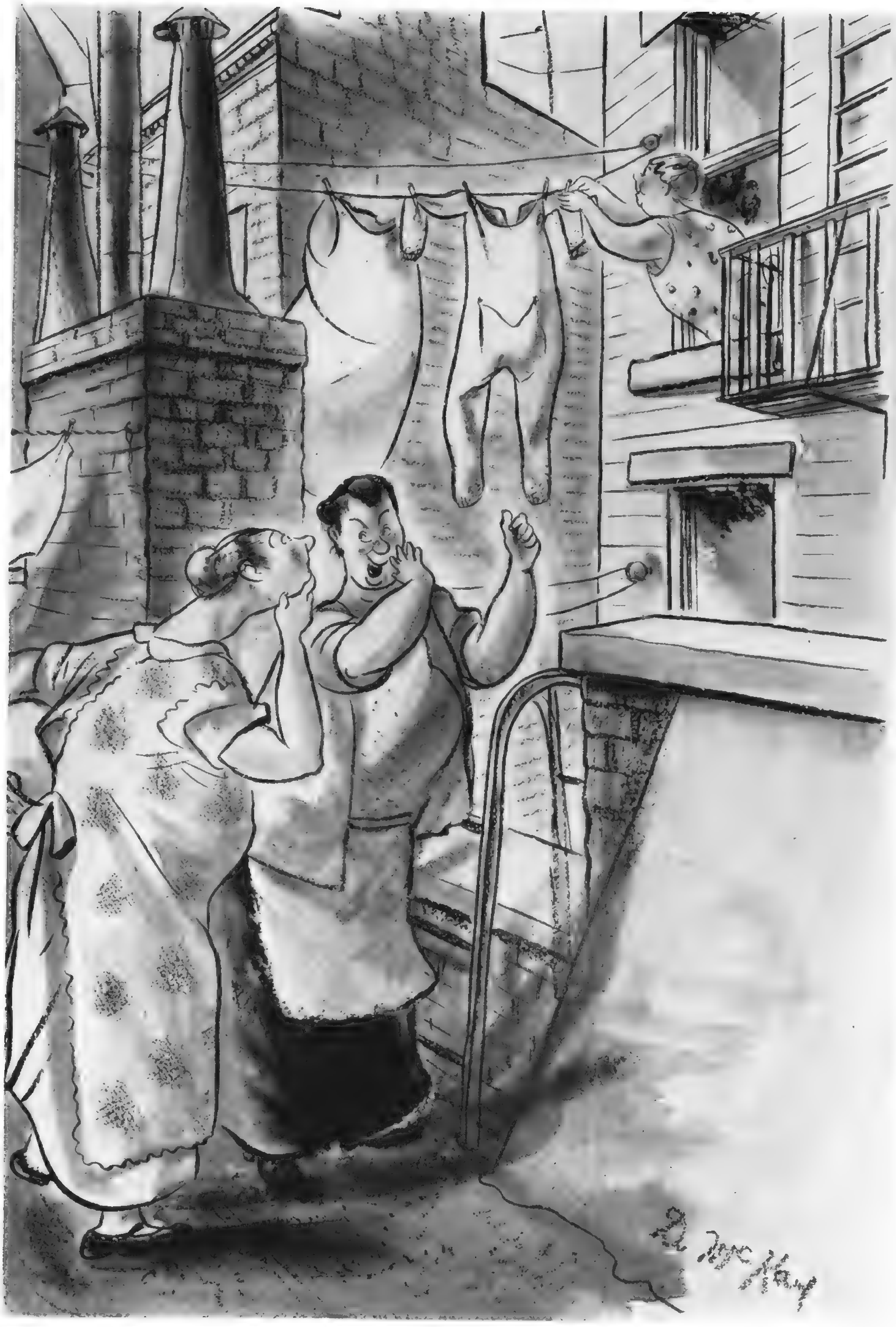


"Pardon me, is that seat taken?"



"Didn't that Mrs. Murphy tell you she was a widow?"

The Greatest Irishman

Charles Stewart Parnell, Ireland's Uncrowned King, who sought to gain his country's freedom without force

by JOHN McCARTHY

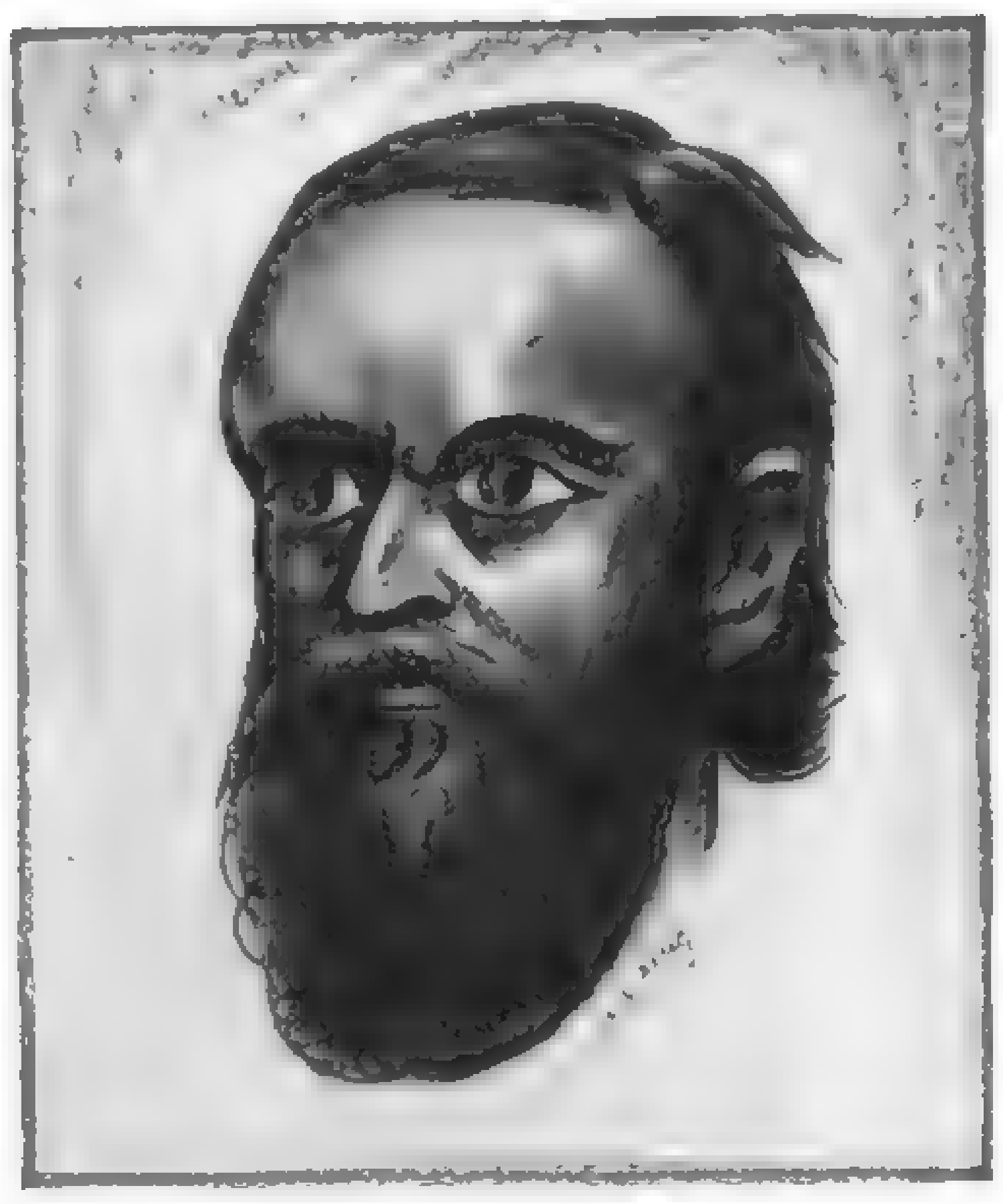
▪ ARTICLE ▪

No race has quite the same flair as the Irish for achieving world-wide publicity and fame. Rare indeed is the country which does not list among its national heroes some son of Erin who happened along during that nation's darkest hour and rendered valiant service. The United States has its Commodore Barry, founder of the American Navy; Chile, its O'Higgins; France, its Marshal MacMahon; and Spain, its O'Donnell. Yet Ireland's own most renowned leader, Charles Stewart Parnell, known at the height of his power in the eighteen-eighties as "The Uncrowned King of Ireland," was actually more Yankee and English than he was Irish.

Parnell's mother was an American; his father, a descendant of the despised British landlord class. Catholic Ireland's greatest Irishman was a Protestant. In many other respects, too, the remarkable Parnell differed from the traditional pattern of Great Irishmen. His personality was anything but Hibernian. Aloof, cold and proud in his manner, Parnell had no sense of humor whatsoever. He was immune to criticism. His relations with his Irish colleagues in Parliament were never on a personal basis but always businesslike. They, in turn, addressed him respectfully as "The Chief" and obediently followed his every order.

No flowery orator, Parnell had contempt for the proverbial Irish gift of gab. His spellbinding effectiveness, which has never been equaled in Ireland nor in the British Parliament, consisted of simple statements of fact. Different, too, from most Irish patriots, Parnell believed in gaining his end through constitutional rather than revolutionary means. He abhorred force and terrorism. His hope for victory rested entirely in astute parliamentary tactics—not in rebellion, firearms and murder.

The private life of the Greatest Irishman horrified both Irish Catholic and the English Protestant clergy. For years, Parnell lived openly with a Mrs. Kitty O'Shea, and finally was named correspondent when her husband sued for divorce. This divorce scandal provoked a crisis in the British Empire as earth-rocking as the recent encounters between Edward VIII and Stanley Baldwin. The Prime Minister who attempted to discipline Parnell was the gargantuan Gladstone. Entirely oblivious of Mr. Gladstone, the Empire and the clergy, Parnell married Mrs. O'Shea shortly after her divorce. The resulting British and Irish furor was tremendous. Though Gladstone invoked not only the aid of the Archbishop of Canterbury, but also the Pope of Rome plus the House of Commons and the British Empire, he was not entirely successful in forcing the Uncrowned King of Ireland to abdicate.



Parnell was no Windsor. Prime ministers failed to awe him. The same with the House of Commons. Official and public opinion, the Irish leader argued, had nothing to do with his private life. That was his to live as he pleased. Gladstone and Commons thought otherwise but Parnell cared not. No member of Parliament ever suffered as much personal abuse from that august body during his entire career as had Parnell. No member either ever dominated Parliament in the same spectacular fashion as he had.

Facing and subduing hostile audiences was not unusual for Parnell. Time and again, mobs of angry Irishmen, armed with blackthorns and loud in their threats to kill him, would charge into Parnell's political meetings. The Chief would stare them down and force them to listen. After hearing him, those who had come to kill Parnell invariably left as his staunchest supporters. Parnell's hold upon his Irish constituents was so strong that it could not be broken entirely by a divorce scandal. In those distant puritanical Victorian days, divorce was almost in the same crime category as homicide. Even today, divorce is not countenanced in any social strata in Ireland.

That deep-rooted Parnell allegiance still prevails throughout the Emerald Isle. Though he has been dead for forty-six years, his memory is sacred to every Irishman regardless of whether he is from the Catholic South or the Protestant North. The achievements of such later stalwarts as Collins, Griffith, Cosgrave and DeValera—the patriots who helped to establish the Irish Free State—have not overshadowed nor dimmed the luster of Parnell's deeds.

The mere mention of Parnell's name will bring a sudden hush to the usual gay conversation of a roistering Irish crowd. Recently, I was in Baily's Restaurant in Dublin of an evening. There were a number of small groups, drinking and chatting. The talk in the room was spirited, even a bit noisy as Irish talk will be. At a table in the corner, someone in the heat of a friendly argument shouted the name of Parnell. A quick and strange quiet came over the entire room. So much so that it was very embarrassing to the man who had spoken Parnell's name. Immediately sensing the effect of his remarks and, as if to offset any bad impressions, the man stood up, raised his glass and simply said: "To the Chief!" The entire room responded with a silent toast.

Modern Ireland is not alone in her respect for Parnell. In England, America and throughout the world, his fame is rapidly increasing. His contributions to modern politics and social history are now being recognized and accepted. Later events have proved very poignantly that Disraeli, Gladstone, Chamberlain and Balfour were wrong in their policies regarding Ireland and Parnell was right. If these British statesmen had accepted Parnell's ideas and given Ireland the greatly desired and sorely needed Home Rule back in the eighties, much bloodshed, many murders and several generations of ill-feelings could have been avoided. For Parnell was the one man who was ever able to unite the Irish constitutional and revolutionary elements and to bring about complete understanding between the Protestant North and the Catholic South.

What Parnell sought from Britain was a restoration of self-government for Ireland. Prior to 1801, Ireland had its own parliament located in Dublin. The magnificent Irish Parliament Buildings still stand and are in use today by the Bank of Ireland. Parnell was not interested any more than DeValera is today, in Britain's imperial ambitions and did not desire representation at Westminster. Neither had he any plan for seceding from the Empire. He maintained that the British were not capable, nor never would be, of governing the Irish.

For his arguments, Parnell would simply tell Commons to take a look at the British record in Ireland. The facts were with Parnell. From that day in 1801, when Castlereagh dissolved the Irish Parliament and united it with the British Parliament, trouble in Ireland began. Armed insurrections to force needed reforms in government were continuous. To put down these uprisings and to prevent further outbreaks, the British Parliament passed without exception, every year from 1801 to 1875, Coercion Acts which had the Emerald Isle continually under martial law and virtually in a state of siege.

Besides the repeated rebellions and Coercion Acts, Ireland suffered intensely from famines and emigration. In 1845, the Great Potato Famine happened. Some 222,029 Irish died from fever alone. Cholera took

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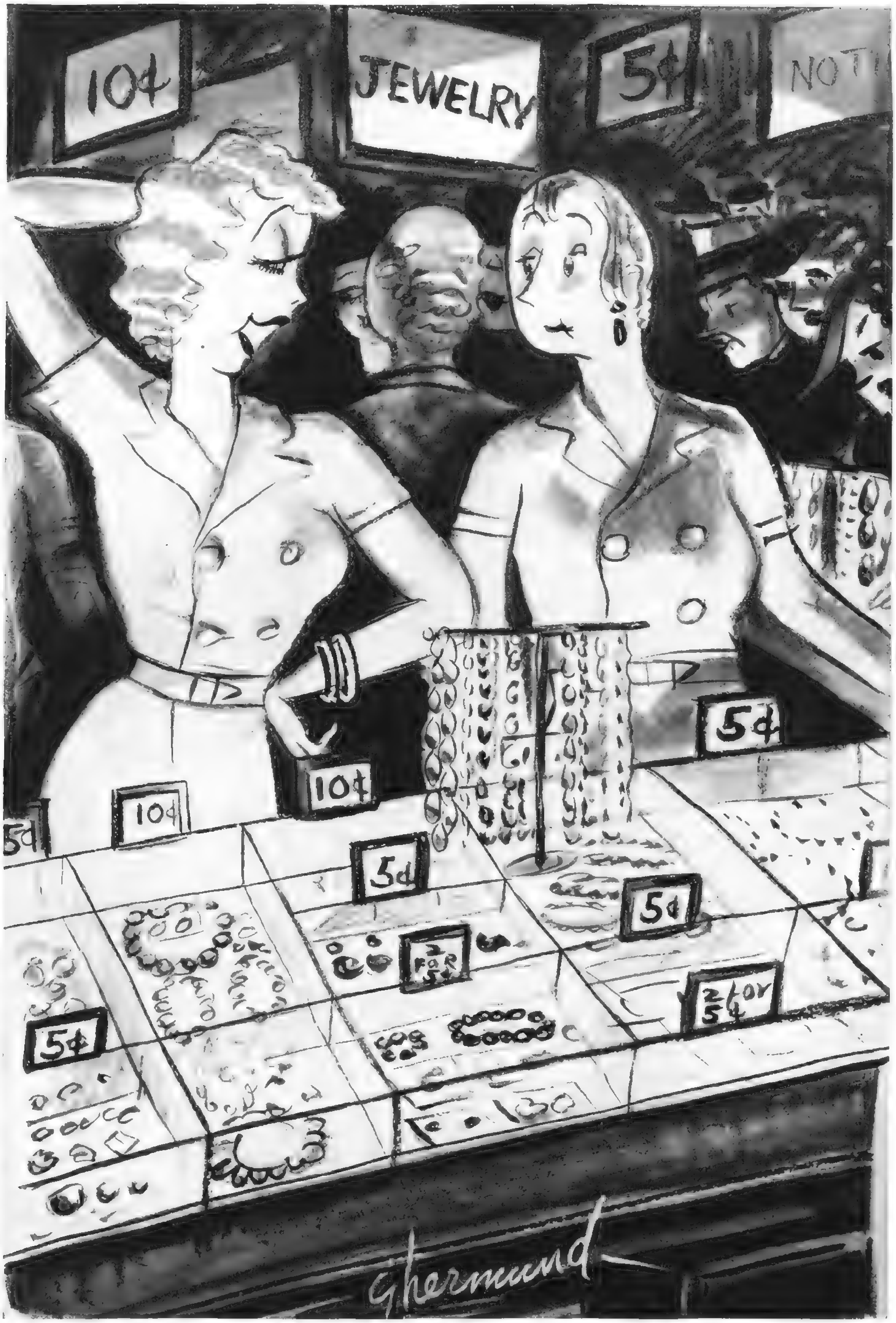
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"He offered to give me anything in the store but I guess I just ain't the mercenary type—"

A Princess Steps Out

When a fellow's mother ties onions on his wrist to cure a sore throat, he's likely to develop an open mind

by WALTER BROOKS

▪ SATIRE ▪

There was once a famous Egyptologist named Professor Bagby who had a butler named George Dulcet. This story is about them.

For years Professor Bagby had been one of the most distinguished members of the faculty of a large eastern college. His early years had been spent in excavation and the holes he had dug in the valley of the Nile, if laid end to end, would have drained that river into the Red Sea. But he made his big strike when the spade of one of his Arabs clinked on the granite lintel of what was later called by the press the Tomb of the Unknown King. For that unknown monarch of the XIIIth Dynasty had been sealed up amid a wealth of jeweled furnishings which made Tutankhamen's tomb look like a rummage sale. And when the government and the museum had looted his finds he still had left the finest private collection of antiquities in the world. He went home and settled down in his chair at the college to write a series of books which would prove all the other Egyptologists wrong about everything.

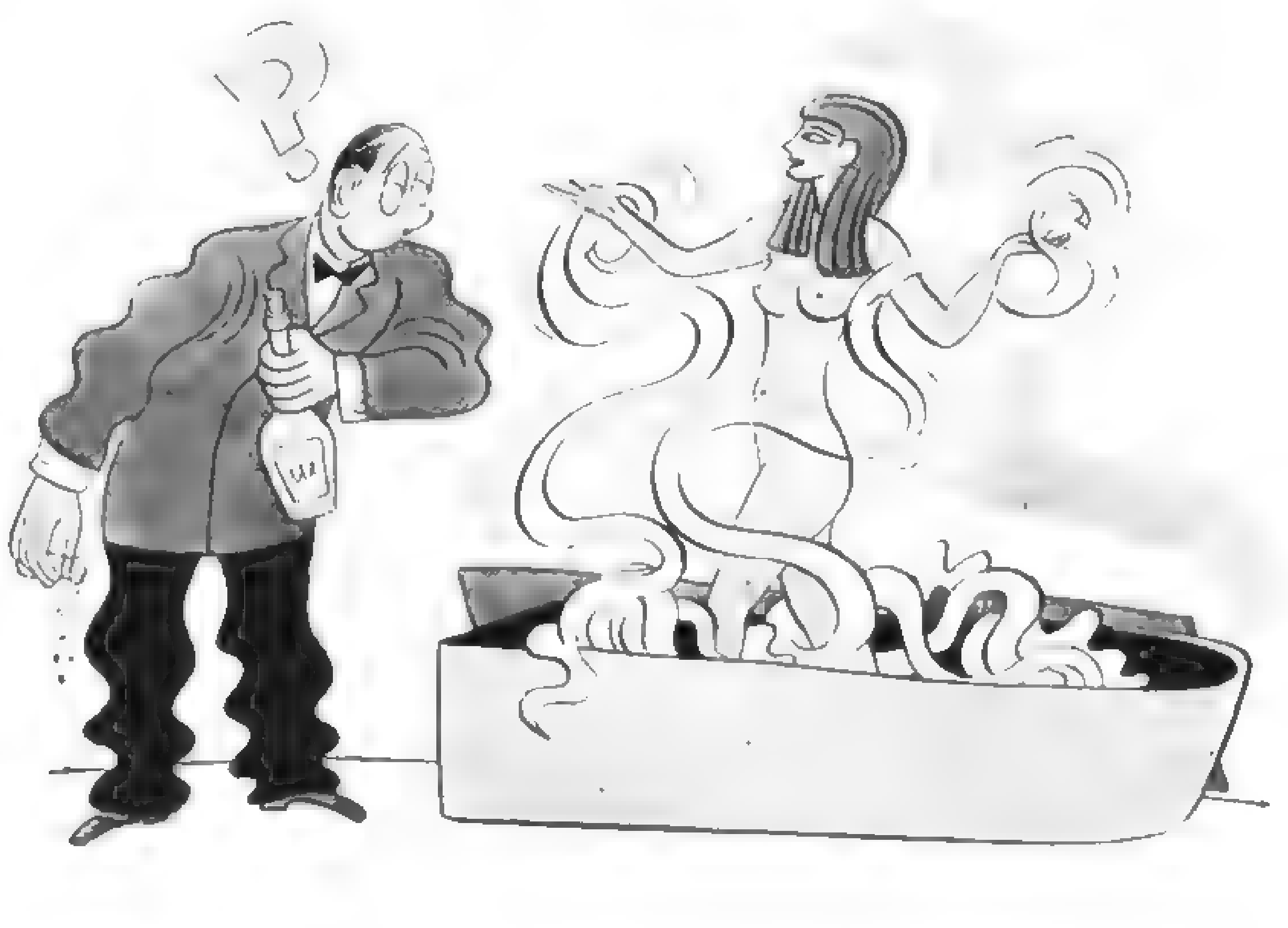
Mr. Dulcet was tall and dark and rather handsome in a slinky way. He liked being Professor Bagby's butler for though the professor was neither generous nor just he was forgetful which is more important from a servant's point of view. He forgot how much money he had in his pocket which was very handy for Mr. Dulcet who always insisted on pressing the professor's clothes himself. He forgot to pay the servants' wages and when he was reminded he paid them and forgot so that Mr. Dulcet was able sometimes to remind him as many as three times in a single month. When he was at work he forgot that he had any servants and even forgot to be hungry for hours at a time so that the whole staff could go off to the movies or throw a party in perfect safety. And about two o'clock Mr. Dulcet would take up some sandwiches and remind the professor to go to bed. For Mr. Dulcet was a good businessman and never neglected his duty.

Now Mr. Dulcet had not always been a butler. He had once been a rather coarse little boy in short pants whose ambition had been to ride around in a large automobile with a beautiful lady at his side and make faces at less fortunate individuals. The short pants had been laid aside and the coarseness veneered over but the ambition remained. Wealth still seemed to him admirable, beauty desirable and making faces pleasant. As they do to me. But few butlers attain to these things. The best that Mr. Dulcet could do was to cherish the English accent in which he had taken a course at the butlers' school and be ready for opportunity's knock. And believing that all knowledge was useful he seized on that which was nearest at hand. He read the professor's books and attended his lectures and began to get a smattering of Egyptology.

Professor Bagby's collection, housed in a wing called the museum, required intelligent care. None of the servants was allowed in these rooms. But when Mr. Dulcet's interest in antiquities became apparent he was given keys and instructions and appointed caretaker. And thus he learned still more.

Well one April evening he was poking about among the appendices of Professor Bagby's latest work and he came on the translation of a spell for resuscitating a corpse. It was a surprisingly simple spell requiring only such properties as salt and wine and the pronouncing of certain mystic words. Being a butler and not the slave of a cultured skepticism Mr. Dulcet wondered if there was anything in it. And as he was wondering his eye fell on a dead fly which lay on its back on the window sill. What the hell said Mr. Dulcet let's see if it works. And he went and got wine and salt and lit candles and read the magic syllables. And the fly began to wiggle and skated around on its back for a second and then got up and flew over and lit on Mr. Dulcet's nose.

Well this was not such a shock as you might suppose to Mr. Dulcet whose mother used to tie a raw onion on his wrist when he had a sore throat. But still it was a little incredible even to him. Perhaps the fly had just been asleep. People slept on their backs. Why not flies? At any rate it was a lot more probable than that it had been dead. Just the same it was rather funny.



Well Mr. Dulcet thought and thought about the thing during the next few days and at last he said I have got to try it again. Only this time he said I must have a real corpse. But where was he to get one? He couldn't just telephone down to the drugstore for it. And then he thought of the mummies. Why of course they were 4000-year-old museum pieces but they were corpses just the same.

Late that night Mr. Dulcet sneaked down to the museum. In the middle of the main room were two glass cases containing the mummies of the King and of his daughter Nephra. The King had been partly unwrapped from his linen bandages. He looked a great deal like Professor Bagby. Mr. Dulcet glanced at him and passed on. One professor was enough. The Princess was a better bet. She was still entirely swathed in brown linen but Mr. Dulcet was enough of a snob to believe that any princess must be beautiful. And he would be her rescuer! He smirked slightly laid out the salt and wine lit the candles and said the magic words.

For a moment nothing happened. Then the bundle stirred and sat up. The rotten wrappings fell away and as Mr. Dulcet unlocked and threw up the lid of the case a slim brown girl tastefully dressed in a rather elaborate necklace and a large ring stepped out. Whee! said Mr. Dulcet retreating and knocking over a stand of ushabti vases. I beg your pardon? said the girl. I—I just said whee said Mr. Dulcet. Whee? said the Princess. Yes said Mr. Dulcet Whee — signifying astonishment and—er pleasure. But he said you speak English. Why not? said the Princess I've had time to learn a lot in the 3000 years I've been out of my body. But it's nice to have it again she said looking down at herself complacently. There are some things I've missed she said and she smiled at Mr. Dulcet and came toward him invitingly.

Well but wait a minute said Mr. Dulcet backing off and looking a little wild. O don't be coy said the Princess I hate coy men. I'm not coy said Mr. Dulcet but we're not used—I mean oughtn't you to have something on? Why no said the Princess since this is not a ceremonial occasion. If father were here of course—why there he is she said catching sight of the other mummy. Were you going to revive him too? Well said Mr. Dulcet I hadn't thought—Good said the Princess. We can always do that later and father is hell on ritual and would probably insist on having you strangled afterward if you so much as touched me. It was always very hard for me she

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Ill-Fated Cruise of the Canarsie III

The captain had read a lot of fine sea stories, man and boy, but Conrad didn't so much as mention a parallax

by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •

I RECALL it went back to the night we gave the party for the Van Reynals: one of those meaningless New York soirées at which most of the cocktail glasses get broken and a few more holes are burned in the rug and one wonders for what earthly purpose one is running up huge liquor and delicatessen bills. Dorothea's eyes were bloodshot. When the last guest had staggered into the elevator she sank wearily back on the chaise longue; the poor kid looked more like a heroin addict than the lovely girl she actually is. I ripped off my collar and tie and threw them absently into the wastebasket.

"What," I murmured groggily, thinking of the necessity to get up in an hour or so and dash down to the publisher's office where I worked, "what, darling, does it all mean?"

"All what?" asked Dorothea sleepily.

"Everything," I replied, not then quite understanding the import of my confused thoughts. "You know. Civilization. This—well, this gay life we are living."

"You're absolutely right, sweetheart," said Dorothea shrugging. "Take off your shoes and go to bed."

But no. Some peculiar yeast of dissatisfaction was boiling within me. It was probably the blood of my pioneer ancestors coming to the fore, but at the time I had no way of knowing this. I thought it might even be the old-fashioneds. "I'm going to make some coffee first," I said and went into the kitchen, where I fiddled about absent-mindedly, having completely forgotten what I'd intended to do out there.

Suddenly, like the white blinding flash which they say accompanies inspiration (I had not been bothered much that way personally up till then) I understood what my whole life had been groping toward. Standing ankle-deep in the kitchen amongst the orange skins and broken crockery and cigarette butts, symbols of a decadent existence, I knew. I simply knew!

Well, we sat there discussing it for hours. Dorothea agreed heartily with me that cigarette butts and orange peels were the symbols of a decadent existence, but it was some time before she could get used to the revolutionary plan that had now shaped itself in my mind.

When she understood that we should cut ourselves completely clean from our former empty lives, leave civilization behind and seek some lovely island paradise where we could live out the years in halcyon peacefulness, she took fire from my enthusiasm.

"But about money, sweetheart?" she inquired finally, wrinkling her brow.

I explained that in the existence we had decided to embrace money was but a remnant of decadent civilization. Let us think only of the primitive essentials. We should live as little children, eating the products of the rich tropical climate—breadfruit and mangoes and yams and papaya and frangipani and whatnot. Materialism was the curse that reduced us to the status of slaves. And all for what? Defective refrigerators and old-fashioneds.

How gay we were, then, speculating on the prospect before us! No more foolish parties; no long, tedious plowing through talentless manuscripts; no more overpriced apartments and jangling city noises and grubbing for a bare existence. We decided to realize all the cash we could and purchase a boat, some seaworthy craft wherein we might embark upon our idyllic adventure. I lost no time in advising my employers that we had made up our minds to put civilization behind us forever. They accepted my resignation with rather better sportsmanship than I expected. After much excited study of maps and charts and atlases and cartographical data we hit on a virgin island in the Caribbean. It did not take us long, either, to come upon the very boat for our purpose—a thirty-five foot Diesel-powered vessel with auxiliary sail, named the *Canarsie III*.

I knew little of boats, my only experience in deep water having been an overnight hop to Boston from New York. But we borrowed of an author friend and studied the works of Conrad, McFee, Bill Adams, and others, confident that an intelligence applied in proper fashion is better than a lifetime of actual experience divorced of aspiration, or something like that.

It was a fine Saturday morning that we set sail for tropical waters. An old fellow at the wharf, with a nasty sort of inquisitiveness, discovered our plans from Dorothea, and mumbled some nonsense about passports and clearance papers and sailing certificates. He could not know that we were putting such impedimenta of crass civilization behind us. We were adventuring into the unknown; what need had we to bother with the claptrap of bureaucracy? Our larder was well stocked with cheese sandwiches and canned beans and coffee and bacon and so on. We had brought along oilskins and sou'westers, fishhooks and a copy of Wodehouse, hunting knives and snakebite medicine and sun helmets. And, with the knowledge we had acquired from Jack London and Dana and O'Neill about storms at sea, we were confident that we could ride out any gale or hurricane these waters could boast.

The sun was shining over our port bow; the wind was blowing steadily to wind'ard; I remember my sensation of exultation as I stood within the tiny wheelhouse forrard, the spoke gripped firmly in my lean fingers, my eyes glued on the jumping needle within the binnacle, an open copy of Bowditch's *Navigator* before me. Dorothea had donned cute white ducks and a cocky sailor's cap. She fussed about in the galley, and the smell of burning eggs and bacon came forrard to tease my nostrils. The *Canarsie III* drove bravely through the choppy seas of the bay, stout of heart and sturdy of beam. Was ever inspiration more triumphant than at this happy moment, the moment when our dreams were about to be realized? All that was left of the skyscrapers of Manhattan, civilization itself, faded aft of us as we hove our course through the open channel that separates Brooklyn and the Jersey shore. I glanced down at the open Bowditch and read:

"It is assumed that the noon longitude will be sufficiently accurately known in advance to enable the navigator to correct the declination; also the approximate meridian altitude to correct the parallax and refraction; if the latter is not known, it may readily be found from the declination and approximate latitude."

I thought then and there that neither Conrad nor McFee had said a word about any necessity to correct the parallax, nor

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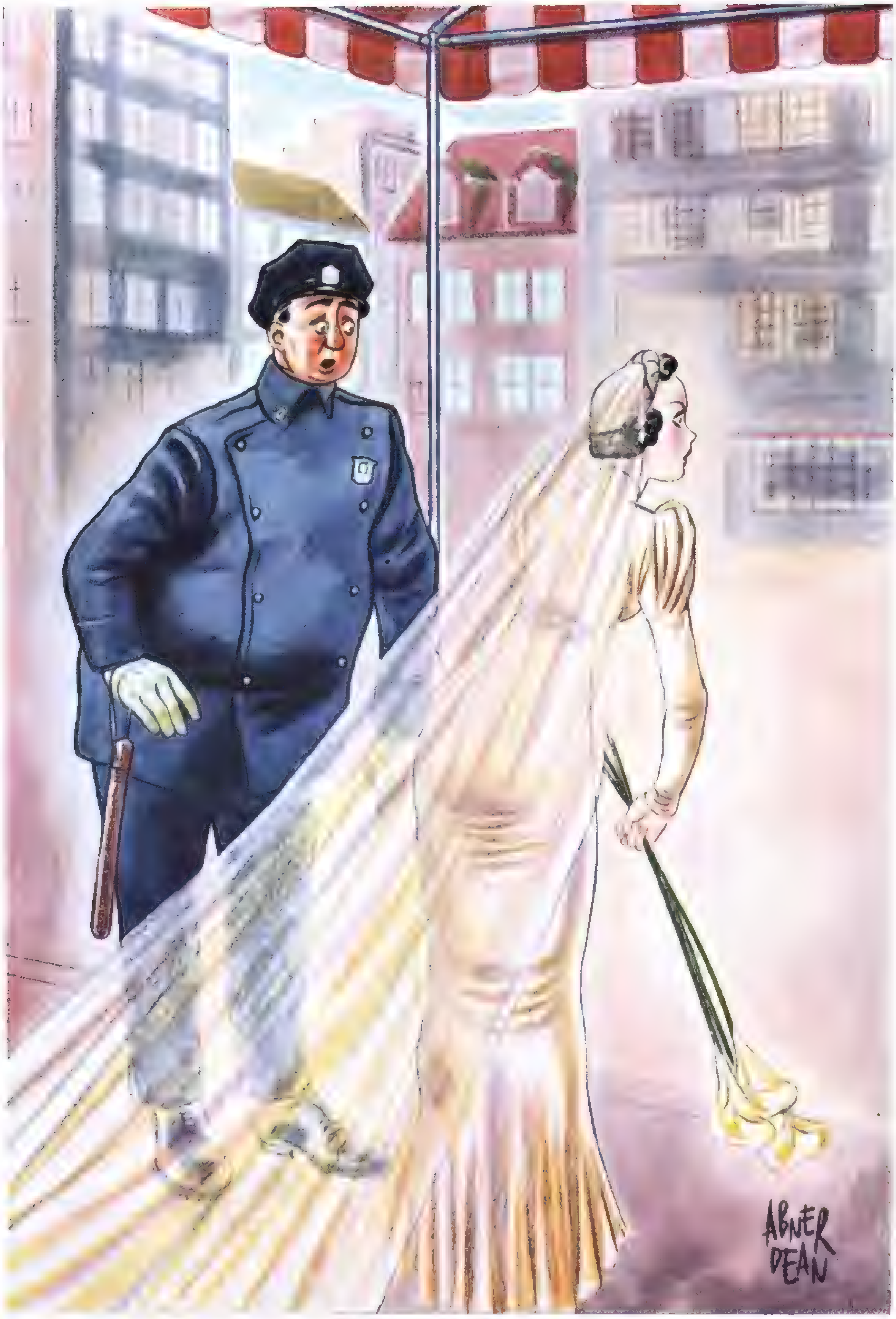
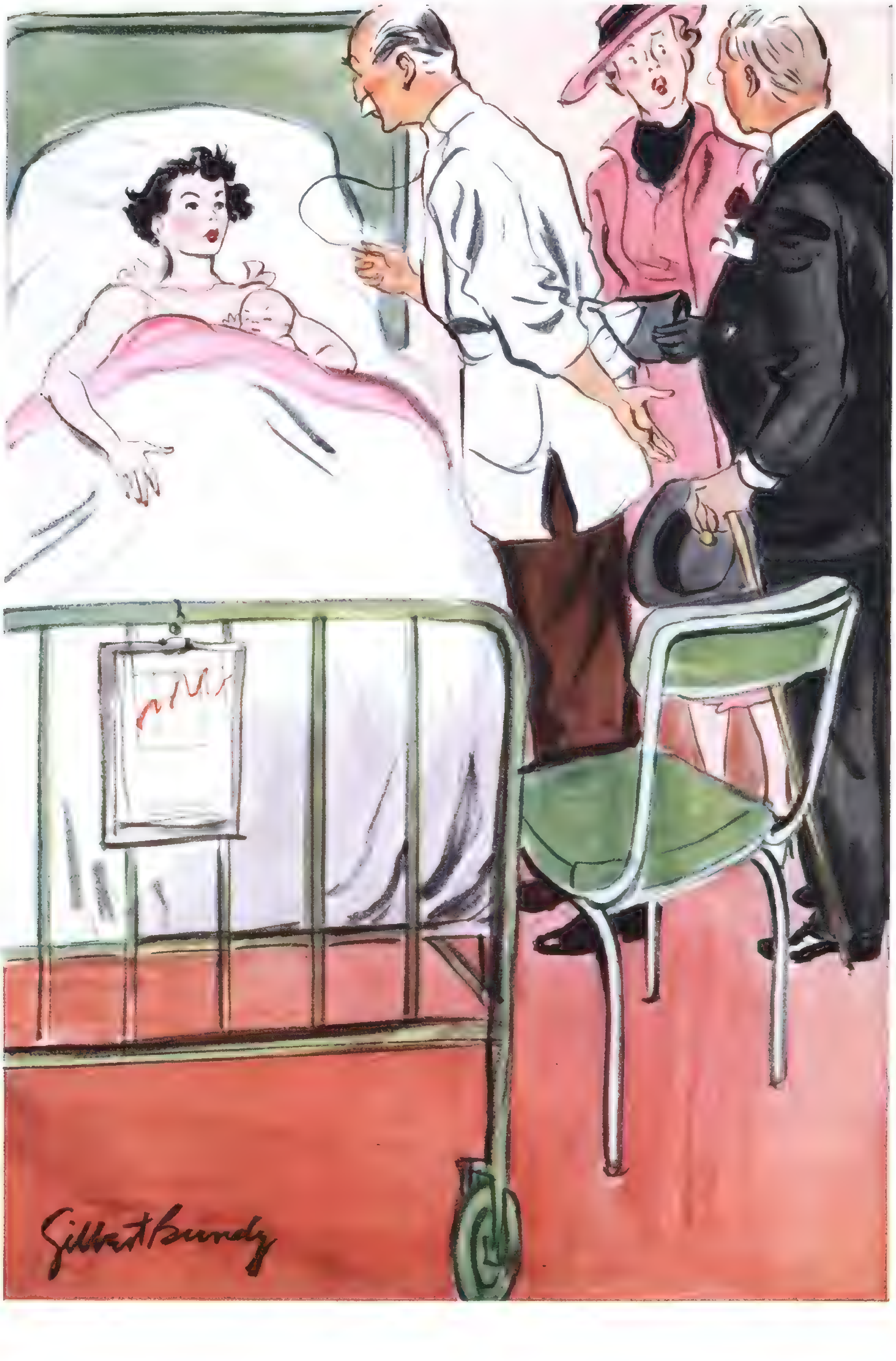


"Did you lose something, mam?"


Gilbert Bundy

"I suppose it's partly our fault—we never tried very hard to cure her of stammering"

This Tonsil Business

Having a tonsillectomy isn't quite like murder in the slaughterhouse, regardless of what people tell you

by CHAS. WILLIAMS, M. D.

▪ ARTICLE ▪

When it comes to this tonsil business we medicos aren't exactly orating in a foreign tongue, as in this ball game everybody along the line from a Park Avenue deb to a dock walloper on the Embarcadero seems to know what the score is. Yes sir, these babies have a speaking acquaintance with more constituents than any hand-shaking politician you ever saw. For breathes there a man with soul so dead, to whom it never hath been said— Those damn things will have to come out?

These rather insignificant parts of your anatomy have been accused of causing everything from dandruff to falling of the room rent and in some sectors they are sacrificed in the attempt to cure everything from bubonic plague to housemaid's knee. No age, race or creed is exempt whenever one of the enthusiastic removers of said organs gets on the warpath. From the above you might gather that I unhesitatingly give 'em four stars and a spray of gardenias for being nice harmless little playmates. Not by a jugful. If I did that I'd be stretching the truth and also there'd be no rolls and coffee for me as a goodly portion of my practice is looking after this tonsil business and I'd rather do that than try to crash the relief army or rake leaves for the W.P.A. There is probably a greater wealth of misinformation floating around about these scamps than any other portion of your innards so maybe it wouldn't be such a bad idea to look the sitsayation over as the big league scouts would say.

In the first place, it might surprise you to know that you have two pairs down in your throat. The lesser known pair are called the lingual tonsils and lie on the lateral aspect of the tongue way down near its base. They rarely cause any trouble so we'll just leave them R. I. P. The other pair, called the faucial tonsils or just plain tonsils, are the ones we're most interested in and the ones to whom this burst is dedicated. If you're one of those Ph. D. fellas that must have 100 per cent accuracy you can add a fifth member to the family as the adenoid also goes by the name of pharyngeal tonsil.

We'll now make a reconnaissance and locate the enemy. Imagine that you're one of those lilliputian gentlemen and that you're marching straight down into the spacious oral cavity of some old gossip. As you get to the place where the tongue dips downward into the nether regions, do a sharp right face. You will be viewing a vaulted arch which is broad near the tongue and which narrows as it passes upward to join the palate. The pillars of the arch are thin bands of muscle and mucous membrane and are called the pillars of the throat. Between the pillars lies a mass of soft glandular tissue, roughly almond shaped, which makes up the bulk of the tonsil. The broad base of this mass lies on what we call the superior constrictor muscle and moves with it. Translated into ordinary lingo, this means that it rests on one of the important muscles of swallowing. If you catch on quickly, you now have a hot clue toward discovering why swallowing is so painful in tonsillar infections. If you view the surface of the tonsil closely you will see that it has several small crater-like openings which lead into small tunnels or pockets. These are called the tonsil crypts. Keep them well in mind as here's where most of the tonsil mischief originates. If you do an about-face, you will see the same situation on the left.

Now let's take our bearing again and locate the adenoid. As you look down your throat, you see a little dingus about a half-inch long hanging back there in the mid line. Most people call this the palate. Actually it is named the uvula, and the broad rounded base to which it is attached is the soft palate, as distinguished from the hard palate which forms the roof of your mouth. Now then, the adenoid is not visible as you look down into the throat, but if you could swing your uvula and soft palate upward on a hinge like some garage doors, you would see it lying there unconcerned in what we designate the post-nasal space. Or if you want to approach it from another angle, go straight back along the floor of your nose and you'll run smack dab right into it. While we're in the neighborhood we mustn't forget to observe a small rounded opening which lies on either side of the adenoid. This is the entrance into the Eustachian tube, the structure that connects your throat with the middle ear and is the avenue down which the bugs travel when they figure you're about due to have an earache.

Perhaps you have wondered why a gentle creature like Mother Nature should have wished these trouble makers on you, and what else besides a pain in the neck they are good for. The correct answer is unknown and there is still wide divergence of opinion as regards their physiology and function. The consensus seems to be that they form the first line of defense in preventing upper respiratory infections from getting into the general system in much the same manner that an oil filter in your car prevents contamination of the crankcase. Some authorities maintain that they assist in the formation of certain blood cells which we call lymphocytes, and a scattered few believe that they secrete a hormone into the blood stream which is concerned with carbohydrate metabolism. Whatever the function, it appears to be of greatest importance in early childhood, say, up until two to five years of age. It is agreed that each succeeding infection impairs this function, and if enough mischief takes place, the tonsils undergo definite pathological changes and the useful function entirely disappears, leaving a situation where great havoc may be wrought by acting as a focus of infection for distant organs. Some varieties of eye, ear, joint, heart and kidney disease as well as disturbances of the nervous, digestive and respiratory systems can be fairly definitely traced to badly diseased tonsils, but to assume that all disorders of these structures are due to bad tonsils is a fallacy. Here, as in war, the slaughter of the innocents must be condemned.

Located as they are in the front line trenches it naturally follows that the tonsils have to take it on the chin quite often, hence the number of victims of tonsillar infections are almost as numerous as disappointed bettors on the daily double. The most frequent affection is tonsillitis. By the way, whenever you see this "itis" on the end of a word it always means: inflammation of, so you don't have to be a *cum laude* to figure out that I am now referring to an inflammation of the tonsils. Many varieties of disease organisms cause this form of bad news, but the most frequent offender is the Streptococcus. Maybe the sound of the word makes the shivers go down your spine so perhaps I should reassure you a bit and explain a little elementary bacteriology.

Streptococcus is the name given to a family of bugs which are arranged in chains, either long or short, so that under the microscope they appear like segments of a pearl necklace as . . . or . . . . . This distinguishes

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The Wine Is Sour

The grapes were luscious, as in other years, so where could the wine have got its strange tang?

by ARTHUR TOFTE

• FICTION •

GOTTLIEB VOGELSANG—the pompous, pot-bellied, deep-jowled Bürgermeister and chief citizen of his village—sipped the red-purple liquid, slowly put down the tall glass, and grumbled mightily.

"The wine," he said, "is sour!"

The half-dozen wine growers who faced him fearfully, broke into simultaneous lament. "But what are we to do, Herr Bürgermeister? If we have no wine to sell this year, we shall all starve."

Vogelsang closed his small, red, angry eyes, the better to think. For a long time he sat thus, motionless except for the rise and fall of his huge belly.

Then he suddenly thumped a fat fist on the table top so that the wine bubbled in the glass.

"The virgins," he bellowed, half rising to his feet. "Bring me the virgins who pressed the wine with their bare feet at the last wine festival. Bring them to me."

The wine growers looked at each other. Strange were the ways of this great Bürgermeister of theirs. They themselves were but common men—men who toiled in the vineyards all their lives, men who plodded in sweat and weariness, men who had fat wives to make them warm at night, men who ate their pigs' knuckles and drank their beer—men, in short, to whom thinking was a rare and unnecessary exercise.

"But, Herr Bürgermeister, what do you want of the village virgins?" inquired one of the men, a little younger and bolder than the others, to whom the word was still something to let linger over the tongue.

"You oxen," roared the Bürgermeister. "I do not want the virgins. It is the one who is *not* a virgin I would find and punish for this great calamity to our village."

Vogelsang paused and glowered at the men. Then he went on in a lower, suddenly hushed tone. "Always the maidens of the town have been pure, and always the wine has been sweet. This year the virgins danced again, their bare feet trod the ripe, purple grapes of our vineyards, the calves of their legs were spattered and stained with the juice. Old Bart played his merriest tunes. The grapes were rich and luscious. But—the wine is sour! *The wine is sour!* THE WINE IS SOUR! Can you dolts not see that therefore one among the virgins must be to blame—she of them all who is not a virgin! Even fools like you should see that. Bring the maidens to me. I shall find out who is at the bottom of this terrible crime. Ach, such wine!"

The wine growers filed silently from the room, crowding on each other's heels a little in their hurry to get beyond the range of their Bürgermeister's wrath.

One person alone remained behind. Vogelsang turned to him when the others had gone, and spoke wearily.

"Leo, my son," he said, "you are young and lusty and ought to know of such things. What is your notion of this affair?"

The tall, flaxen haired, broad shouldered, merry mouthed young man laughed a hearty laugh and said, "May I taste the wine first?"

"If you wish," answered the father gruffly.

Leo, as unlike his progenitor as a fencing blade is unlike a wooden mallet, reached across the table and lifted the half-full glass. First, he smelled of the wine, his long straight nose twitching avidly for every nuance in the aroma. Then he lifted the glass against the light in the window and with his merry eyes sparkling eagerly, he studied the play of colors through the red-purple liquid. Then he touched his full, broad lips to the glass's rim, and let a few drops of the wine run in a trickle across his tongue. Finally, sip by sip, he drained the contents of the glass and with evident regret put down the empty container.

"Yes," he said with a grin as he wiped his mouth with the back of his broad hand, "the wine is sour . . . sour!" Then his eyes twinkled anew as he turned toward his father. "Now," he murmured softly, "I await the coming of the virgins, and especially the one who is not a virgin—the one who has brought this new wild tang to our wine. Aye, father, the wine is sour . . . very sour."

"You speak in riddles, my son," Gottlieb Vogelsang said. "You say that the wine is sour and yet . . . and yet . . . Ach, ever since you went to Köln last year, you have been mooning around, and acting like no son of mine ever acted before. If it is a woman, remember what I have told you."

"Yes, father," Leo replied with a laugh. "I have remembered what you told me. You told me to hark to the word of God. You told me to find good honest work and make you proud that I was your son. You told me to drink wisely of wine and beer and naught of anything else. You told me to marry a good plump girl of the village, and not go down the streets of the great cities looking for what strange city women have to offer. I have remembered these things, my father. And I have forgotten them. For they are the words of a man who never followed his own advice. Ah, my father, you old villain, I'll wager you were a rare blade in your day. And as for me—I confess I like the rasping fiddle at the dance better than the great sounds of the church organ when the organist plays Bach. I like the hard bosom of Mother Earth better than the feathers of my bed at home. I find the lazy drunkards in the tavern more filled with the wisdom of life than all the heavy leather-covered tomes in your library. And I like the sour wine better than the sweet!"

Gottlieb Vogelsang shook his huge head wearily so that the jowls moved back and forth like an old hound's ears. "You'll outgrow these foolish ideas," he said a little enviously.

The young, eager-faced lad turned the wine glass upside down and rang it with the tip of his finger.

"Wine," he said gayly, "is the mother, the sperm mother, of all the arts. It was wine, wedded to a lustful, life-giving sun, that gave birth to dancing, singing, painting, and God-worship. All great poetry and all great songs were first impassioned, conceived, and brought to fruit upon the crimson couch of the torn grape. Wine," he continued with a sigh, "is at once the coward's courage, the lover's hope, and the laggard's solace. In wine we can find all that we search for in life, all that we—"

The words broke off as the door opened and ten maidens of the village filed in, their eyes downcast, their bosoms fairly bursting with fearful breathing, their red, plump fingers turning nervously.

Gottlieb Vogelsang and his son Leo looked at the girls as they stood in a row with their backs to the wall. To the half-dozen wine growers who had crowded expectantly in after the girls, the Bürgermeister roared a blustering, "Get out!"

Then Leo perched himself on a table across the room, while the ponderous Gottlieb strode along the line of maidens, looking closely into each pink-and-white face. At length the man seated himself heavily and glowered at them. His voice boomed out in a deep and frightening roar.

"The wine," he growled, "is sour. Always in this village the girls who danced for the wine pressing have been pure and the wine has been sweet. This year the wine is sour. Which one of you is guilty?"

The Bürgermeister peered through thick, bushy, forbidding eyebrows at the girls. But not a single pair of downcast eyes rose up to face his. The trembling bosoms rose and fell in quicker rhythm, and the interlaced fingers twitched and shook with fearful excitement.

"I must know," the Bürgermeister cried angrily. "The wine is sour, and one of you has made it so. This winter the people of the village will starve. The guilty one must be punished according to the ancient wine laws."

Still there was no answer.

Leo leaped lightly to the floor and touched his father's arm. "I see you are in trouble, my wise and all-knowing father. Shall I run to your great library for the book which tells how to distinguish between maidens who are virgins and those who are not?"

"There is no such book," exclaimed the older man, frowning at his son.

"No?" cried the lad with mock seriousness. "Then I was right when I said that the drunkards in the taverns are wiser in the wisdom of life than are the musty tomes on your shelves. For they know the answers to such questions!"

Gottlieb Vogelsang rose heavily to his feet and eyed his impudently grinning son.

"I am the master here, my son Leo, and I will settle this affair in my own way. Let me hear no more from you lest I order you from the room."

Leo bowed low and returned to his perch on the table top while his father alternately shouted at and clumsily cajoled the scared little maidens who stood so mouse-like before the fierce masculine energy of his questions.

"One of you is guilty, and that one must suffer the prescribed punishment. I swear it." Thus declaimed the man time and again when all other words failed. At length he sank wearily into a chair and waved the girls out of the room.

"Leo, my son," he groaned, "what shall I do? I am no magician. I look into their faces—they look no different, one from the other. How may I tell which of them is guilty?"

The boy laughed with that great hearty laugh of his. He touched his father's arm. "It's a talent, my dear father," the lad said, "that you seem to have forgotten. Now I—"

"Yes, Leo," the old man pleaded, "how would you settle this problem?"

The young man walked to the window and looked unseeingly out of it. With his broad back still to his father, he said—

"I would give a dance in honor of these maidens, and then I would see what happened."

"A dance?" exploded the old man.

"Aye, my father—a dance with the village fiddler playing his merriest tunes; a dance at the first new moon; a dance down by the winery where there are shadows for couples to hide under; a dance with plenty of wine."

"What wine?" Gottlieb cried.

"The new wine, the sour wine!" answered the lad, hiding tears of laughter as he turned to face his father again.

And thus it happened that at the first new moon, a dance was held on the same floor where the grapes of the last crop had been piled. And a one-eyed fiddler strung one tune's end to another's beginning all the evening through so that anyone with an itch for dancing need never stop. All the young men of the village and the fields thereabout were at the dance, brass studded belts at their waists, and with a great show of white shirts and broad trousers. But of girls, only the ten maidens who had pressed the grapes under their bare feet at the last wine festival were permitted to attend. Ten girls to dance with three times that many youths.

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

And all evening long, young Leo Vogelsang danced with one and another of the ten maidens. One he would kiss under the protecting shadows of the eaves at the corner of the building. Another he would embrace as some girls tremble to be embraced. To another he would whisper sweet flatteries and watch the pleasure it gave her. Thus he went, as a bee from flower to flower, tasting, prying, dancing his way back and forth across the garden of their gay little souls.

Once, near midnight, old Gottlieb Vogelsang drew his son aside and whispered, "Have you learned which one it is?"

Leo only laughed and took a momentary pause in the dance to quench his thirst on the new sour wine. By way of reply he winked at his father as he swung another of the girls off into the quick, merry movement of the dance. And the old Bürgermeister stalked away from the scene, profaning the air with dire imprecations against virgins who were not virgins and sons who laughed at their fathers.

It was almost noon the next day before Leo Vogelsang stirred in his feather bed at the Bürgermeister's home. A buzz and a rumble as of many people talking drifted in over Leo's half-wakened senses. He opened one eye and then the other. He stretched his naked arms and legs, tossed off the bed covers, and strode stiff-legged to the window.

There in the square before the Bürgermeister's house were all the townsfolk. And lined up in the center were the ten village maidens. Before them stood the blustering figure of Gottlieb Vogelsang. And slightly behind him towered the tall, lumbering, ugly figure of the town jailer, a long, black whip dangling from his bony right hand.

Leo threw on clothes with all haste possible and flew down the stairs. Outside, he shouldered his way toward the center of the crowd. He could hear his father bellowing in his best Bürgermeister manner.

"Before God and your townsfolk, speak up whichever one of you is guilty," the old man roared at the row of red-faced girls. "Speak up now, or you all shall feel the whip."

A loud cry of assent went up from the crowd just as Leo reached his father's side. The lad tugged at the old man's arm. "What is the punishment for this terrible crime, my dear father?" he asked.

For a moment the Bürgermeister looked with surprise at his son. Then he turned to the crowd and said, "Everybody knows what the punishment is. But for any who may be as stupid as my son here, I shall tell you again. Long ago, two hundred years or more ago, the fathers of this town decreed that if ever a girl who was not a virgin danced in the wine pressing festival, that girl should be stripped in her shame and made to receive twenty lashes of the whip on her bare back for all to see."

Leo grinned impudently into his father's face. "Stripped and lashed," he repeated, and then laughed uproariously at the idea. He looked about him at the angry, flushed faces of the townspeople. Over their heads he saw the figure of a stranger standing aloof in the doorway of the inn across the square.

"Come, my father," Leo urged. "I have something to tell you—of great importance."

Gottlieb Vogelsang hesitated for a moment in indecision, his great veined nose twitching with anger, but almost before he knew it, he was following behind his son toward the inn.

Leo Vogelsang bowed to the stranger in the doorway. "Herr Keppner, I am glad you came on time." Then he turned to his father. "This is Herr Keppner from Köln, father. He has something to say to you.

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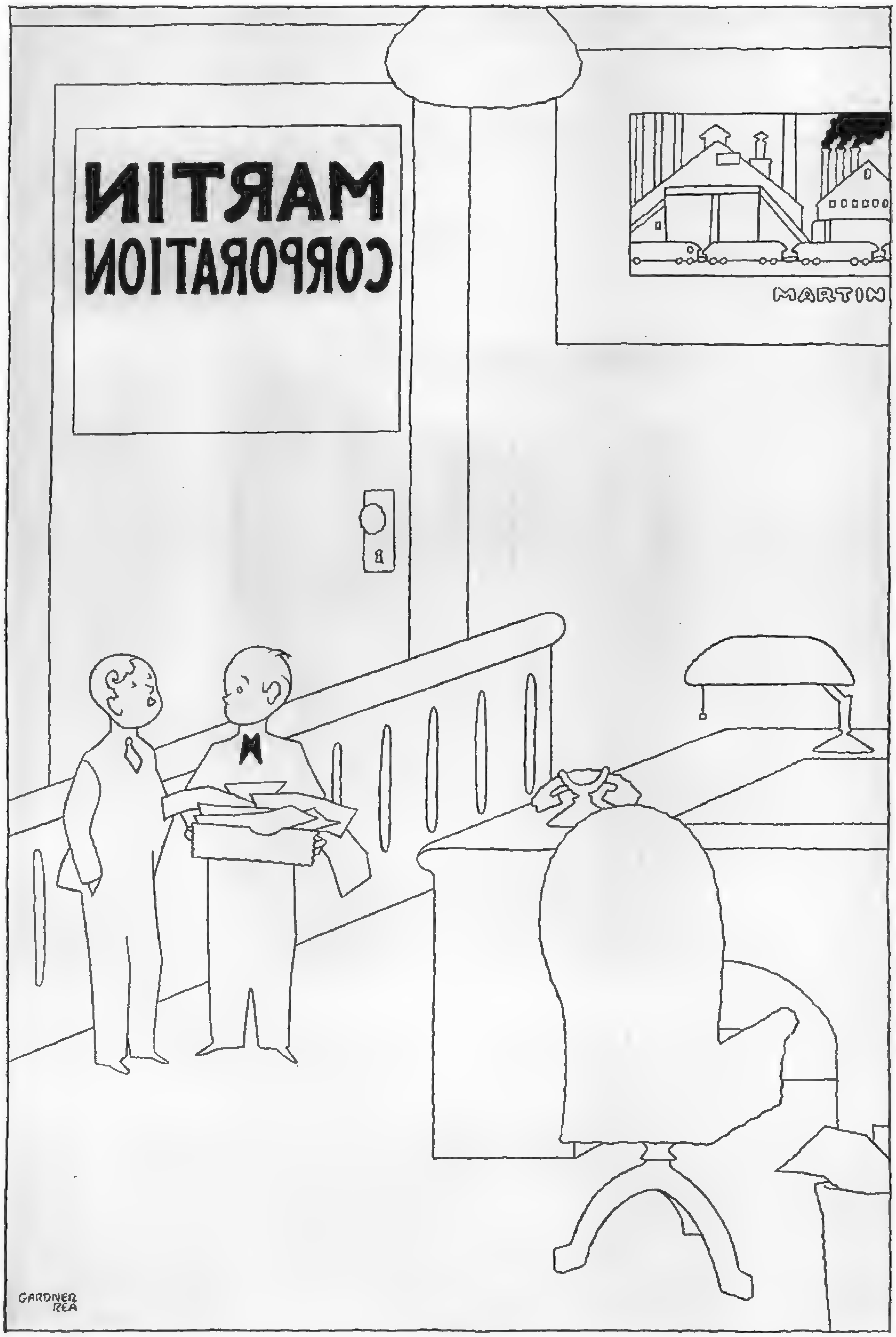

MARTIN CORPORATION
MARTIN
GARDNER REA

"We better watch our steps—there'll be a lot of new college graduates around pretty soon looking for jobs"

And Fly with Safety

Seaplanes are swell for beginners because making a landing on the water is practically fool-proof

by DANIEL J. BRIMM, JR.

• ARTICLE •

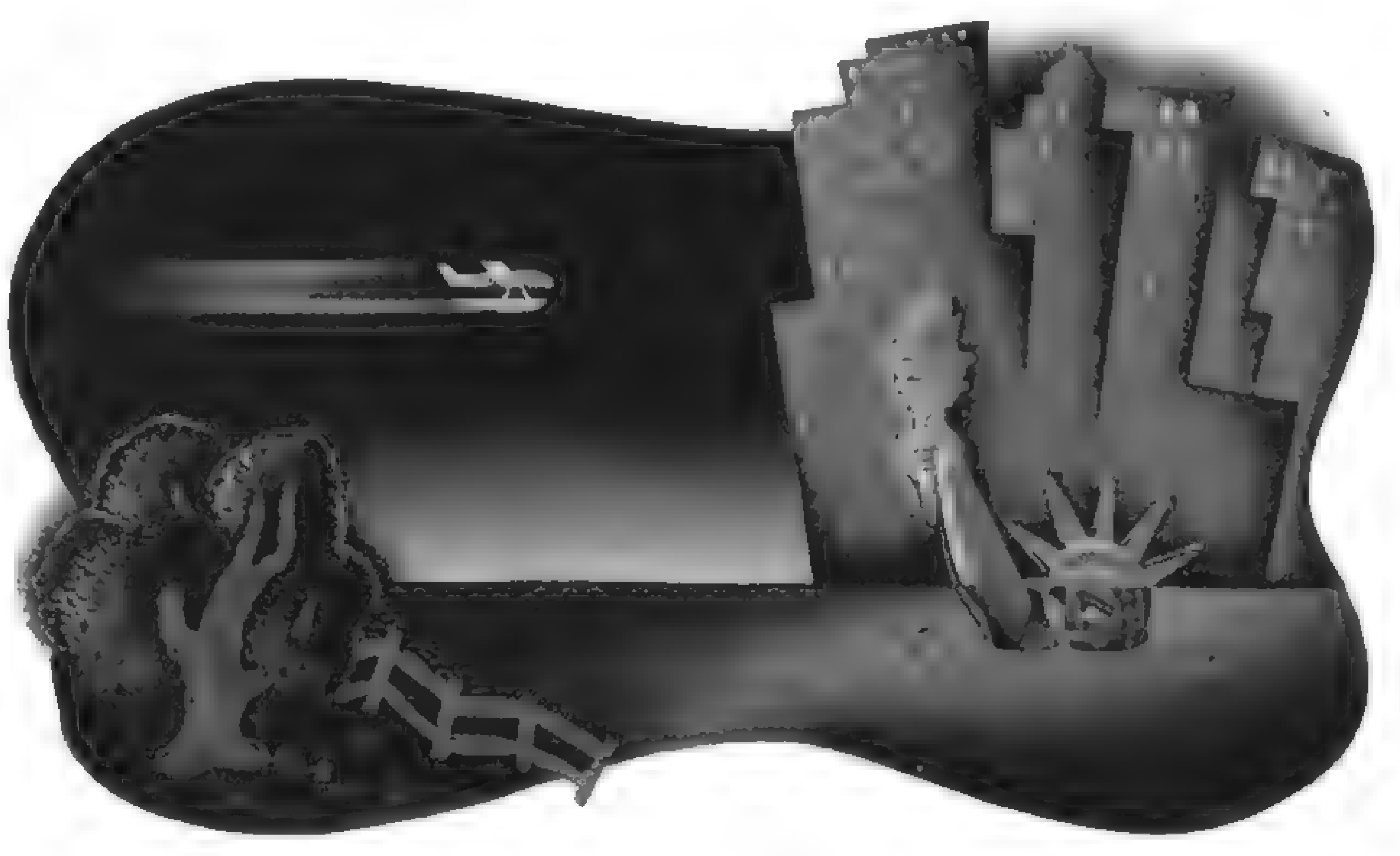
THE title is an important part of the answer to the question, "Why seaplanes?" For the remainder, give me time enough for a true story. If you are a busy individual, and time is precious, the story is especially for you.

Last summer a business man who has his office in New York and his home on Long Island, some sixty miles out, decided that one-fifth of his life was too much to spend in riding on uncomfortable commuters' trains. For he found upon checking up that his round trip to the city, including the time used in getting to and from the railroad station at each end, consumed about five hours daily.

Being a careful, practical and thorough person, he set about finding a sound solution to the problem. He knew, of course, that airplanes offered a rapid means of transportation, but he had been led to believe that, except in the case of scheduled airlines, they were likely to be undependable, a source of trouble, highly subject to the vagaries of the weather, dangerous, and generally impractical. However, after looking into the matter to some extent and learning that his two-and-a-half hour trip to town could be reduced to one of thirty minutes or less, he decided that the airplane was worth a try. Methodical as usual, instead of buying a plane immediately, he arranged with an air taxi company to be picked up every morning in a seaplane, practically at his doorstep, and landed in the East River at the foot of Wall Street. In the afternoon, the procedure was reversed. For three weeks this was continued, during which time the little ship never missed a day and was never a minute late, rain or shine, high winds or flat calm. The demonstration was convincing. A certain amount of sales resistance on the part of his wife was completely overcome by taking her on a flight up "through the ceiling," over the clouds. He bought a seaplane.

For the ensuing six months, until he took a vacation, he flew in to work regularly, missing a total of three days, for two of which one of the worst hurricanes on record lashed the coast, completely demoralizing shipping, wrecking buildings and upsetting all types of transportation. The other day was spoiled by fog too thick even for a seaplane. Many other times during periods when the airlines were grounded because of low ceiling and bad weather, the seaplane went its way in perfect safety, saving its owner four precious hours a day. On weekends the family took long trips and discovered new beauties of nature. Before the end of the summer the son of the owner had learned to fly and had obtained a pilot's license, and the owner himself was well on the way, though he had taken no concentrated instruction.

One disappointment was associated with the whole proposition. Being of a generous nature, our air commuter wanted to share his new-found pleasure with his friends who daily took the long, hot ride to and from the city. But about ninety per cent of them, when invited to fly in, either found some rather weak excuse or else were honest, and frankly admitted they were afraid. The fact that the pilot had flown some fifteen years without accident, that the ship was new and of the latest type, meant nothing. They would drag out a clipping telling of how some airplane had flown into the side of a mountain and had killed the passengers; make the badly time-worn crack about keeping one foot on the ground, say they weren't in a hurry anyway—and that was that.



For these and others who would hasten to avail themselves of the many advantages associated with flying, but who are deterred by a conservative nature and perhaps some apprehension, this story, and the subsequent explanations, is written. There is no intent to disparage the landplane, which has narrowed the continent to a mere eight-hour ride, and which has built up for our country the best system of airlines in the world. But there are many who have not realized the possibilities, set down herein without exaggeration, of the seaplane.

What *is* a seaplane? The National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics defines it as "an airplane designed to rise from and alight on the water." However, the term, as generally used by those in the industry, applies to a conventional landplane on which watertight floats have replaced the wheel landing gear. Practically any landplane can thus be converted into a seaplane. Opposed to this type is the *flying boat*, consisting of a hull to which are attached the wings, tail surfaces and power plant. The passengers, crew and baggage are carried in the hull itself, thus making it serve a dual purpose: flotation and seating or baggage space for the useful load.

Either the float-type seaplane or the flying boat may be designed with retractable wheels, thus enabling it to take off and land on either a field or a body of water. When so designed, the craft is called an amphibian. At first thought, the amphibian may seem to be the only logical type of airplane, due to the obvious increase in utility. Unfortunately, however, an airplane of given size can carry only a certain definite amount of weight. Hence, if the seaplane carries a wheel landing gear, the weight of this gear must, of course, be deducted from the payload which could be carried if there were no wheels. Likewise, the cost of building the landing gear and the retracting mechanism increases materially the price of the ship. In a seaplane corresponding in size to the average automobile—that is, seating four or five persons—the weight of a landing gear is approximately equivalent to that of one passenger, and the added cost well over a thousand dollars.

Practically any standard landplane may today be quickly converted into a seaplane, as floats are being built in regular production for this purpose. All that is necessary is to specify the type of airplane on which the conversion is to be made and the floats will be delivered with all necessary attachments. The plane is then picked up with a hoist, the landing gear removed and the floats mounted—just like that.

There is no conversion possible in the case of the flying boat. It is built as such from the start, and at present there are few models on the market of a size and price to fit the average owner. In the large transport class, however, the flying boat is the predominant, and in this country, the exclusive type.

Floats and hulls are built usually of aluminum alloy, wood having been abandoned for this purpose due to the fact that it eventually absorbs enough water materially to increase the weight and consequently impair the performance of the plane. Other materials are used occasionally. One promising amphibian flying boat, recently test flown by the writer and now going into production, is built almost entirely of stainless steel.

As to the relative speed of the landplane and the seaplane it is interesting to note that the world's unlimited speed record has been held for years by a twin-float seaplane. The

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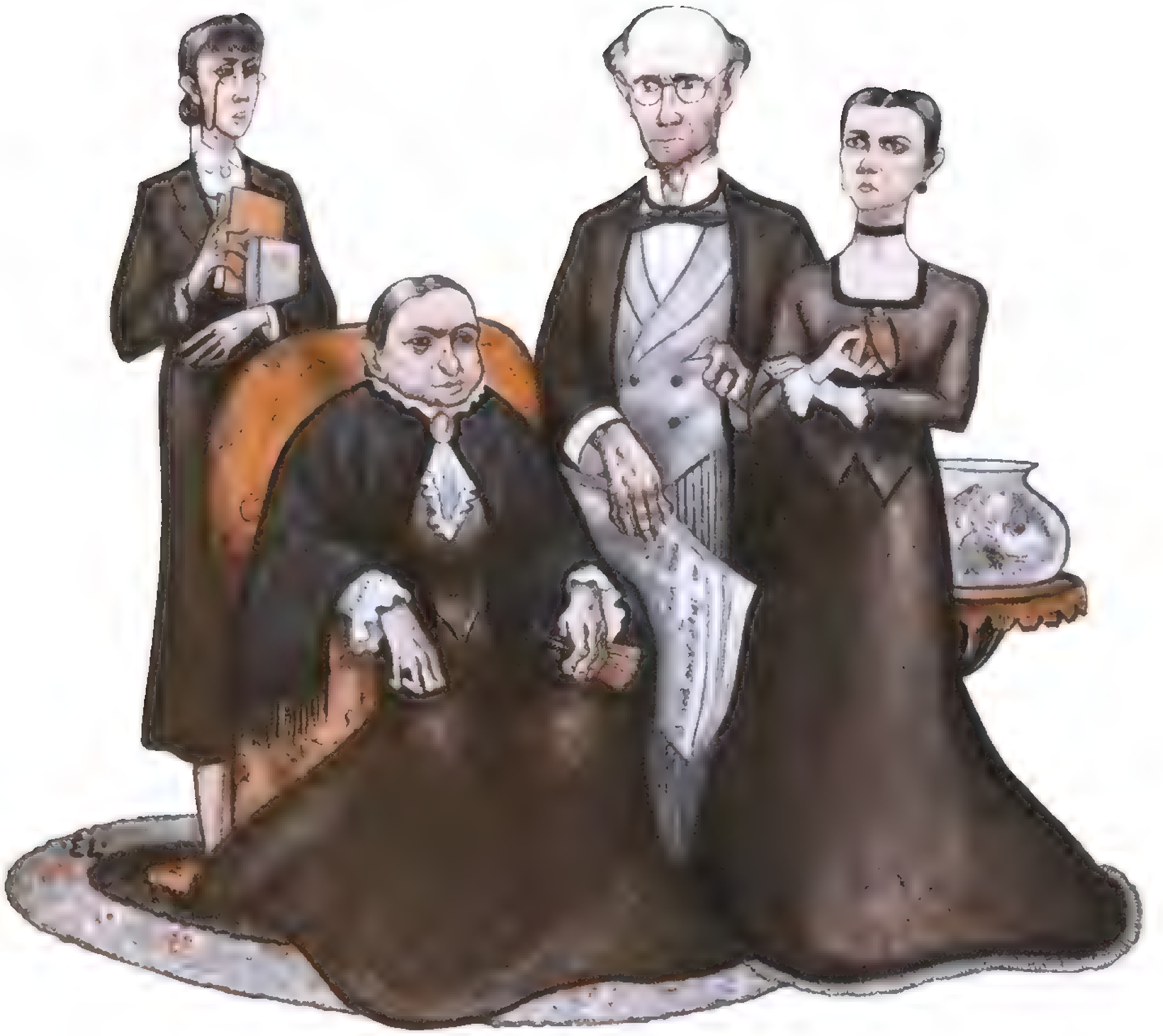


Four Panels for a Guest Room

by **EDWARD J. FITZGERALD**

TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Poet and Child

She has caught beauty in a fragile net
of words as gleaming as the lizard's eye.
No bud unfolds, no dusty moth wings by
that is not hers to name, and, naming set
between the covers of a volume, "slim
but never slight," the critics are agreed.
Tall meadow rue and sparkling silverweed
were fashioned but to fill a brittle hymn
to Nature's work by her own work outdone.
She warms to praise that she has justly won
and scorns all other women who must split
creation's credit, is content to sit
alone with glory, and her last book pressed
coldly against a thin and barren breast.

Great Aunt P. .

She knew no loneliness in age or youth.
She holds the world within a narrow head
too full for values and too small for truth,
remembers every word that has been said,
each move that has been made, and will regale
with ceaseless monologue each cornered friend.
All life, by her recital, is a tale
devoid of climax and without an end.

And when she goes to what's been called her "rest"
and gains the ear of some unhappy ghost,
she'll tell of worms that move beneath her stone,
how four of them are brown and one is lost,
and two are small, and three are fully grown.
The worms won't bore this bore when she is gone.

Portrait in Pentameter

Within his pride there is a wistfulness
as if, by being proud of what he is
He'd hide regret of what he may not be.
And in his arrogance, humility
holds one small corner that is all its own
nor moves therefrom except when he's alone,
but then lets forth old memories that rise
to cloud with dark uncertainty his eyes,
and sets him adding up a well-known score
to reach a total he has reached before.
This he has done. And this much he has missed.
Here's one dream lost. But here good fortune kissed
his chosen path, and helped him to attain
the place that's his. No dream of distant Spain
unreached, can weigh against what he has won.
The total's grand. Besides, what's done is done,
nor worth regret. But every now and then
"I am" goes down before "I might have been."

Mother of a Friend

She greeted life with hatred in the place
that other mortals keep to house a heart.
She knew the brew was bitter from the start
and brooked no hope it ever would be less.
Expecting lies, she found that truth was not,
Dishonesty, was robbed three times a day,
and through her life until she passed away
was never disappointed, never got
a bit more joy than she had bargained for.

But O, the disappointment and surprise
that death occasioned in her tired eyes;
this was the trick that Fate had kept in store
for her last moment. Lord, it was not meet
to make of death a joy so piercing sweet!

Mrs. Morton Buys a Fish

A peso was an absurd price to ask but the wild man explained, quite reasonably, he needed that amount

by ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

▪ FICTION ▪

Mrs. Morton, the eccentric old English lady who had long been the wonder of the Mexican natives at Lake Chapala, was seated at the dining table in her modest villa. The evening was warm and pleasant, and from where she sat she could see the last traces of sunset fading in the west as the surface of the lake turned from blue to silver and a few stars began to be visible in the clear sky. It was a peaceful scene, which she had loved for twenty years.

Tonight she was enjoying one of the great luxuries which she sometimes permitted herself—imported Russian caviare, served on thin bread and butter. When anyone volunteered the suggestion that caviare was usually served on toast, she would look at that person with disdain. “I am eighty years old; and during the last forty years of my life, I have eaten caviare whenever I felt I could afford the extravagance; and what I do not know about the proper way to serve it is unknown. I was instructed in the matter by a charming Russian general whom I once knew when I was with my husband in India. Caviare should be eaten on thin bread and butter; it should be spread very thick—indeed, it should be heaped up; and it should be sprinkled with just a touch of minutely chopped Bermuda onion—Bermuda, you hear? No other kind—and then it must be placed in the icebox for half an hour so that it becomes thoroughly chilled. My wonderful sad-faced cook, Clara, knows how to prepare it perfectly. Here—try a bit!” And if the visitor was a man, Mrs. Morton would usually tell Pedro, her white-clad sandaled houseboy, to prepare for the gentleman a cocktail to accompany the delicacy. She did not care for alcohol herself.

Tonight she was alone. Slowly and deliberately she nibbled at the delicious salty morsels which Clara had prepared for her so excellently, and looked out across the terrace of her house at the evening sky. It is well, she thought, that toward the inevitable end of one's life and at the close of each particular day, one should indulge in small innocent pleasures. She detested those people who enjoyed themselves by being miserable.

Her tranquillity was disturbed by the sound of loud, disputing voices from the direction of the kitchen. One voice she recognized—that of her faithful houseboy Pedro; the other was unfamiliar to her. In a moment she heard the voice of Clara joining excitedly; some kind of acrimonious dispute was going on.

She rang the table bell. Pedro appeared.

“What is all this noise about, Pedro?”

Pedro looked slightly cross. “It is only a bad-mannered fisherman who has come from way down the lake, and who wants to sell you a fish he caught today. But he asks too much for it, and Clara will not buy it—although it is a very fine fish. And the man will not go away; he says he is going to stay until I let him talk to you and show you his fish. And I tell him that then he can wait until God judges the world. And he says he will wait until then. And I tell him I will send the gardener for the soldiers and have him taken away and shot. And he says he does not care. He is a bad-mannered man. He will not go away.”

“Let him wait,” Mrs. Morton said placidly. “I will see him when I have finished my dinner.”

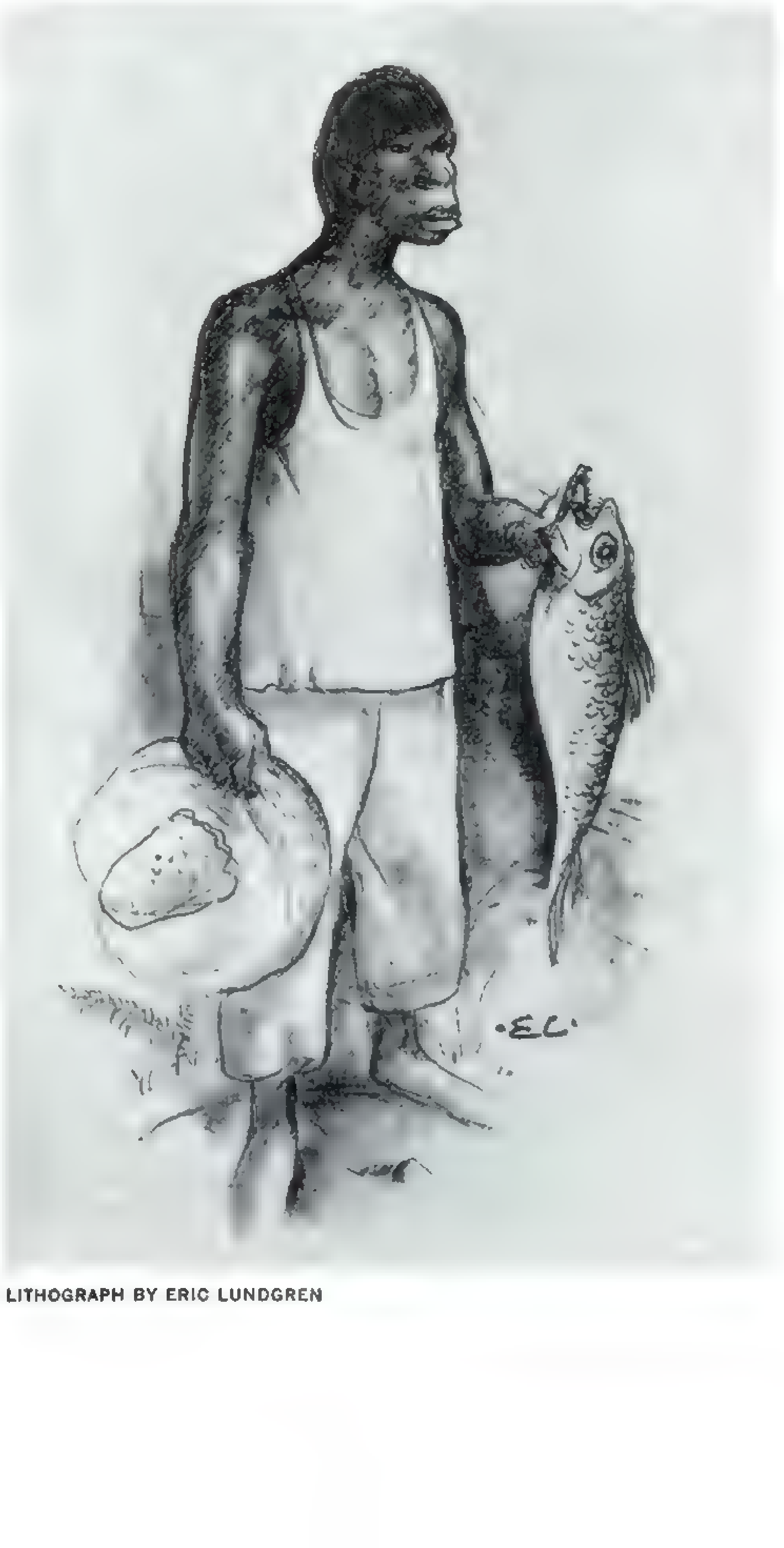
“Yes, Señora.” Pedro departed.

Mrs. Morton continued with her meal. When she had finished, she told Pedro that she wished to speak with Clara. Clara came into the dining room, looking, as always, like an exiled Aztec princess—her sad, grave, timeless face an impenetrable mask.

“Clara, is this a nice fish?”

“A very fine fish, Señora. The man—a stranger from somewhere on the lake—says it is the finest fish he has ever caught. And it is fresh. He says he just caught it today.”

“Then why don't you buy it, and let the man go away? It is getting quite late.”



LITHOGRAPH BY ERIC LUNDGREN

“The man is crazy. He asks one peso for the fish. One peso! It would be better if he got himself a gun and became an honest bandit. Then people could respect him. But one peso for his fish! He should know that nobody will pay him a fortune for his fish. He is crazy. He says he will not go away until the Señora herself has told him she will not buy.”

“Very well. Tell him to go around the house and meet me on the terrace. I will look at his fish. But don't bring him through the house; I don't want fish scales all over the living room. Tell him to go around the other way.”

“Yes, Señora. But the man is crazy. One peso! One peso for a fish!” Clara shook her head gloomily, and departed.

The price was, indeed, absurd. But Mrs. Morton had her own ideas. This would not be the first time that a native had invented a preposterous excuse for getting past the guard of Clara and Pedro, and coming to her with his private problems. She went out onto the terrace to talk to the stranger. There stood the fisherman awaiting her. He was a dark-faced, quiet looking man; his face was clouded with that habitual melancholy expression which distinguishes many of the people of pure Aztec blood.

He spoke in a low agreeable voice, but his first words startled her.

“I am a wild man,” he said, respectfully taking off his straw sombrero.

“You are a *what?*”

“I am a wild man,” he repeated tranquilly. “That is what the people of Chapala call those of us who live down the lake, on the shores near the island of El Presidio.”

“Oh, yes.” She recalled to her mind the low shores of the island with its ancient ruined fort, and remembered the old legend of how, in the days of the Conquest, it had been besieged for months by the fierce natives while a desperate little group of Spanish invaders held out, against hopeless odds, until they all died of starvation. She knew that the people of that region had a bad name, to this day. It was reputed that it was dangerous for strangers to venture onto those shores. Yet this man had such a sad, gentle face that she could hardly think of him as a formidable savage.

“Well, wild man, let me see your fish.”

He went back to the edge of the terrace and returned carrying a sound-looking excellent fish, silver colored with ruby shadings around the gills and tail.

“How much?”

“To you, only one peso, Señora,” he

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Turn About Is Foul Play

If the stage is to stay aphrodisiac they'd better soft pedal some of the more repulsive sex and bathroom humor

by ISAAC GOLDBERG

• ARTICLE •

A BRIGHT young art student came to me some years ago and asked, with a book in her hand, "What kind of Venus is a Callipygian Venus?" She is one of the sweet type that suspects, behind a word that she does not understand, the presence of something that young ladies oughtn't to know. I remember how disappointed she was when, having come upon the word "seccotine" in Huxley's novel with the title out of *Samson Agonistes*, she learned that it was nothing more reprehensible than the trade name for an adhesive. If she was hoping for better luck this time, though, she was playing a much better hunch.

For the fraction of a second her new question embarrassed me. The Greeks had words for almost everything; but when you put those words into English you feel, sometimes, that your vocabulary is afflicted with arthritis. You begin to realize, too, under such circumstances, that long words are useful not only to conceal ignorance, but to wrap like Mother Hubbards around thoughts and feelings. They are aids, in short, to repression, inhibition, and all those other objectionable qualities that Ellis and Freud are supposed to have banished.

"Are there any pictures in your book?" I asked, half fearing that the presence of an illustration might make my answer even more embarrassing—to me. There were no pictures. In the meantime the young lady had sensed the piquancy of my hesitation, and her eagerness for enlightenment had visibly increased.

"You know, of course," I began, sparring for time, "that the Callipygian Venus is only one type of the female form divine. It was discovered—"

"I know all about that," she interrupted. "The book tells me. But what it doesn't tell me is the meaning of Callipygian Venus. What is Callipygian? Is it the place she comes from, like Venus de Milo?"

"Well," said I, "you can find it in the dictionary, so I don't see why I should frustrate your laudable desire for enlightenment. Callipygian Venus, my dear, means the Venus with the beautiful buttocks, or, in simpler and more honest English—though not the most honest at my command—the woman with the shapely behind."

My questioner was something of a Callipygian Venus herself, yet she bridled at my words, as if somehow I had unwittingly undressed her. "I believe," she pouted, "that you're joking with me," and walked off, knowing very well that I hadn't been joking at all.

The human buttocks, rear, behind, backside, rump, etcetera, is associated in many minds with shame, or with juvenile chastisement, rather than with pleasure. It is not, alas, the most dignified member of our carnal envelope. Hitherto, so far as the more refined type of public entertainment has been concerned, it has been obscene and not heard. Of late, however, the buttocks have been coming into a new prominence, no pun intended. Entertainment promises—or, as some may feel, threatens—to strike a new bottom. To say, for example, that the musical comedy had never dealt in buttocks would be to confess oneself blind. To say that ladies who are offended by public definitions of "callipygian" have, therefore, never given thought to their fuller selves would be very stupid. There are definite signs, however, that the musical comedy is going callipygian in a big—let's hope not too big—way.

Hitherto the rôle of the rump has been confined, in this genteel version of burlesque, to that visual harem which is called the chorus. It has never been, so to speak, the chief personage. It was left for the Messrs. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse to take this back number and lift it into stellar prominence. This they did, to the tune of Cole Porter's music, in their *Red, Hot and Blue*, which featured Ethel Merman, Jimmy Durante, and the outstanding attribute of Callipygian Venus.

HA
HA
HO
HA
CALLIPYGIAN
HA
HO

The way for their plot had been prepared over a number of years, however, by none other than George S. Kaufman. Look over the entertainments, with or without music, that have borne his name, and discover how few of them are without the fairly obligatory reference to the *cabinet d'aisance*. It seems to be a superstition with him, much as those four-word titles that came to an end with *Bring On The Girls*. You recall them: *Once In A Lifetime*, *Of Thee I Sing*, *Let 'Em Eat Cake*, *Merrily We Roll Along*.

Do you recall that exquisite scene in one of the revues when one of the salesmen—he is selling bathroom accessories, of course—bursts into Keat's *Ode On A Grecian Urn?* That is one of the most Rabelaisian, and also one of the most hilarious moments in American satirical writing. By the touch of satire Kaufman raised perhaps the lowest form of humor to a positively literary plane, turning a toilet-seat allusion into a travesty upon hyper-artiness. That laughter came from the belly, but from the head, too.

No one will suspect me of suggesting that Mr. Kaufman invented bathroom humor. America, the most constipated nation in the world, surely knows in its bones the relation between humor and the bodily functions. It is Kaufman, however, who made this humor a part of almost everything he did for a while. Maybe there is some connection between this habit and the concurrent movement of popular entertainment in the direction of sexual abnormality, as well as of the less agreeable digestive features.

You will remember the gangster movie in which the thug of the moment, Jimmie Cagney, aspired to enter high society. High society means high teas. This unfortunate public enemy, floating from party to party, took on such heavy cargoes of the five o'clock beverage that he threatened to founder. To his dismay, and to our delight his innards began to gurgle with the excess. The sound effect was one of the funniest that the films have yet devised, and the borborygmus—intestinal rumbling, to you—took on the color, or shall we say the sound, of social satire. It was a delicious moment, and, if some were embarrassed, few were offended.

From borborygmus to belching is, in the economy of digestion, a natural step. So that the film, *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, gave us the royal belch heard round the world. It got the laughs, but its reception was not so general as was the colonic splash-

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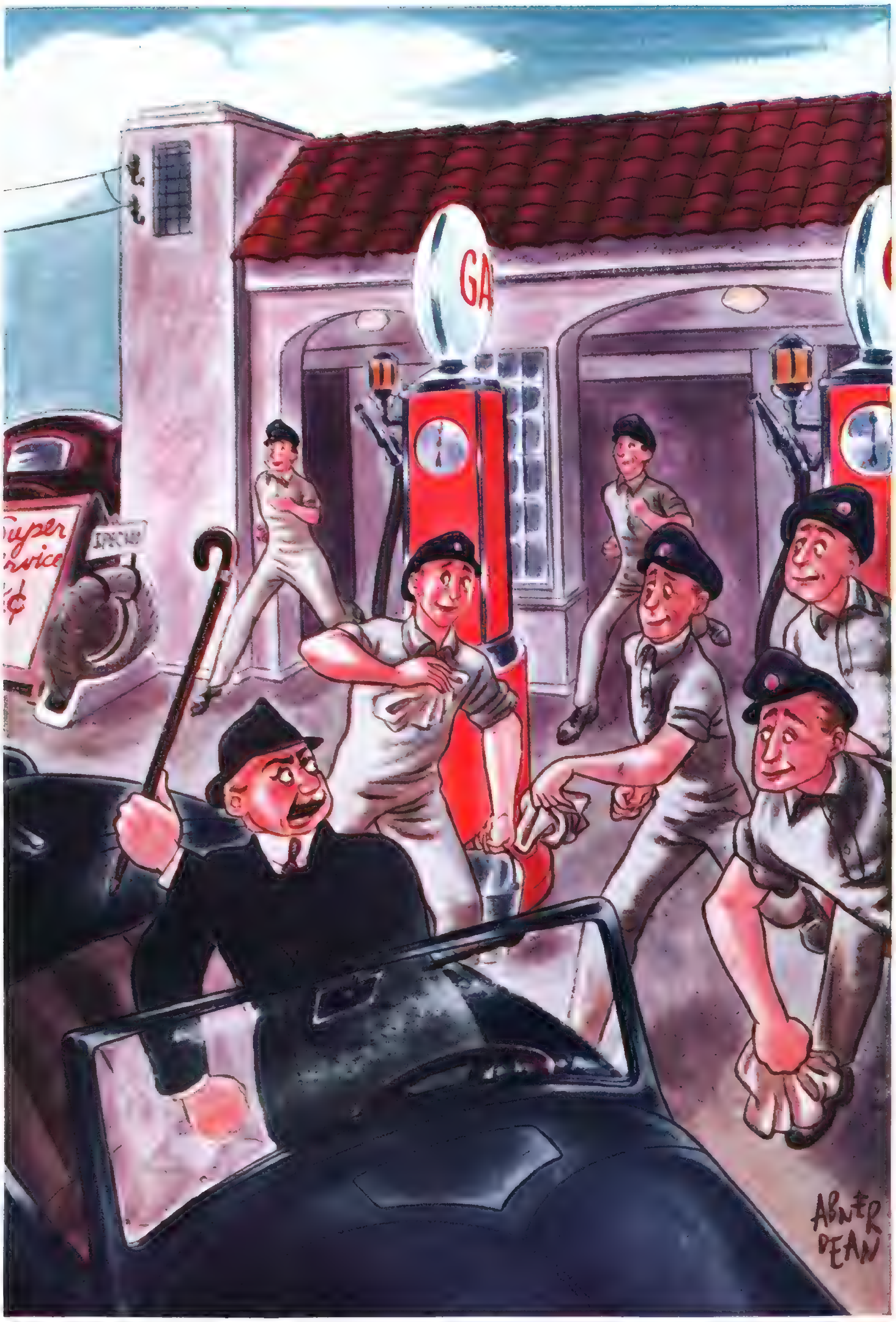
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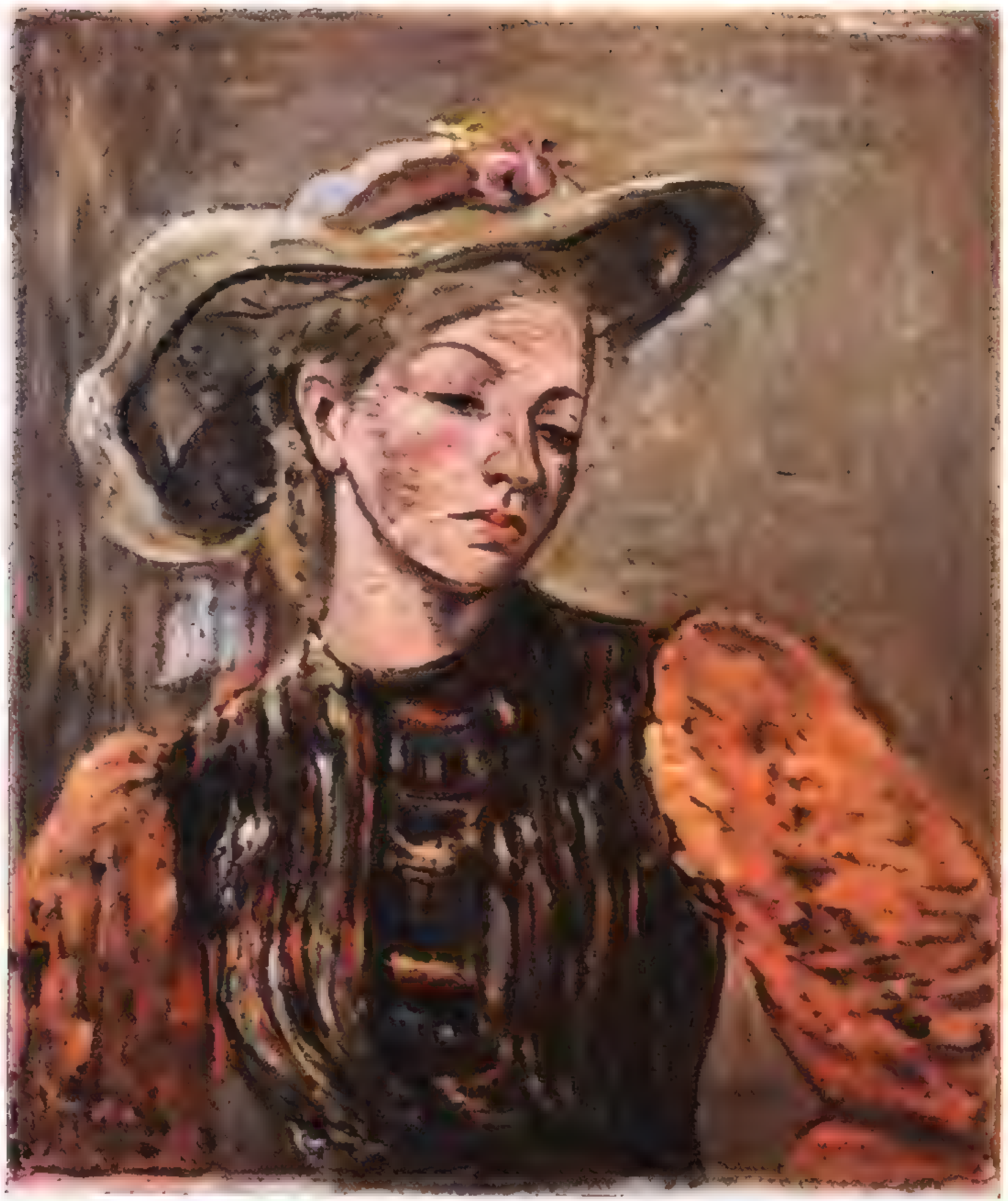
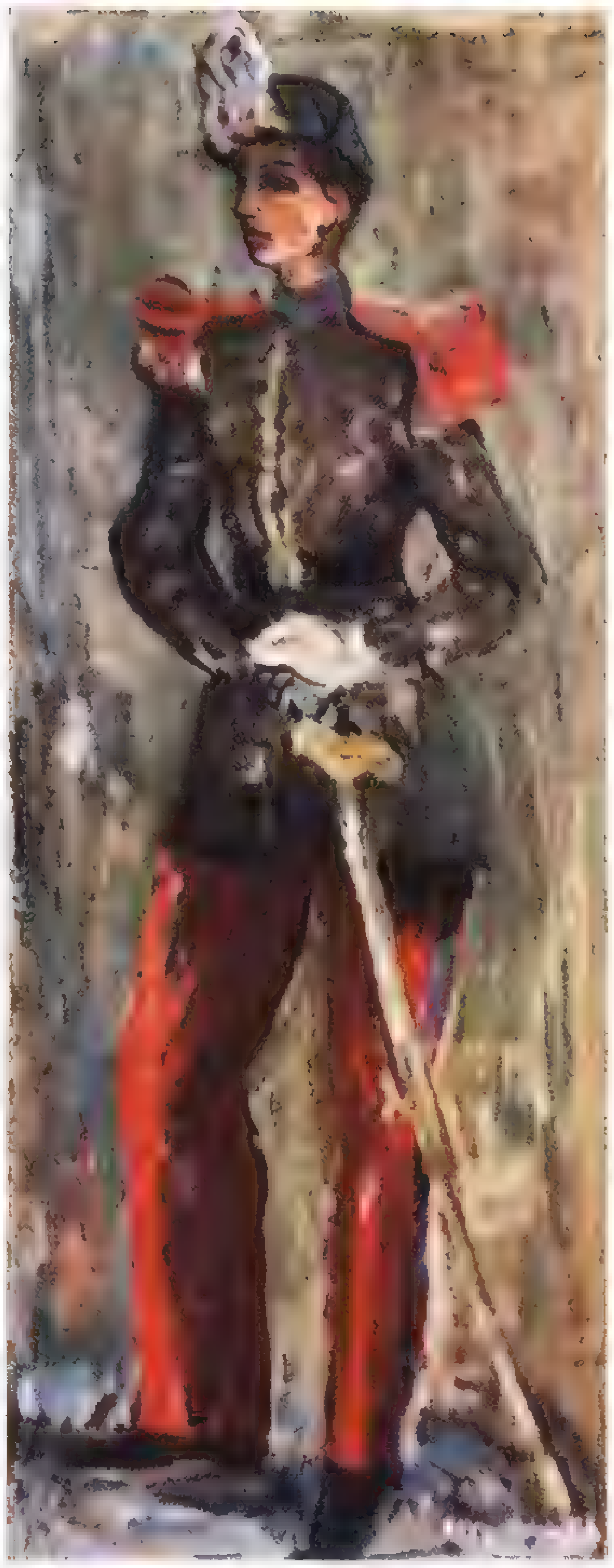
ABNER DEAN

"Stand back!! All I want is a little gasoline!"



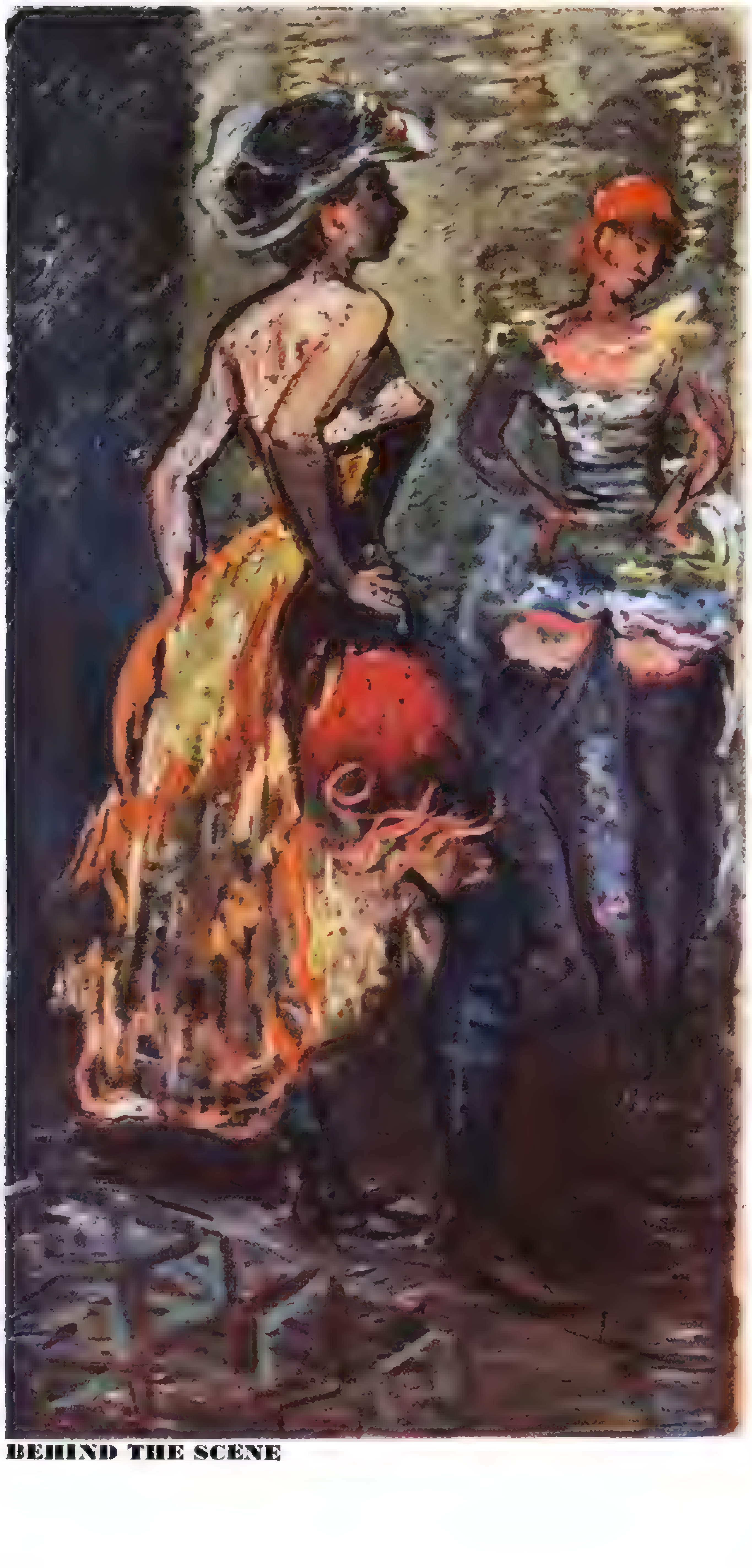
PORTRAIT OF MME. T.



CADET OF ST. CYR

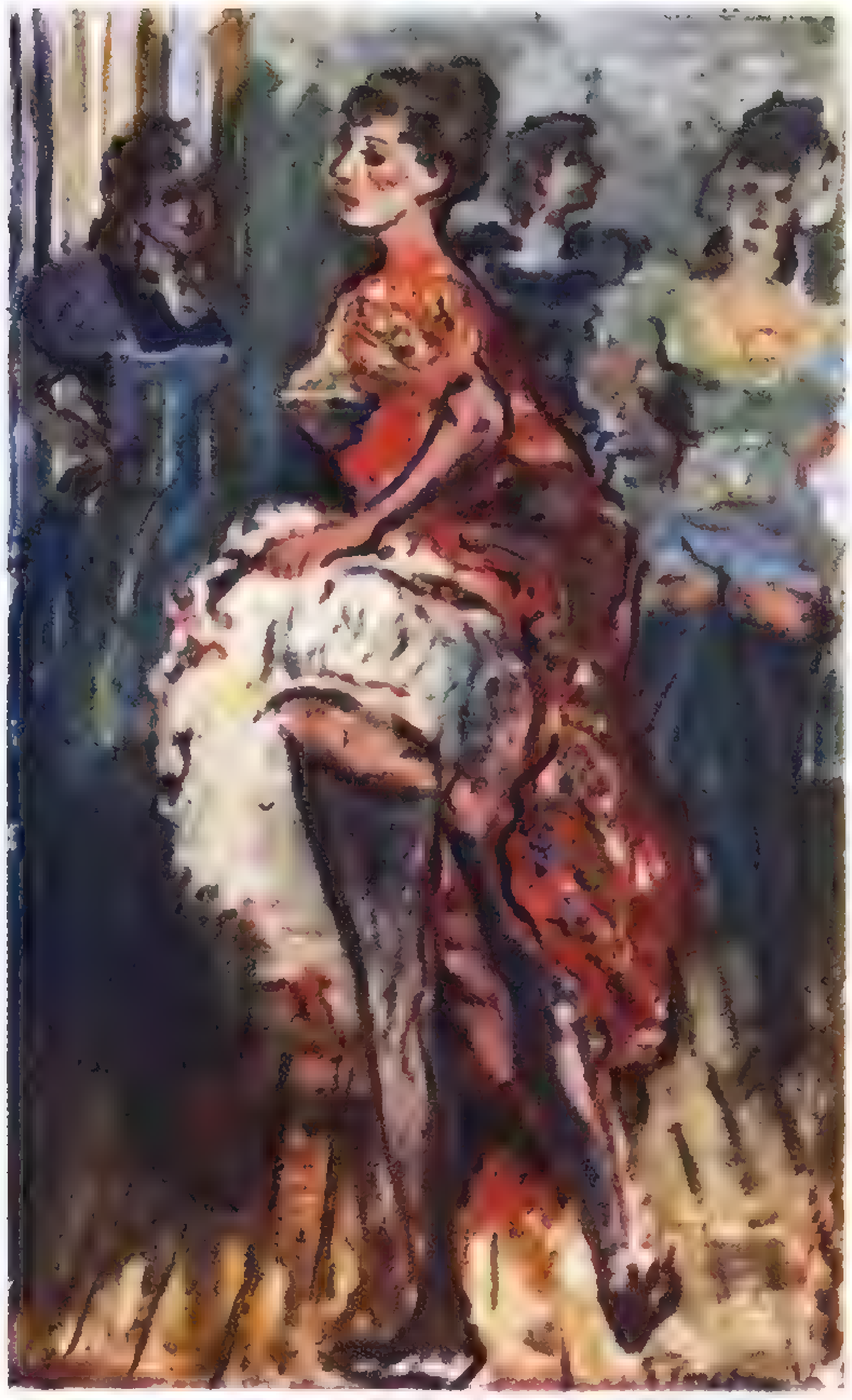
Four Paintings

by **KOSTIA TERECHKOVITCH**



BEHIND THE SCENE

Terechkovitch paintings reproduced in Chicago through courtesy of Newhouse Galleries, Inc., 5 East 57th Street, New York, where they are permanently on exhibition and sale.



TABARIN DANCING GIRLS

Kostia Terechkovitch: Expatriate

It is his creed to paint simply, to use a high palette, and to express the happiness that's in all things

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

KOSTIA TERECHKOVITCH was born Russian and paints French. Were Dostoevski living today, he would be fascinated by his compatriot's story; it is indeed of epic enough quality for him to have made something out of it. Except that he is in complete possession of his members and his faculties, he is Russia's contemporary Van Gogh. He has even painted like Van Gogh, although not so strongly. Perhaps the only reason Kostia Terechkovitch didn't go under long before this is because he has the Russian's endurance and the Russian's fatalism, which are other words for resilience. He has been bent, but not broken; he has known how to yield in order to survive on his own terms, if not to triumph. He has kept soul in body against trials that would have broken other bodies and other spirits. He isn't much in himself but he is great as a symbol of the enduring quality of the will for art. It is to his credit that he is bored with his own story, that he wishes to be judged as artist purely. Van Gogh didn't cut off an ear to make the front page of the Arles *Bugle;* having had adventures which would make marvelous copy, Terechkovitch wants you to forget about them, and asks: "But what did you think of my exhibition?"

His first American exhibition was current at a New York gallery and Terechkovitch had crossed the ocean with his pictures in order to make personal appearances should they be thought necessary and in order to see the country, in other cities of which exhibitions of his work were being planned. I found him sufficiently modest to be apprehensive about the reception of his work. He gave the impression of a man far from the bases from which he draws courage and faith in himself. He seemed oppressed and intimidated by the weight of cement and steel that is so much of New York and by the possibilities of indifference to a solitary artist implied in the city's fearful bulk. Truth to tell, New York did not take Kostia Terechkovitch to its bosom; it has absorbed and been indifferent to foreign artists who had much greater museum prestige to go before them and make the way easy. There is no denying that Kostia Terechkovitch is a good draughtsman and a good painter, an honest man and a struggling one, but it is obvious that he is painting in the shadow of the School of Paris. He seems derivative; his manner, if he has one, suggests the styles of too many other painters; he has not yet found his own stride. One does not know what he is going to be when he grows up. The man himself has so much intelligence, so much charm, so much honesty that the social being and the interviewer would like to perjure the critic and declare the painter as interesting as is the man. The most hopeful thing one can say for the artist is that his canvases imply struggle, they are not complacent. The source of the difficulty may lie in the painter's sense of loyalty to the artists from whom he derives. The country of his birth and of his boyhood was Russia, but Russia gave him nothing which he could use as a source for art; he found his aesthetic home in France long before he set foot in it and he is now, it is to be hoped, completing his emergence as an individual from the matrix of his source—the School of Paris. Perhaps his derivativeness from that school owes something to the desire of a foreigner to please the host by whose sufferance he is allowed to remain by looking at things with the eyes of his host. It may owe something also to the desire to catch fashion by the tail. It is hard at the present time to come to terms about a painter in whose work no less than five influences have been detected.

His conditioning to French art started in Russia when he was knee-high to a grasshopper. He was born May 1, 1902, at Mecherskaye, a village near Moscow, and when he was six his parents sent him to school in Moscow. Although a good student he had the habit of defacing his note books and even texts with drawings. This ominous inclination seems to have been frowned on, but not suppressed. There thrived in Moscow at the time a merchant prince named Stchoukine, who was among the first to encourage, by buying their works, the Fauves of French art, the Wild Ones, chief of whom was Matisse. He might be called the more opulent Gertrude Stein of the Dnieper. The collection formed by this man, who recently died in exile in Paris, has since been made the nucleus, or the whole, of the Museum of Western Art. It was in the halls of M. Stchoukine's home that little Kostia first looked upon the first Matisses, Gauguins and Cézannes to be seen so far east of Paris. Kostia was at first too young to go alone and his elders who took him made no secret of their surprise that anyone should fall so low as to paint like these Frenchmen when you might, like the Russian artists Brullov and Ivanov, put story into your canvases. "Why, even Kostia could paint better than that!" Maybe Kostia, like a good little boy, said nothing and reserved judgment.

When he was a little older he returned to Stchoukine's by himself and spent long minutes looking at these strange designs and color harmonies. Maybe they said something to him. Maybe this emphasis in recollection is an afterthought of the grown-up Terechkovitch. In any event he recalls the great collector himself walking alongside and trying to communicate to him the beauties of Cézanne's pictures. He remembers Stchoukine saying: "The richness of these canvases is not on the surface, it comes from the interior." And he recalls that when Stchoukine's back was turned he tried to lift from the wall Cézanne's *Mont St. Victoire* so that he might see the back of it and thus surprise at its source the hidden beauty of the picture which, as Stchoukine had told him, came from its "interior."

Inevitably he became fourteen. The War was on but it did not seem to affect him at any essential point. What was more important was that every evening, from five to eight, after the lycée, he could go to an art school and draw. But the serpent came. The sight of the nude model in the life class upset him so terribly, caused him, in the French phrase, such heavy anguish, that he would fall into a tremble, involuntarily drop his drawing materials and rush from the class, to run home and lock himself into his room. There, when he had composed himself, he would draw figures which his controlled imagination stripped to their essential skeletonal forms. Of course he got over it, for only a few years later he was himself to pose in the altogether, as Labor, standing unperturbed between two female nudes representing Democracy and Liberty.

Nineteen seventeen seems to have been important within a certain domestic circle because Kostia became fifteen in that year, was graduating from the lycée and rated third out of the thirty who had survived the entrance examination taken by five hundred young men for the École des Beaux Arts. Now his parents were not wholly delighted at this distinction; they did not want their son to become a starving dauber; family pressure compelled him to take the architecture courses at the School. Grandfather had been an architect for the Czar, which was something worth while. For six months, therefore, while the Western front was crumbling and Kerensky was preparing the way for Lenin, Kostia Terechkovitch was assiduously applying himself to the task of designing palaces for the young Republic, which they were going to proclaim any day now.

But there wasn't going to be any building. Rather was there destruction, and hunger. In the quest for food, Kostia's family fled in the night to the Ukraine, taking with them what few possessions the government had neglected to requisition. But Kostia stayed on in Moscow, not to build palaces, but to draw propaganda posters, which sometimes took his mind off his empty stomach, but never deflected it from the now strengthened resolve to reach the country of

Continued in center of page 141

Stepan and Natasha

It was a great honor for a man to be drafted into the service of his Tsar

by WALDO FRANK

▪ FICTION ▪

THE barn of the Nijni Novgorod estate of Gregor Gregorovich Zamiatkin stood on the edge of a height between the sky and the Volga. Where Stepan, one of his peasants, and Natasha lay together, caressing, playfully struggling, they could have seen through the loft window that was flush with the loft floor the river, a more mellow fluid steppe swathed between the green earth, the blue air of summer, and merging with them; and at its turn the city, the disheveled strew of brick and stone between the river and the hill, breathing smoking murmurs against the afternoon. But Stepan and Natasha saw only each other: he, the girl he was to wed, the delicious flesh that would soon be his, now fended in thick red skirt and creamy bodice; she, the man force, the man will, the man odor, to be deliciously resisted in order to be her own forever. The scent of themselves mingled with the hay that ensconced them and pricked the skin of their necks and bare arms, and with the honeyed hum of bees outside the window.

"No," she laughed, "no, no, no! Don't you know we're not married?"

"Ah, ha, you're not a woman yet. You're a little girl. One tickles little girls."

He flung himself, thrusting his knuckles into her flanks, and as she screamed her laughter his mouth was on the throb of her throat, he tasted the bloodbeat under her ripe skin.

"Don't! Don't tickle, Stepan!"

"Little girls get tickled."

Suddenly, she was still, he felt her attention die from him and rigidly attach to the world beyond them. He lay silent beside her. Then he also heard. Footsteps and voices. The barn door swung open. She placed her hand, motherly, on his and they hushed together and listened.

"But Katya—"

"You promised—"

"But Katya, I'm broke."

"The man says he's broke, and he has ten lands . . . one with oil."

"Ah, you know that?"

"My dear Gregor Gregorovich, I know that."

"Then maybe you know it costs money to develop oil lands—all the money and more than the other lands get you. You have to pour it in by the ton of gold, before it comes out by the barrel of oil."

"You can borrow, Gregor."

"Have you ever heard that bankers are rich people? Why do you think? Because it is they who lend—and who land the profits."

"Gregor my soul, I must have the necklace. I've already told the girls at the theatre. They'll laugh at me."

"You shall have it. I promise you shall have it."

"Business is *good*, at any rate. I know it. Lontovich has bought two automobiles from Paris."

"It was good, last year, my Katya. All the wheat we could harvest went to Serbia, Greece. But the Balkan War is over. Turkey has come back, my soul. When we made our plans at the spring sowing—"

"I don't care! I'm not a farmer, I'm an artist. And you promised . . ."

"You shall have your necklace. But first—"

"First the necklace."

"All right. I'll buy it tomorrow—"

There was a silence. "Of course I love you, dear. I only ask the necklace from the man I love."

Stepan and Natasha hushed and heard: the *barin* was pursuing, the actress was laughing. He caught her, they heard the slow-fading shuffle of their feet. Then, from outside, the approach of heavy boots.

"He must be here," it was the voice of Darius Sergeitch, the pope. "Because he's nowheres else . . . Ah, *barin!* Pardon us. I didn't know you were here. We're looking for Stepan."

"Stepan?" said the master.

"This, Gregor Gregorovich, is Mr. Falsch, recruiting officer."

"Yes, Excellency," came the strange voice to the hushed pair in the loft, resonant as thunder, thick as life itself. "His name is chosen."

"When?" asked Zamiatkin.

"At once. In fact it was the drawing of April. I've been so busy in other villages of the Government. I always meant to mail the notice. But I kept saying to myself: Let it keep. Next day I'll be coming myself. I can ask Gregor Gregorovich in person if for any reason—if some other arrangement—"

There was a pause; Natasha gave a little cry as if in the silence below, rather than the spoken words, she heard an omen. Stepan placed his palm on her mouth.

"It's a pity," said Zamiatkin. "Stepan was getting married."

"Ho!" said the pope, "that can wait. A couple of peaceful years in the Tsar's army—"

"Yes," laughed Katya. "And Russia can wait a couple of years for the babies. She has enough babies."

"Excellency—"

"Just the same, it's a pity."

"It could be arranged," came the low, slow thunder of Mr. Falsch.

"Yes, I know," snapped Zamiatkin. "It could be arranged—with gold. But it can't!"

"Just as you say, Excellency. Then I must trouble you—"

"Darius Sergeitch, you have Stepan's papers."

"I'll get them at once and bring them to the house. But where is Stepan?" They looked up at the faint murmur and shuffle overhead; and saw the man climb down the ladder.

"What a soldier he'll be!" exclaimed Katya. "And later what a husband."

"Shut up," growled Zamiatkin. "It's your necklace speaking."

"What were you doing up there?" asked the pope.

"I was sleeping," said Stepan, and Falsch smiled. "It was your voices woke me."

"I'm sorry, Stepan," said the *barin.* "If I weren't . . ." he glanced angrily and hungrily at Katya, "if business were better—"

"You go," chanted the pope, "for the Little Father, for Holy Russia."

"No," said Stepan, still standing stiffly, cap in hand. "I go because I can't do anything."

"But you're only a boy!" said the pope. "The Tsar's army is a school—a school of peace. Our Nicholas will never go to war. That's why we need so strong an army. In 1916 . . . two years . . . you'll be back, lad. And you'll be wiser—"

"Perhaps, Darius Sergeitch—"

"Well, what has to be has to be—" Zamiatkin took Katya's hand. "Bring me the papers to the house."

"Come along," said the pope to Stepan. "We shall first pray with your mother."

Falsch stepped to the door and was looking at the sun; his huge, gross features grimaced into what he thought an expression of enjoyment. "I'll wait here a little, and smoke a cigarette. How lovely!" He screwed up his eyes.

When the footsteps and the voices passed, he stepped back into the barn and looked at

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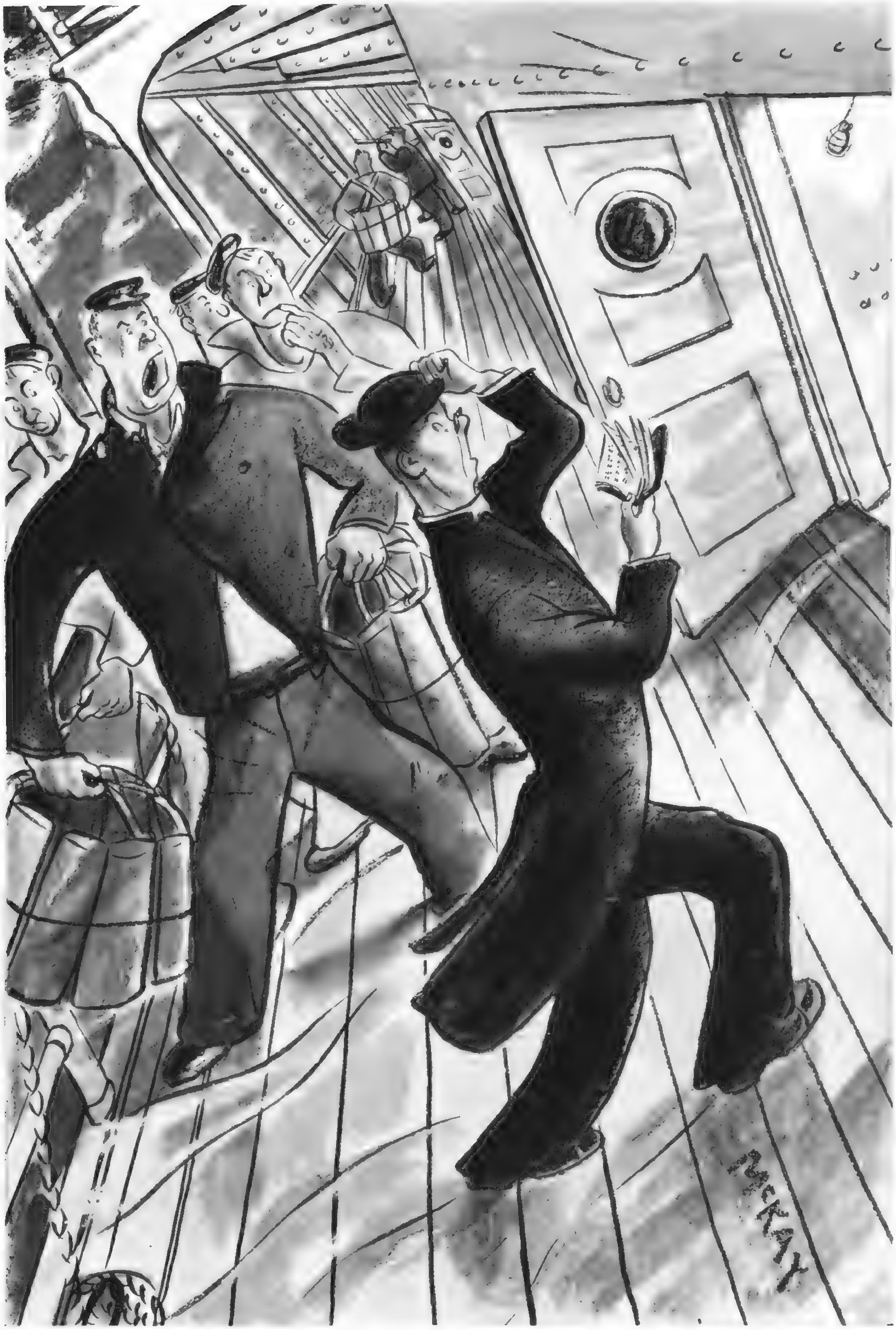
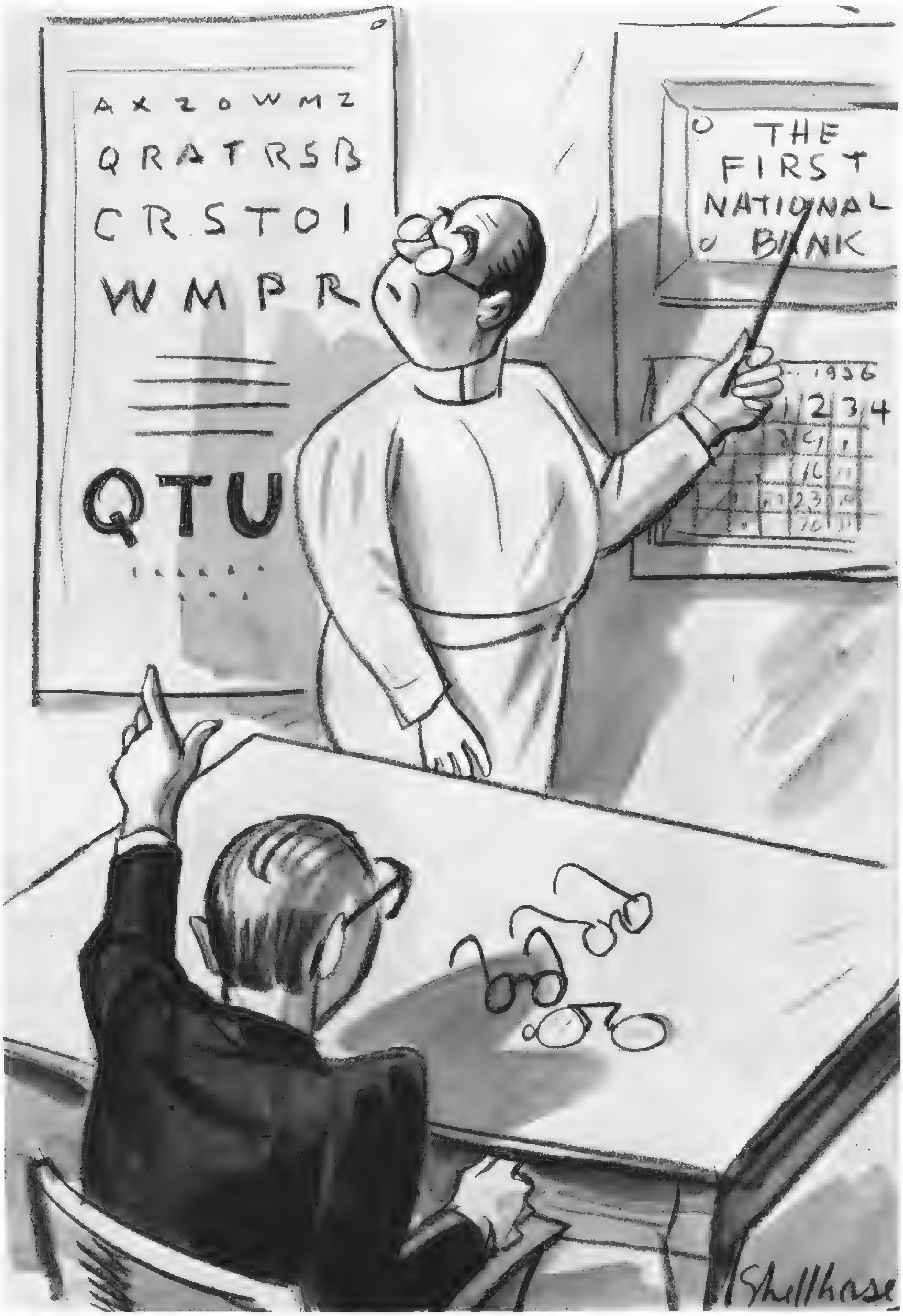


"All right, you pray—the rest will use the life belts!"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THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
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"Pardon me doctor—but I think the other one is the chart"

Most Static Is Mental

Radio stars get more peculiar squawks than they give, and need psychiatrists to cope with their admiring public

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Nobody has worried more about static than the radio engineers. But there is one form of static with which the radio lawyers are much more familiar than are the technicians: that mental or psychological static which provokes so much disturbance in many unstable minds.

All big concerns are pestered by cranks, of course, but the broadcasters seem to get more than their share, many of them carrying such serious implications that in the National Broadcasting Company's legal staff one attorney has come to be a specialist in the field because all the crank stuff is turned over to him. And the crankier they are, the quicker he gets them.

One day his phone rang and a sweet voice said, "Mr. Blank (he remains anonymous from choice!), "this is the reception clerk on the fourth floor. There is a lady here who wants to shoot somebody. Will you come down to see her or shall I send her up?"

To the credit of Mr. Blank's suave charm and persuasive tact it must be said that to date—knock wood—nobody has been so much as shot at although the proposition is not infrequently made. In fact one of the NBC headliners did get the fright of his life one night, he being too far from home to rush for the protective spell of the champion crank buffer.

It all came about when Ben Bernie closed a broadcast from Portland, Oregon, with the song, *I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You*. In bidding the audience farewell, he told them that his next appearance would be in Detroit and, suiting the action to the word, that is where he and his band headed forthwith.

Shortly after their arrival in the motor city a young woman appeared at the hotel and demanded an audience with Bernie in no uncertain terms. Playing a nice interference, his secretary plunged into the interview but she made little progress with the visitor who had both grim determination and smoldering fury in her eye. She was going to see Bernie if it took all day and all night. And, to make a long story short, she finally tossed patience to the winds and whipped a glittering revolver from her commodious handbag.

Quickly overpowered, she broke down and sobbed her story. Never having seen him, it appeared that she was madly in love with the bandmaster these past eight years and in that time had seldom failed to write him a letter every day.

For some little time, of course, she had suspected that these affections were unrequited, to say the least; but, she pointed out, she never realized Bernie's real feeling toward her until the night of that Portland broadcast when he had sung, specifically to her, *I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You.*

That insult was too much, so she packed her belongings and started directly from her home in Denver to have a showdown with her tormentor in Detroit.

A quick checkup, while the girl was kept under strict surveillance, showed that she was a perfectly respectable secretary in a large concern: quite normal, apparently, and quite successful in having kept her secret love from the attention of any of her family or friends. With the slightest possible ado, therefore, the Bernie staff quieted her down; showed her what a great mistake she had made; bought her a ticket back home; and put her safely on the next train for the West. Even the Great Yow-sah himself had talked to her until she saw the error of her ways, and with her went a unanimous sigh of relief from all concerned.

The next night in the theatre, as Bernie wielded his baton he sort of half-turned from the band toward the audience, and as he did so, his eye caught a familiar figure coming down the aisle. It was a young woman in a fur-trimmed coat he had seen somewhere before—something made him scrutinize her as she advanced—good God! the dame from Colorado! And as she came forward deliberately, with the quiet confidence of a cat, her right hand unlatched the commodious handbag and slipped inside.

His glance riveted upon her, the band leader's baton never missed a beat although his heart was jammed so tightly in his throat that it began to choke him.

Somehow, the idea of ducking never occurred to him. Instead, standing his ground and beating time with his hands, he rasped hoarsely to the bandsmen out of the corner of his mouth:

Eric Lundgren

"Here it comes, boys; here it comes: I never thought I'd get it this way!" And on went the baton through its graceful arc.

A moment later an usher, knowing the front seats to be filled, caught up with the girl and touched her arm. Startled, she dropped the handbag and, with confused protestations, was led to the rear of the theatre where she naïvely explained her mission.

Thus to the publicity man's intense disgust, the Great Bernie was denied the fate of a Lincoln. And the lady from Colorado went home, this time under convoy, with the earnest request that her folks keep the rest of the six shooters, if not the girl herself, under lock and key.

People with murder in their hearts are not rare in the broadcasting stations. In fact, most of us sooner or later get that idea about some particular announcer or performer because few things can drive you nuts quicker than a voice or a delivery which rasps on the nerves. Most of us haven't time to act on the impulse, what with the pressure of other things. But one woman wrote to the president of the company asking him to have Graham McNamee in his office at 2:30 the following Friday. "I am coming in to shoot him. Very truly yours," she concluded. (In justice to Graham, however, it should be said that another woman came all the way from Utah, her trousseau with her, all ready to marry him as soon as he could snatch a few minutes off!)

Another woman came in one time with no less than six names on her Must-Murder-This-Week list, and she wasn't fooling—she was a genuine *dementia praecox*. And while the fact is that the violent ones are relatively few, the significant thing is that they all get a sympathetic, kindly reception from the Crank Specialist no matter how serious or how outlandish they may be.

It would be a simple matter for a "soulless corporation" to throw them out or call a cop or just give them a good, old-fashioned runaround—which is just what many concerns do. But the National Broadcasting people take a much more human attitude, handling these baseless complaints with a deft diplomacy which surprised even me who was once adjustment manager for one of the country's largest national advertisers.

And believe it, it requires skill to keep a straight face when an elderly woman comes in to protest that all of the television programs on the air are being stolen from her, especially when her appearance, demeanor and address are as rational as yours or mine. The fly in the ointment was the interviewer's knowledge that there weren't more than a half-dozen television receiving sets in the country at that time, so he asked her blandly if she had one.

"See that tooth?" she said, putting her finger on a prominent bicuspid. "That's my

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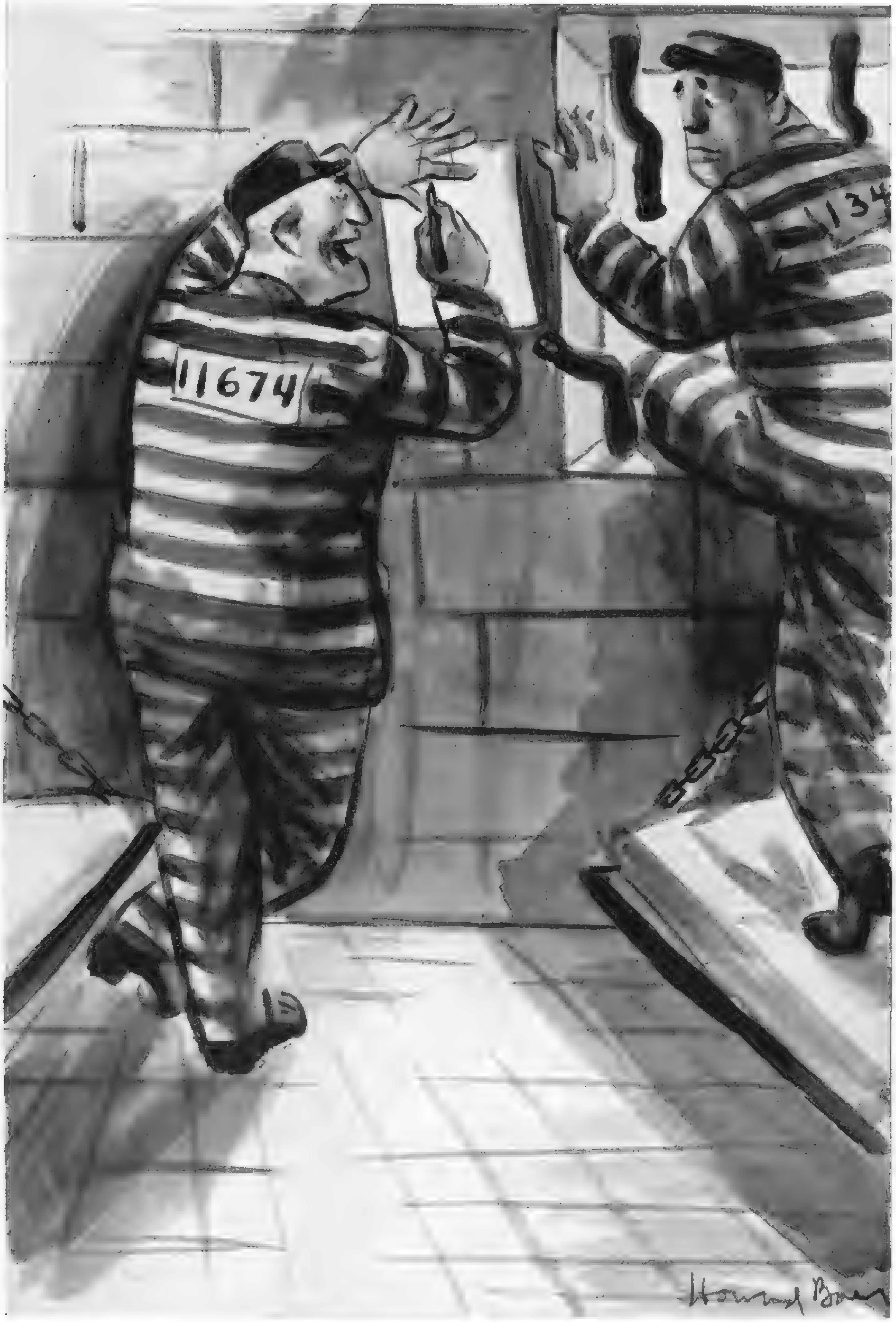
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134
Howard Baer

"How's this?—Farewell, on wings of down we soar—never to return no more"

Real Life, True Life

The others in the death house had become quite attached to him, and said they were sorry to see him go

by HARRY PURDY

FICTION

Four of them raided a subway change office one o'clock at night and killed a guard. They were dragged in the following day and grilled. The kid lay down and took it. They kept the hot light on him for hours, and poked him in the ribs with a night stick until the stretched skin over the bruises broke. Then a detective reached over and hit him in the face. He hit back and three large men methodically kicked him around the room. They laid him on the floor and beat his chest with a length of rubber hose filled with sand. They stood him up and knocked him down. The leader of the gang broke before he did. Joe, the seasoned criminal of eighteen years, gasped out a confession when they dislocated his elbow.

The next morning he faced an impressive array of the most modern camera and sound recording equipment. A beaming police commissioner with an eye for the governorship suffered from stage fright. Upon careful questioning he established the following facts, to be released to the eager, waiting world:

Yes, his family was on relief rolls, and he was on probation. For a period of six months he had been in the state reformatory, where he had learned a useful trade, that of making artificial flowers. His father was dead and his mother was always drinking gin. How had they killed the guard? Joe pulled a gun and the guard came running up and Joe shot him twice. How much money did they get after killing the guard? Two hundred dollars.

Police Commissioner (fairly and squarely facing camera battery). Crime does not pay.

The newsreel men after taking many pictures hurried to fold their equipment and leave. As the last one went out, a policeman came into the office to announce the gentlemen of the press. . . .

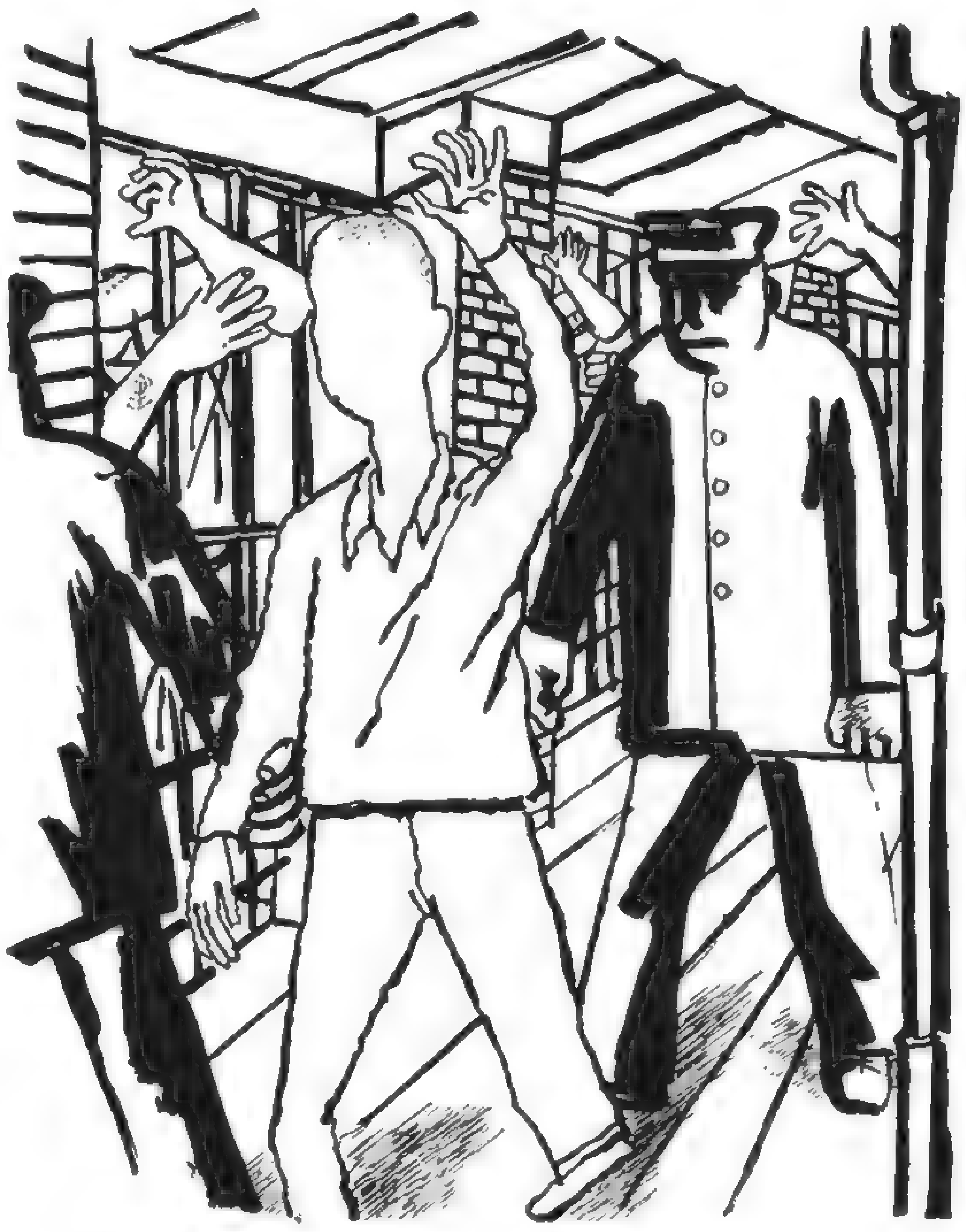
In this issue beginning. In this issue the real life, true life story, with additional pictures in the second section. Also the hat-girl's romance and the latest child marriage on all newsstands. Seven of the most prominent men in public life diagnosed his case. The boy has an abnormally developed, home life is bad and mother is a habitual, family history of, the parole system, the younger generation has no respect for, we must instill a new sense, proper education would have.

Twelve good men said yes, but we recommend. The Criminal Court judge posed for stern pictures, consulted a number of astrologists, avidly read the newspaper accounts and put on a clean tie and said whereas and in view of but society and what is more, property and happiness I sentence.

Oh the papers they were happy, yet nevertheless the Governor will not pardon, he is out, he wore a boy's cap and grinned for the reporters saying big stuff.

Thus it was determined that a direct current of some four thousand volts and of sufficient amperage was to be supplied from the prison power house and applied to the left shin and scalp of four dangerous hoodlums. No doubt the crime squad will be given a vacation and a five-dollar gold piece.

As the youngest he was given the opportunity of living the longest that particular night. The other men in the death house had become quite attached to him and they were sorry to see him go, so they said.



DRAWING BY GEORGE GROSZ

Consequently the three marched off one by one, looking very serious, after gripping hands through the bars. "Warm the seat up for me," he said to the one before, and one hundred journalists recorded his words. (In the morning one hundred million would read with delicious tremblings.) Warm the seat for the little hoodlum, warm the seat for the warm-hearted lawbreaker, warm the seat for the boy with the over-developed, warm the seat, he wanted to eat.

After the third body had been conveniently removed by means of a side door, they came calling on him. The warden, a kindly-hearted fellow who wrote best sellers, posed by his side for the photographers and asked him to pull his cap over his eyes and smile for them, even though he wouldn't read the papers. A guard held him by each shoulder and they started down the corridor. He presented a somewhat amazing figure—a small boy with a German haircut and limp legs and harshly-cut suit being carried along between two large men.

Inside the room was a group of people, including a press section, three sociology students, two neurotic women, and a doctor. The warden smiled genially at him, told him to be a good boy, and sat down in his reserved ringside seat.

They efficiently strapped him in and his only sign of emotion, a wailing scream, was cut short. He died, he was burned inside, so help him God.

At eleven o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, the program of a very popular Saturday night comedian was cut short for a special news broadcast.

A capable young man with a thoroughly impersonal voice announced from Radio City that George Grattoni, 19, Alexander Rosenberg, 18, Joseph Ciano, 18, and David O'Conner, 16, had been electrocuted three minutes before for the murder of James Neal, a subway guard in the employ of the Inter-Borough Transit Company, from whom they had taken two hundred dollars in nickels.

It may be of interest to note that O'Conner was the youngest person ever to be executed by the State.

A very shocking affair indeed. Oh yes, shocking.

Three dowagers fainted and resolved to contribute slightly larger sums to the Community Chest.

Several patriotic societies moved to deport all worthless aliens and sent telegrams of congratulations to the Governor for his firm stand.

A group of intelligent young men stood around a radio and listened until a young woman screamed, "It's horrible, obscene! Christ!" Children shivered in their beds.

Unfortunately, a considerable number of wild young men, psychopathic cases no doubt, were not close to the radio that particular evening and consequently missed the example.

They were too busy holding up gas stations and drugstores and banks and various other places of business in order that they might continue to eat and perform other necessary physiological and social functions that would enable them to survive the first part of this year of our Lord 1937.

They died, they were burned inside, so help them God.

Do Women Hate Work?

Little helpmates might enjoy their tasks if they'd drop that grim, I'll never-get-this-done-in-time attitude

by PARKE CUMMINGS

▪ SATIRE ▪

I ASK this question in all sincerity because I haven't figured out the answer. Some factors point to the conclusion that they do, others to the conclusion that they don't. There is no possible doubt that women *can* work, no disputing, in fact, that they can do various tasks more efficiently than men. Moreover, one might be pardoned for assuming that since most women *do* work, it therefore follows that they enjoy the process.

But this later conclusion can be shown with no great effort to be fallacious. I hate to shave, but I do it practically every day. Ditto with tending the furnace and driving a car. And the fact hardly bestows sainthood or even an appreciable degree of martyrdom on me. No; woman's industry doesn't prove her love of work any more than man's occasional industry proves his.

But here, I think, is where the difference lies: Women and men both work, let us admit, primarily for what the work accomplishes. To that extent, the two sexes seem to be on a par. But women seldom seem to enjoy the process in itself, whereas men, to a far greater extent, do. I have watched women working for a good many years, and I have come to the conclusion that they almost invariably get themselves good and sore in the process. Women, for some reason or other, seldom seem to be able to work cheerfully.

It is this grimness in females as they go about their tasks—particularly their household tasks—that incessantly bewilders me. I do not maintain that a woman, as she washes her dishes, should do a clog dance or give an impersonation of Zasu Pitts—although I doubt whether either would mar her efficiency as much as she would assume—but I do think that women would end up in far better shape after their daily jobs if they smiled, chatted and let their minds occasionally wander from the everlasting seriousness of the immediate task at hand.

I think part of the answer lies in that women are greater pessimists than men. Watch a woman preparing her house for, let us say, a cocktail party, and you are immediately struck by the fact that she is thoroughly imbued with the belief that she will never get it done in time—that it will look perfectly terrible when the guests arrive, and that they will all notice the fact. A man, under similar circumstances, apparently doesn't give a damn.

You will say that keeping a house in good condition is woman's business, and that a fairer comparison would be with a man's attitude towards his own business. I grant that gladly, and still insist that men as a whole exhibit no such pessimism. Most men, in fact, are eager to convince themselves and others that they have plenty of time to drop down to Charlie's for a round or two of beer or knock off for a spot of golf or tennis. This may very well prove that men are lazier than women, but I am still of the opinion that men as a whole run their businesses just as well as women run their households. In short, I think that a reasonable streak of laziness in a person's make-up is a sign of wisdom—and it cannot, of course, be disputed that men are wiser than women. (Women are awful nice, though.)

I have spoken of preparing for cocktail parties, and I want to go further into this phase. In fact it was just such a recent preparation that has inspired this ill-natured diatribe. (It's going to become that, if it hasn't already.) Man and boy I have observed women at work in the home far more than the average man.—O. K.—Far too much for my own good. Being what is laughingly called a free-lance writer, I do not have an office to which to escape. And I have frequently assisted in this work both by voluntary enlistment and conscription.

There is one phase, engendered by this preparation for entertaining people, that I have heard innumerable times: "You don't realize how much has to be done to get ready for a party." On the contrary, from long years of experience and listening, this is one of the things in life that I realize most vividly and acutely. Just to prove that I am not engaging in idle boasting, I will enumerate a few: Floors should be cleaned, rugs and furniture vacuumed. Plenty of clean towels and fresh soap in bathrooms. Silver polished. Ditto ash trays, andirons, ornaments, glassware. Fireplace tidy and set for a fire. Closet cleaned out for coats and wraps—or bedrooms fixed up for that purpose. Hors d'oeuvres ready—but mustn't be spread too far in advance. No cobwebs anywhere. Ashtrays, cigarettes and matches distributed where people can get at them. And lots of other things.

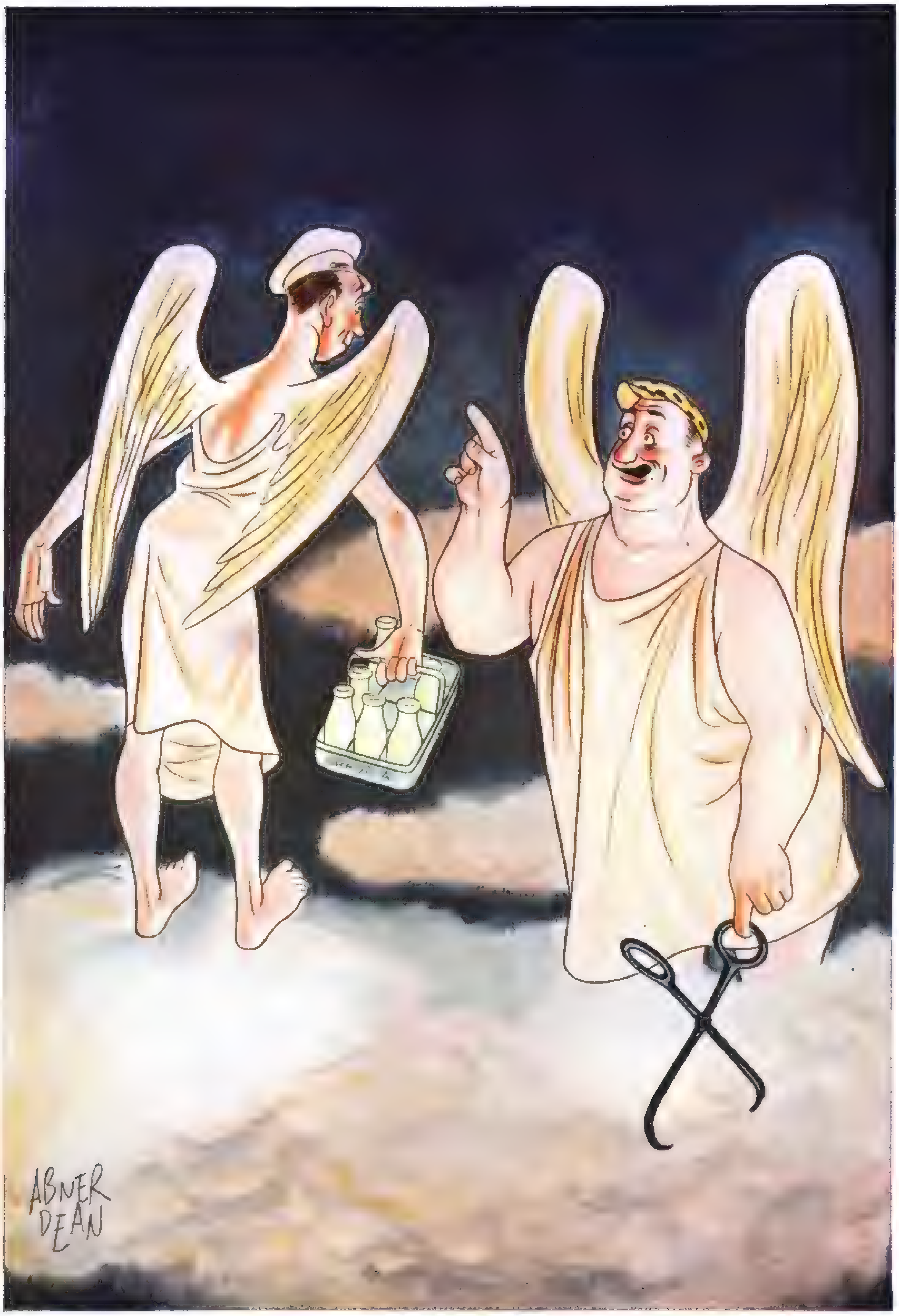
I have enumerated these to show that I *do* realize what should be done, and to indicate that I want to be fair. I don't think preparations consist exclusively of getting the gin and vermouth together, and I think a woman has a perfect right to want her house or apartment to look just as trim as it can be. It is a pride I have no quarrel with. But what I have a quarrel with is the grim, defeatist manner in which most women go about accomplishing that—whether they have servants to help them or not. I say most women because I have observed others besides my spouse, and have heard about still more.

This process of preparation, in which, I repeat, I have participated, can, I insist, be fun. You can polish an ash tray just as efficiently by accompanying the task with a rendition of *I've Got You Under My Skin* as you can by muttering: "I'll *never* get all these things done in time." While you are fixing the hors d'oeuvre paste you can discourse on the bun that Charlie Trowbridge had at the country club Saturday night, and do just as good a job as if you were reflecting despairingly that the rugs haven't been cleaned yet.

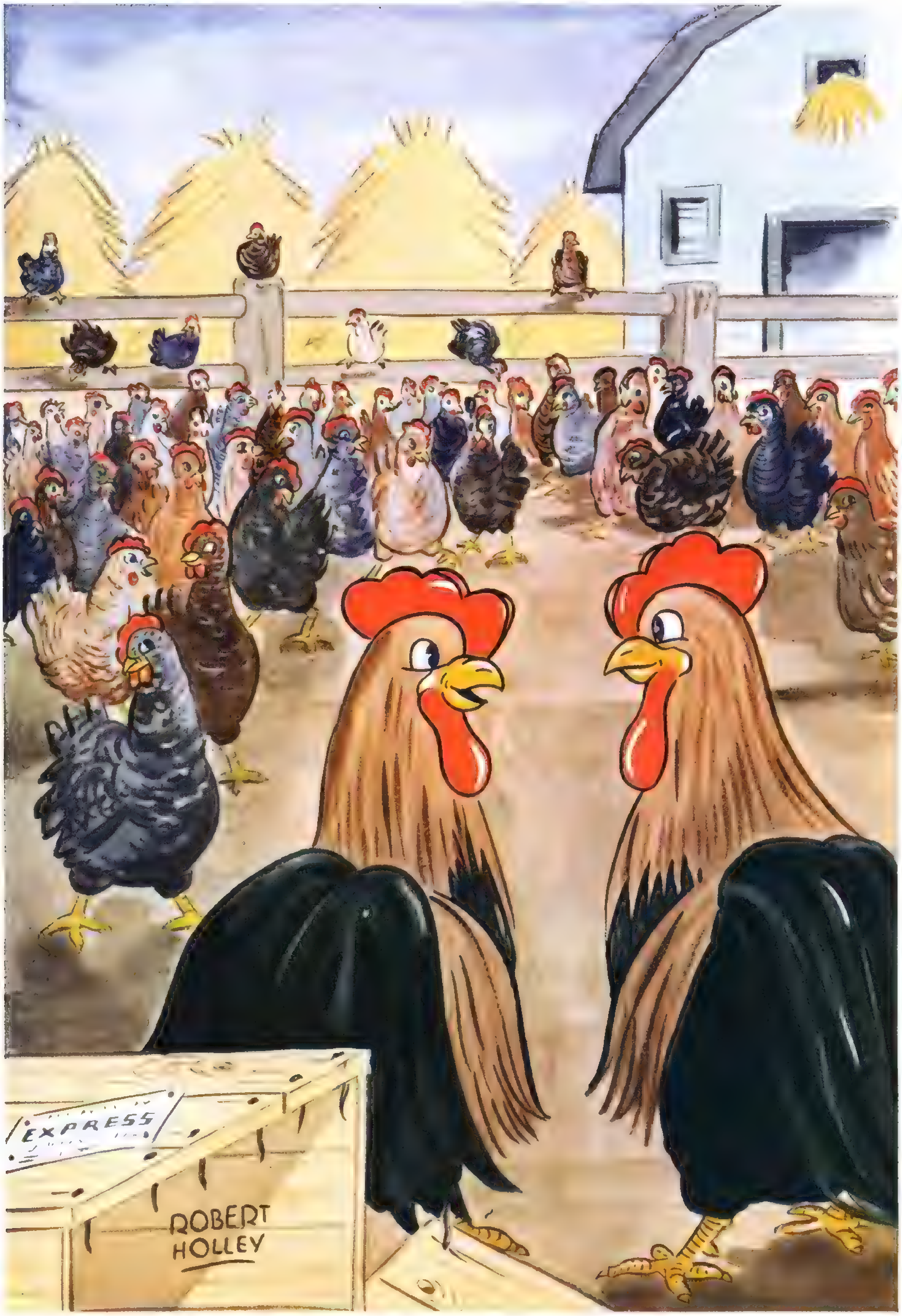
And that is how men like to work. They like to chat and joke at the same time. They have learned that, with physical work in particular, a certain amount of daydreaming and idle persiflage—once you have had rudimentary experience at the task—doesn't in the least mar efficiency. And this relaxation leaves them in good mental shape when the guests come. A woman goes along relentlessly concentrating on work she could accomplish just as well in a semi-coma, and is a nervous wreck for the next two days. She should have remembered those stirring words in President Roosevelt's first inaugural address: "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

But let a man go about such tasks with anything less than a ferocious scowl on his face, and he is accused in short order of "fooling." "Oh, stop that! We've got loads of things to be done." Usually he resorts, in defense, to the most far-fetched humor he can muster. "Do you want me to put the hors d'oeuvres in the ash trays?" he asks. Or, "Why don't I just empty the wastebasket out in the middle of the rug? The

Continued in center of page 167



"That's a coincidence—the same thing happened to me!"


EXPRESS
ROBERT HOLLEY

"Well, well! It looks like we've got a job on our hands!"

The Romance of the Gands

They were fairly content to live alone till they started watching the every-day lives of normal men

by GERARD MORRIS

▪ FICTION ▪

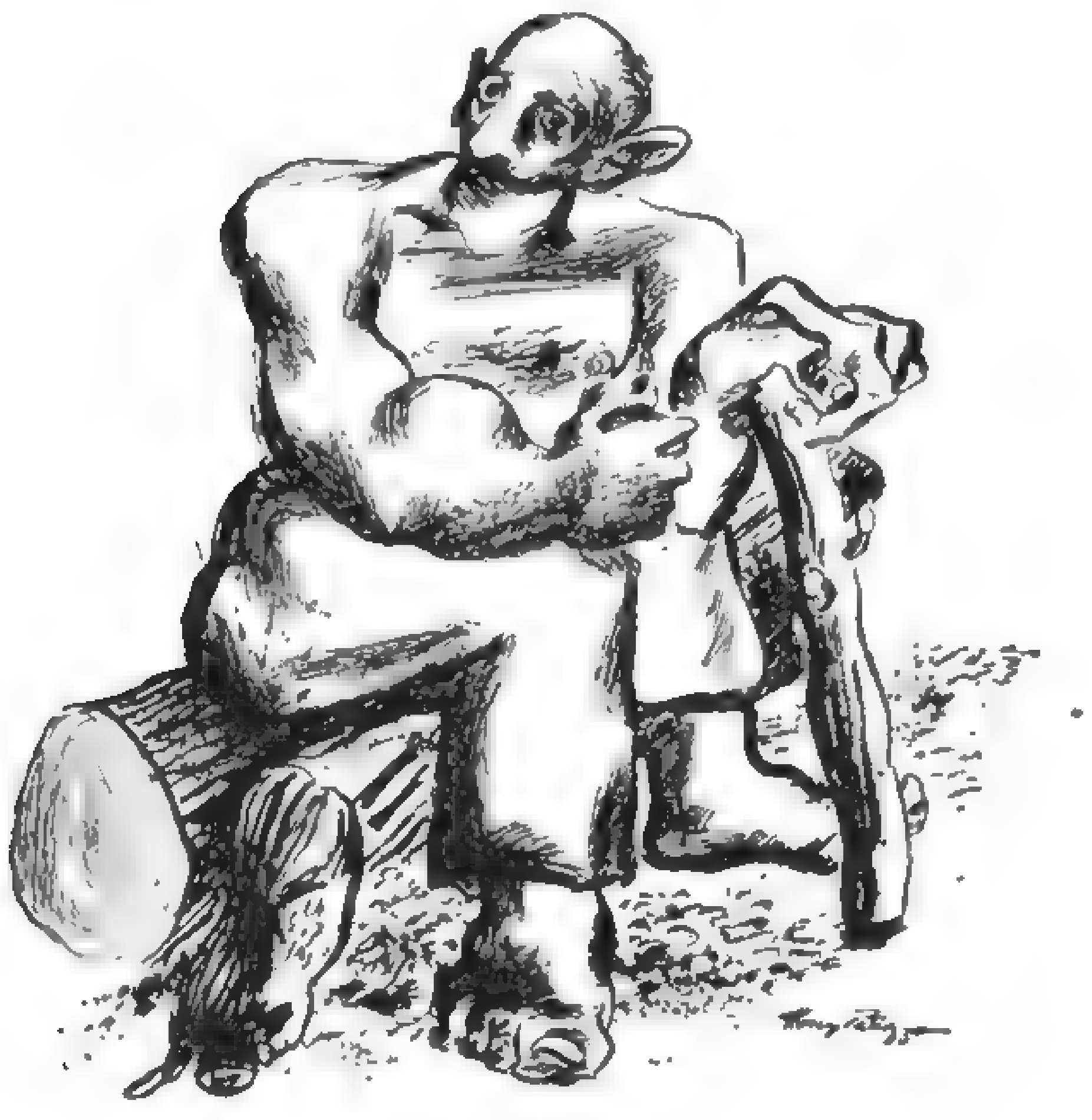
GANDS are extremely sensitive. They are humans with the same longings and desires that motivate humans. But their appearance is such that they shun human society because they cannot stand the looks of astonishment, curiosity, and revulsion which meet them everywhere they go. This is one reason you have never seen a Gand. Another is that there are so few of them.

In all recorded history there are mentioned only six and as Gands completely disintegrate and vanish the instant they die, no remains of these exist in any museum. At present there are two alive. Their whereabouts is not known nor have they ever seen or heard of the existence of each other.

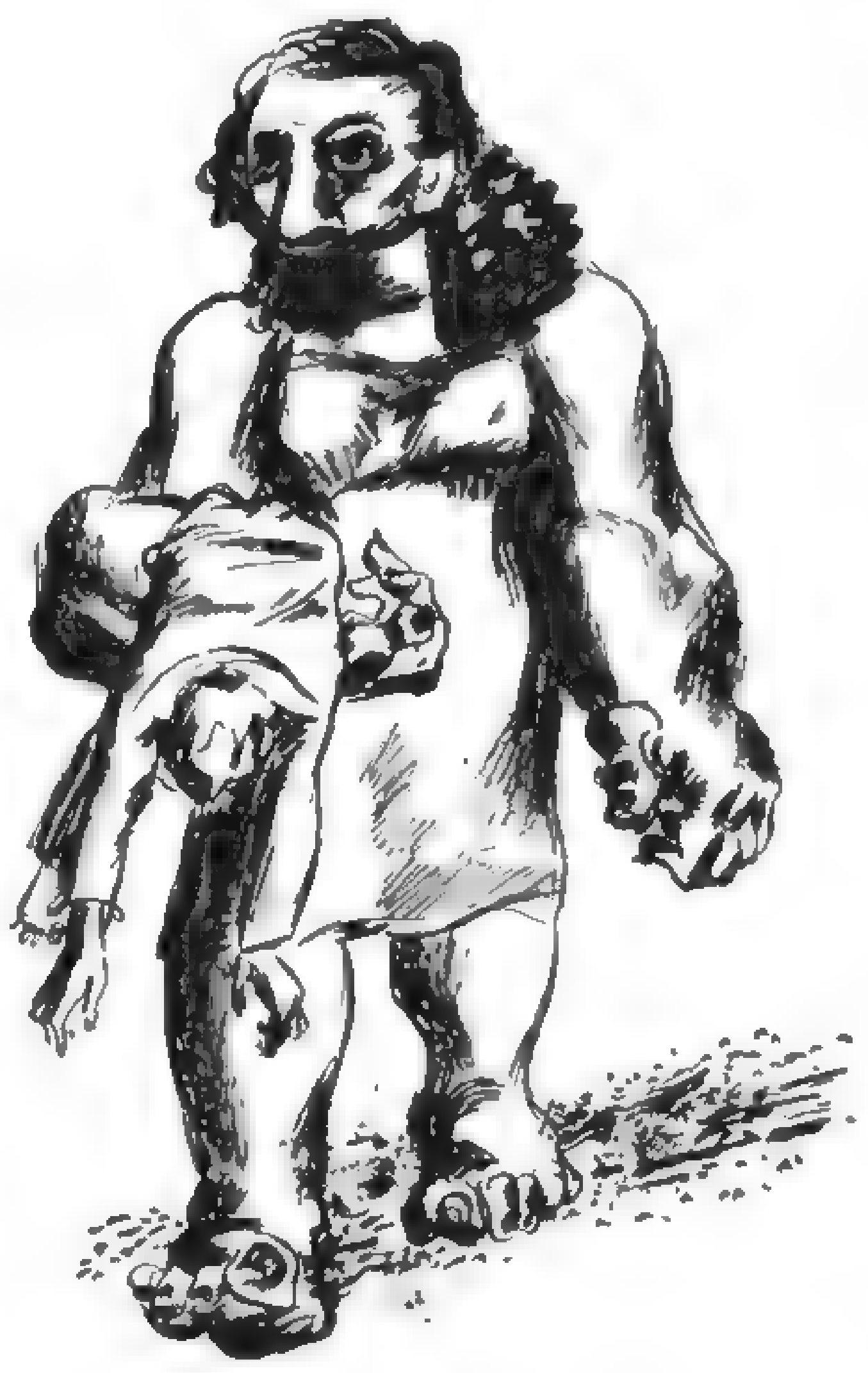
Frang and Merg are their names. Frang what and Merg what would be hard to say because their parentage is in doubt. They are around three hundred years old and such records were not so carefully kept at the time they were born.

But their histories were, no doubt, the same as other Gands'. They are born of normal parents who are so ashamed of the monstrosities they have created that they flee from society and hide with their offspring where none will see their shame. When the young Gands grow large enough to realize the difference between themselves and their parents they cannot bear even to have these who are so close to them look upon their abnormality and they kill them. No one alive today has ever looked upon a Gand and lived to tell of it.

Merg was a female and after she killed her parents a great restlessness possessed her. For years she roamed all the countries of the earth and picked up all sorts of knowledge. She exerted great ingenuity in keeping herself from being seen, and loved nothing better than to watch from a safe place the everyday lives of normal people. It was by closely observing the habits of normal people that Merg discovered the reason for her restlessness but the romance was short and tragic.



One night she looked in a window and saw a man as he lay sleeping beside his wife in bed. Her passion for him was strong and sudden, and she broke into the house with her great strength and carried him off to the cave in which she was living at the time. It was dark and he could not see the lower part of her face. He knew only that he was being carried off by a female of unusual size and strength and went willingly enough. But when daylight came and he saw her mouthless face and her two huge arms and the palms of her hands each with its mouth rowed with sharp teeth, he ran screaming down the hill. Merg caught him and crushed him beyond recognition so that none would know of her appearance or hear the details of her love-making. She hated this man who despised her and resolved never again to let one look upon her or to succumb to the grand passion.



But Gands are only human after all and Merg fell in love again. She obtained by devious means a house in the hills back of Hollywood so she could be near the object of her affections. Money she obtained in any necessary way; sometimes it was necessary to rob and sometimes to kill. And she stocked the house with great treasures to make her loved one happy . . . when she should succeed in getting him. Those who ventured too near this retreat in curiosity were never seen again for Merg burned them in an incinerator she built for the purpose.

Winton Babcock, the handsome actor, was the man she'd fallen in love with.

Frang was a male and of about the same age as Merg. His nature was more introspective and he ordinarily spent most of his time studying music and writing. But he too had fallen in love. Her name was Judith Freeman and she was an actress. And now his music and writing were forgotten and each evening when he could do so without being seen he lurked near her house in the hope of seeing her.

He, like Merg, secured a house and used it as a place to hide in the daytime. Sometimes he stood in front of his mirror and looked at himself. Tears ran down his face, circling around his flat nose and over the smooth surface where his mouth should have been. He held his torso-like arms out and gnashed the teeth of his palm-mouths in anguish.

"How could she ever look at me and not drop dead with fright!" one mouth exclaimed. The hand that spoke seized a framed picture of Judith Freeman which the Gand had torn from a film fan magazine and kissed her image over and over again.

"You could put out her eyes," suggested his other mouth.

"No, no!" was the answer. "She's too beautiful! I love her too much to do that!"

"You'll have to blind her if you are to have her at all . . . "

"I must have her!"

But Frang knew he couldn't mar her beauty; it was her main attraction to him. He was so ugly and repulsive that he was drawn to her difference. Yet at the same time, this difference between them was what made him despair of ever having her.

Merg would not have a mirror in her house. She was as anxious as any other woman to be beautiful but she knew she never could be and a mirror would only be a constant reminder of the fact.

While Frang was looking in the windows of Judith Freeman's house, Merg peered through Winton Babcock's, eager for a sight of him.

"If he could be blinded," one of her mouths said, "so he couldn't see me, I could say I'm beautiful. I could say . . ."

"You could say anything, you could tell him all the lies you wanted to," her other mouth agreed. "But what good would it do if you did blind him? If you carried him off and succeeded in making him love you he would try to kiss you sometime and then. . ."

"I could give him all the money he wants. . . . "

The other mouth laughed. "He already has plenty of money. There's no amount of money that could make up for the loss of his sight anyway."

"What will I do then?"

The minds that ruled both their mouths could think of no way out of the dilemma. But their attraction to their respective amours was so great that they could not give up their ceaseless vigils even while they despaired. They would probably have gone on like this forever had not Winton Babcock and Judith Freeman become lovers.

The first thought that came to Frang and Merg's minds was to kill these rivals.

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The Other Side of Trout Fishing

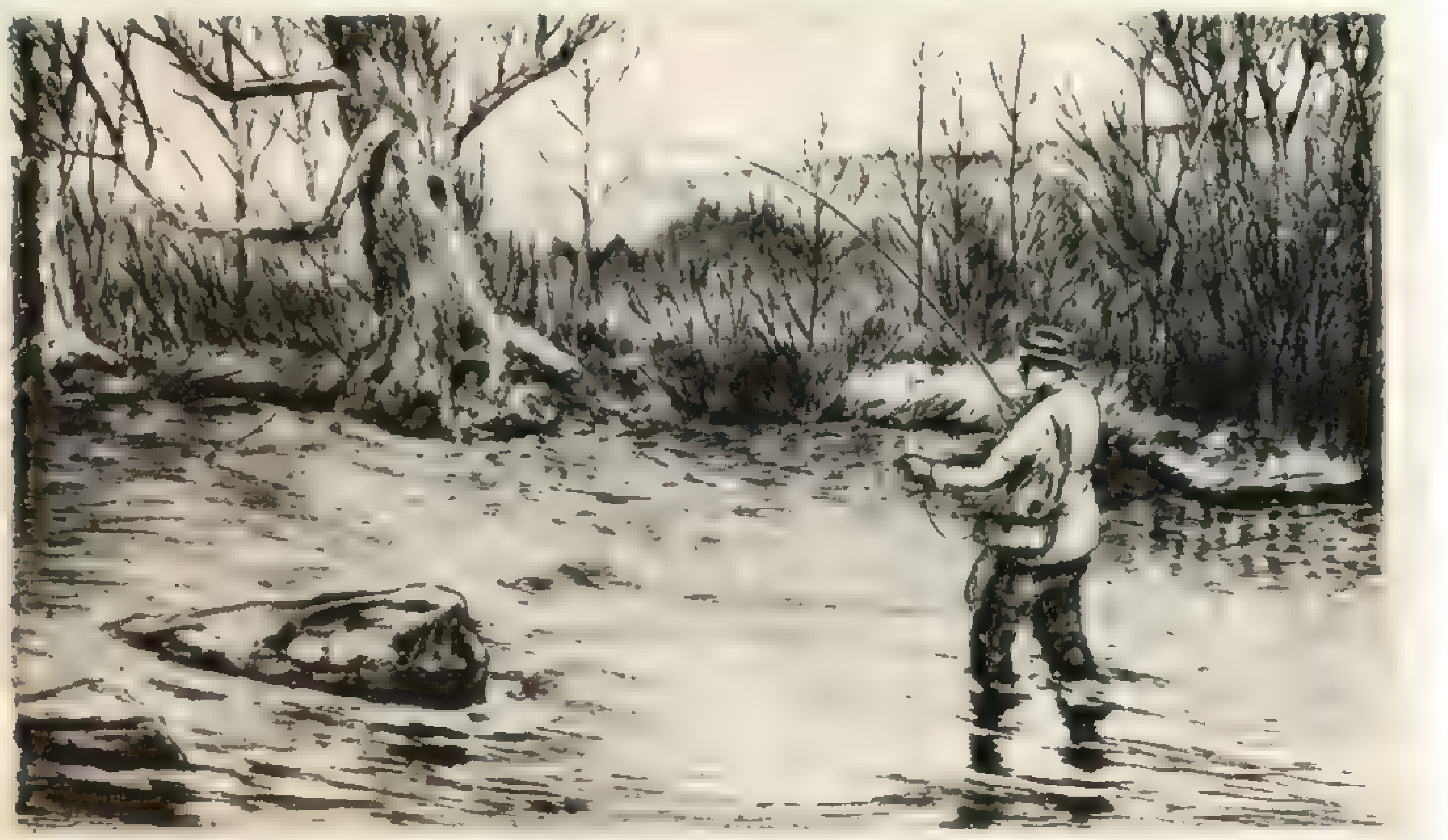
Joining an angling club is like reading a book; some people can take it, others just can't see the view for the mountains

by WM. J. SCHALDACH

▪ SPORTS ▪

TO GET the most out of trout fishing one mustn't concentrate too intently on one's leader and flies. It is entirely possible to become over-serious, to get so wrapped up in casting technique and angling problems that much of what is properly associated with a day on the stream passes by the gate unnoticed.

We pity the golfer who plays along serenely enough until the fateful day when he breaks eighty—and thinks he has caught the trick. Then for just weeks he can't get below the nineties. He sweats and groans, adopts new stances and swings, works himself into a lather. Golf is now a business and the joy has departed from life. Pathetic, isn't it? Well, while we're at it let us shed a tear for the angler who ties himself up in a knot over the matter of tackle and casting technique. It is surprising how easily one can get that way. Fishing is naturally conducive to it.



ETCHING BY WM. J. SCHALDACH

To illustrate, I present the sad case of John Butterworth. Butterworth represents a type. Since his graduation from college in the early '20's he has spent the bulk of his time boning at business. Recreation has been infrequent and brief, consisting principally of half-hearted participation in very mild sets of tennis, a little swimming and an occasional sail on the Sound in a friend's yacht. With his domestic affairs satisfactory enough and a substantial rating in the financial world John found life very good. Storm clouds swept across his horizon, though, in a most unanticipated manner.

It started when he accepted an invitation to go trout fishing with a friend. Being city-bred and reared in an atmosphere of artificiality, Butterworth's outdoor experience had been largely gleaned from the sheltered surroundings of resorts. With him, Nature was a standardized sort of thing that one took in doses every so often.

On this first trouting trip, then, Butterworth found himself confronted by something totally different than he had ever experienced before. His friend outfitted him with a good substantial fly-rod and tackle, taught him the rudiments of casting and turned him loose on a well-stocked pool, one of the choicest on the club property. There was some clumsy splashing of the line at first and once or twice flies got caught in clothing, but John, though not enthusiastic, was willing. With him diligence and perseverence were life rules. The trout were tame and didn't mind too much. Presently, one seized the fly, to John's utter amazement, and went dashing downstream in a frenzied rush. The novice tried to remember the rules he had been taught: keep the rod tip up; don't let him get slack line; lead him away from the fast water. And considering his lack of experience he didn't do at all badly. Things happened fast; by a miracle the leader held and the trout, a good pounder, was finally subdued and dragged to the net. John felt strangely excited as he scooped up the struggling, many-hued quarry. By evening, an entirely new world had opened for him. Conversion was sudden and complete.

After that, fishing trips became a regular thing. Butterworth purchased a reasonably good rod and equipment, practiced until he became a tolerably good caster and went at it with enthusiasm. His catches were usually very fair and there was no doubt but that he was having a loop. If he had only let it go at that he would probably be a happy man today; but he made the mistake of joining a club.

Now joining an angling club is very much like reading a book. Some people can take it, others can't. Butterworth couldn't. He was much too serious. He soon made the discovery that he had been naïve in believing that his days on the stream had been successful ones, merely because he had taken a few trout on flies and had enjoyed a good time as a result. Conversations with ultra-scientific members showed where he was away off. That rod, for example; how had he ever managed to struggle along with it? And his flies! he had bought them in perfect innocence, taking the tackle clerk's word for it. It is true that they did take fish, but at the club everyone was discussing lateral hackling, single upright wings and bivisibles. The utmost importance was placed on the proper taper of the leader, calibrated every six inches from loop to tippet. Once a member raised an eyebrow ever so slightly when John quite innocently asked what a reverse taper line meant.

You begin to see the point? Poor Butterworth, being a fundamentalist basically, took all this entirely too literally. He began to buy rods with the zeal of a collector, only to discard them one by one because they did not meet his fancied requirements. The search for perfection led him into the field of flies. There he floundered around amid theory until his tackle room resembled a milliner's shop; feathers, tinsel, thread, chenille and mohair were scattered about in wild abandon. The final stage was the development of that far-away look in his eyes that his friends began to notice shortly after he had received a huge consignment of goods from a London tackle shop.

Lest the above seem too much like an exaggeration I wish to state that the case of Butterworth was very similar to my own, a few years back. Having passed through that hectic state I feel it almost a duty to warn those who may now be treading the borderline. The possession of a few items of fine tackle, such as a pair or so of handmade rods of varying weight and dimensions, lines to match, and a reasonable collection of flies, is to be desired. But once a man realizes that with such equipment he is ready for a day's sport under almost any circumstances he ought to let it go at that and be content.

More important, in the writer's opinion, is study of the stream and the habits of the quarry. A man should know where he may expect to find the various species of trout in a given water; that rainbows will use the fastest and heaviest rips, that brown trout are partial to a steady and even flow and that brook trout love shade and, usually, quiet pools. When to look for fish in the tail of the pool and at what times of the day to seek them in the shallow bright water are important considerations. A sketchy knowledge, at least, of aquatic insects is to be recommended, but it need not be at all scholastic. An angler should know a drake from a spinner, a Mayfly from a shadfly. If, however, he reaches the point where he carries a magnifying glass and collecting bottles you may be reasonably sure that he is teetering along the edge. He is about to enter the distracting field of entomology.

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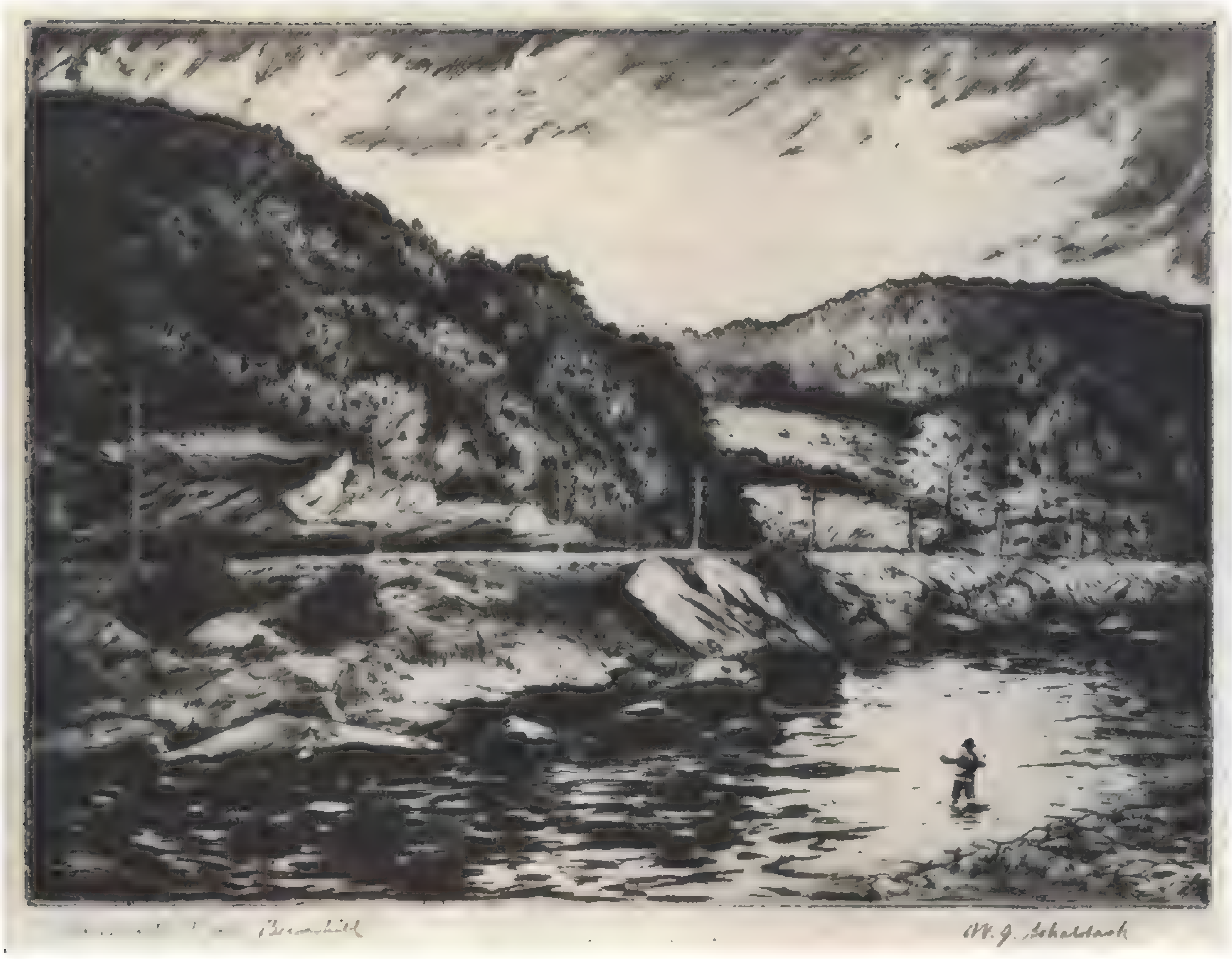
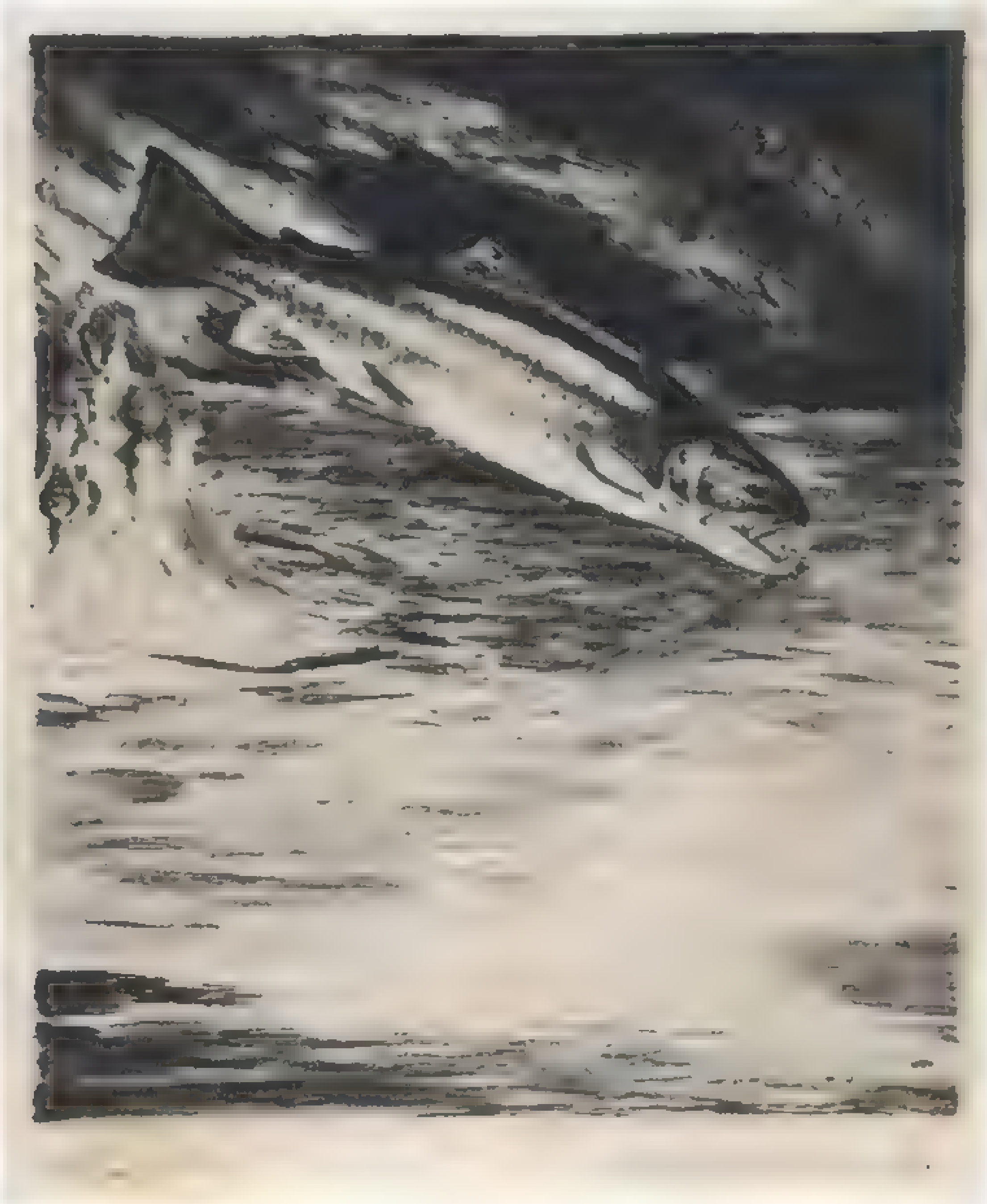
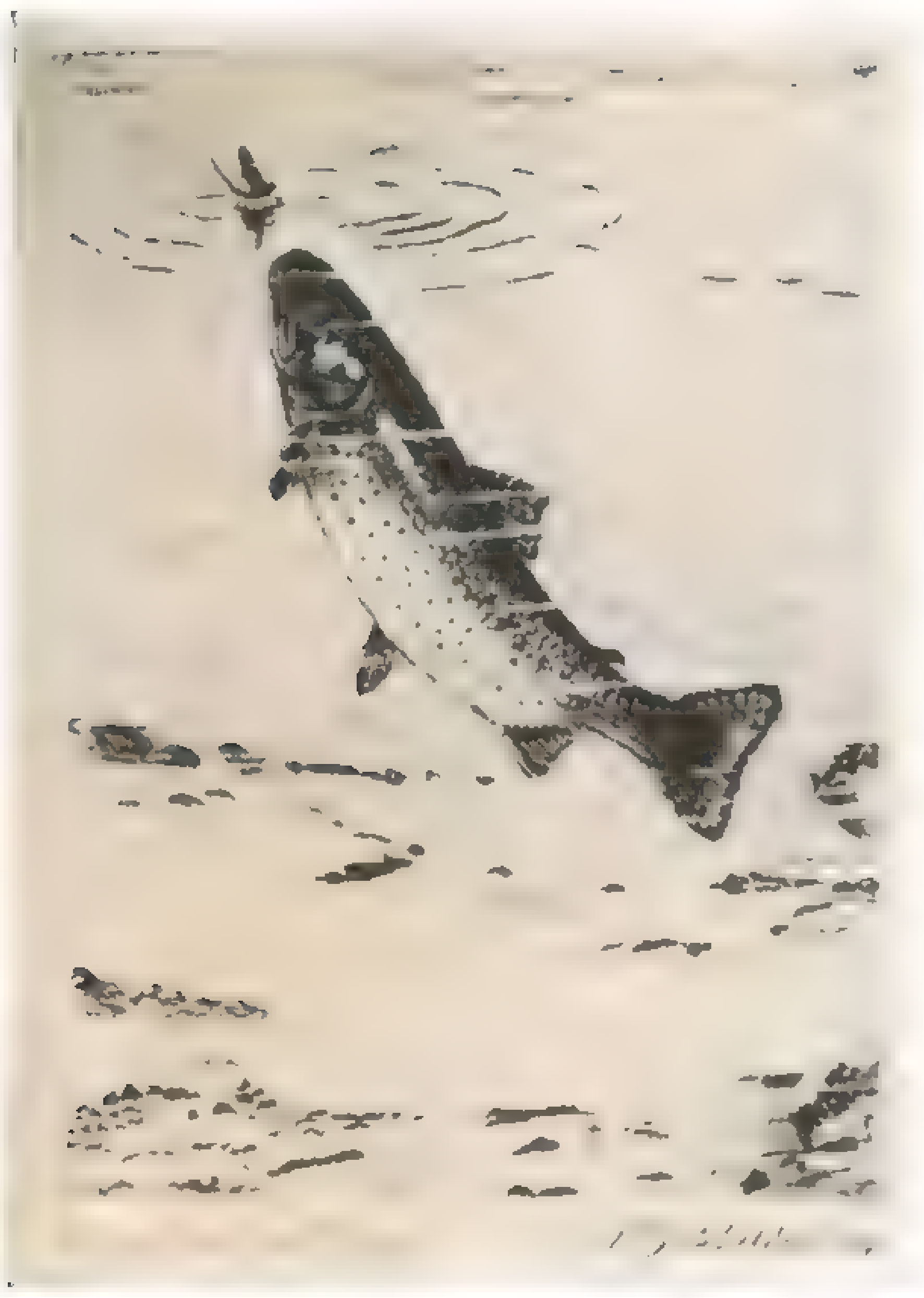


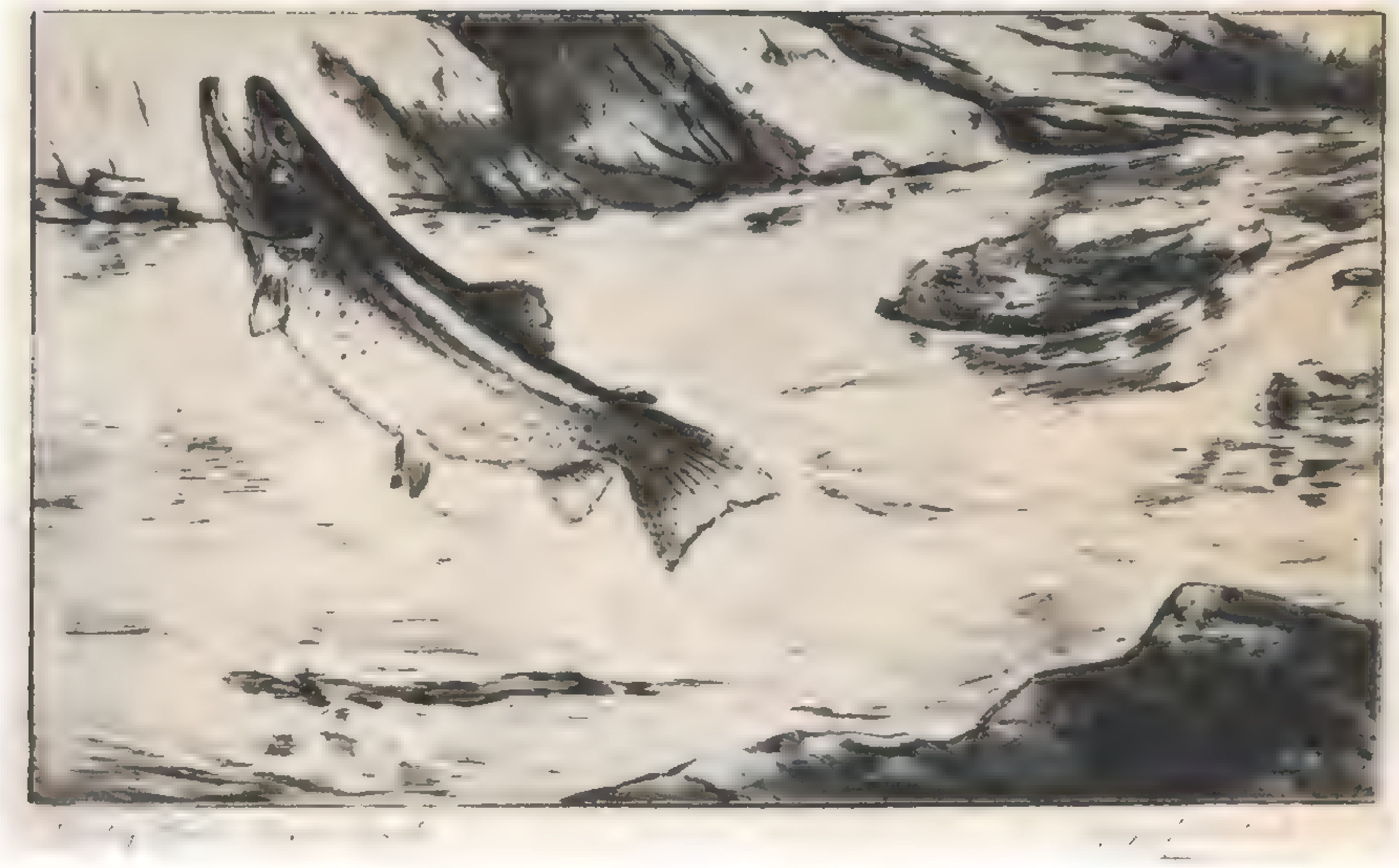
Even Without These . . .

by WILLIAM J. SCHALDACH

Trout streams, like people, have definite personalities. Some are tricky and inclined to be mean; others are open and frank. Every angler should be a collector of trout streams and the moods which overhang them. As he wades along and casts his flies he need not be so intent on the possibility of a rise that he misses the leap of white water, charging and singing over ledge rock. He can well spare time out to listen to the song of a white-throated sparrow. These things represent the other side of trout fishing. In the Catskills, for example, there is the Beaverkill river, pictured on this page, where erosion has all but ruined many of the finest pools and reduced the number of trout, and yet there is much left, those intangible things which are a part of the old river and which, happily, escape the current of a changing era. If the Beaverkill does not yield the sport it formerly did, it still affords those abstract things which should be an important part of every fly-fisher's day—beauty, charm and mood.







Of Knight Errantry

No one knew whether Frisco was stuck on Toodles, or whether he just didn't like to see one hustler brush another

by JOEL SAYRE

FICTION

The hat check girl at Clabby's brought Frisco his trouble. After it had come to him, there used to be long arguments around the place over whether or not he was really stuck on her. Some said yes and some said no. If he was, he certainly took funny ways of showing it. Besides never giving her a nod or even so much as a look, the only time in five years he spoke to her in a sentence of more than one word was telling her to keep out of his way or he would kick her bust off.

Some of the advanced thinkers among the patrons claimed he was stuck on her all right but didn't know it. The opposition insisted he behaved as he did simply because he was a full-time screwball. Clabby himself took a middle view. He didn't think Frisco was stuck on her, but he didn't think, either, that it was an open and shut case of the goofs.

"Frisco," he pointed out, "was always a little old-fashioned. I think it kind of burned him to see one hustler give another the brushoff. You know the old saying, 'Never brush a hustler.'"

No kidding, her name was Toodles Sewickley. She took the name Sewickley when she went on the stage because she was born in Ambridge, Pennsylvania, a mill town near Sewickley, the fashionable Pittsburgh suburb where the gentlemen ride to hounds. I never knew where the Toodles came from. Maybe she was christened it formally by a minister of the gospel.

There was no sense to a hat check girl at Clabby's. The patrons never took their hats off except for passing hearses. The only one who ever left his with her was a former district attorney from upstate, who had turned a little strange after an innocent man he prosecuted went to the death house and came out on the table with the wheels. After a number of drinks the flies would begin bothering him, causing him to moan and plunge about, and Clabby would rush him out in a nice way. So, as he nearly always went by the hat check booth with Clabby heaving at the seat of him, he seldom had time to drop anything in her saucer.

The next night he would come in wearing a fine new $15 Brooks Brothers and park it with her.

"Here's your other hat, sir."

He would bend over and peer at it.

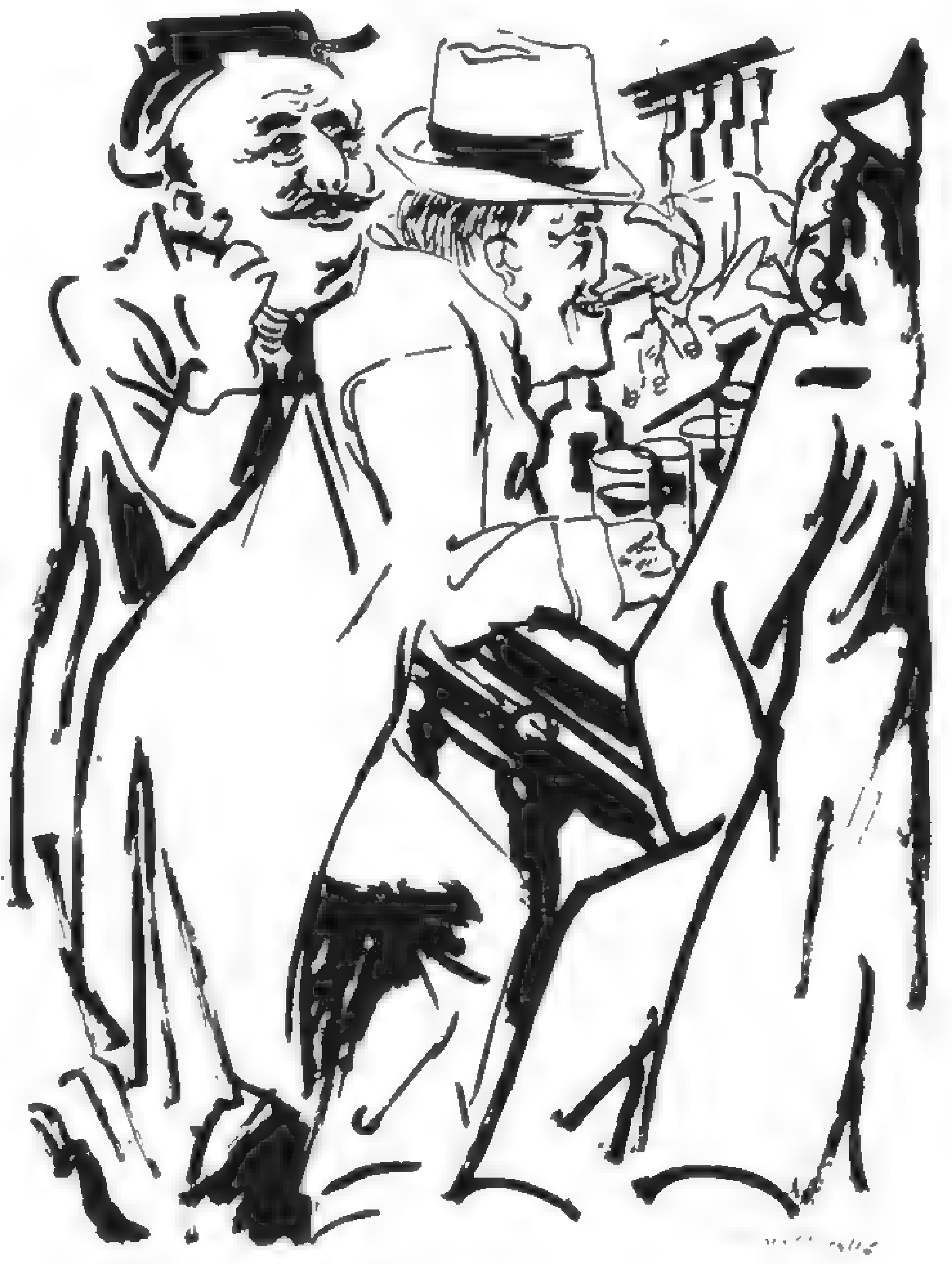
"It's the one you left last night, sir. I got nine here which belong to you."

He couldn't make anything of it, anything at all. Shaking his head in anger, he would hurry for the bar. On the top step he would stop and turn.

"I wash my hands. Utterly."

Her shape had slipped and her looks were nothing any more, and if you would let her she was always talking about the time she worked for Ziegfeld and what she said to that Frank Tinney whenever he tried to get fresh and the mink union suit Diamond Jim bought and so forth.

But she was also the niece of an old dead friend of Clabby's, so he had the hat check booth built. It brought in her meals and a few jolts of bourbon a day and what she could make selling the district attorney's hats (one good year she sold 284), and it kept her feet dry. Her real duties were to stay out of the bar when there was company.



DRAWING BY GEORGE GROSZ

Walking into Clabby's one dirty afternoon I passed the hat check booth. Toodles was inside and leaning on the counter was Ernie Norvelle, a big over-stuffed man who was still, 1931, giving imitations of the steel guitar. Do you know how a couple of cats just stand and look at each other, only swishing their tails once in awhile? I went into the bar.

There was nobody there but one bartender and Frisco. It was a sad, wet day outside, and Frisco was looking at nothing. He wouldn't have a drink. Nobody said anything while I had three or four. Finally, I asked Frisco what he thought of Mussolini. The day was so wet and so sad that if Mussolini had come into Clabby's that very instant and begun to tell me what *he* thought of himself, I don't think I would have listened closely. I asked the question as you would ask Hugh Walpole what he thinks of the American Girl or the Crown Prince of Sweden what he thinks of Swedish massage.

"Mussolini!"

He wasn't looking at nothing any more, he was getting mad. The bartender thumped the butt of the mixing glass on the bar to shake loose the metal cover.

"Aw, don't be like that," he said, pouring out the sour. "Why, the papers say he'll be over here soon."

"Oh, he will, will he? He'll come to New York, will he?"

He cursed in Italian, one of those elaborate ones that begin with fishes and get in the pig of God.

"Wait till he comes riding up Broadway in a big open cab, wait till they're playing music for him. *Tzinga douba.*"

He made the motion of a bass drummer socking his drum and clashing the cymbals on its top.

"Wait till they're throwing paper on him. Telephone books. I'll give him telephone books. I'll give him music. I'll give him *tzinga douba.* I'll boom him. Help me Jesus, I'll boom him good. Watch me boom that big Mussolini. I'll have a boom in a telephone book. Watch me boom him outa that big open cab with his paper and his *tzinga douba.* Watch me, watch me."

He stood there panting and grinding his teeth. At that, we probably could have cooled him off in a little by getting him to laugh at something, if it hadn't been for a rotten break. Toodles had to sweep in. She told me afterwards it was the first time he had ever looked at her, although she had seen him every day for five years.

"Leave me take some of that bourbon, George," she said. George slid the bottle and glass towards her.

"Honestly!"

We all stared at her. She tossed off three full ounces and tremblingly poured three more.

"Him and his hitch-hiking! Why, he wouldn't even buy a short beer, the big bag of mush."

"Who?" said Frisco.

"Never mind who," George said to Toodles. "You get back in your box."

"Some people have no consideration for the feelings of others," she said.

"Will you get outa here?"

"Who?"

Continued on page 130

ELSE ARGALL
Hurrell Photograph

ANN DVORAK
Hurrell Photograph

Learning to Lose Your Mind

How to wake up in the insane asylum and like it, or: Why Keep the Psychiatrists Alive?

ANONYMOUS

• SATIRE •

Be Strong. Make of Yourself What You Wish

Check one:

( ) Millionaire.
( ) Great Artist.
( ) Beautiful Woman.
( ) Dominating Personality.
( ) Great Actor.
( ) Super Mentality.

When you have made a choice, place this list in a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Mail it at once. You will never regret having done this.

MILLIONAIRE
GREAT ARTIST
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
DOMINATING PERSONALITY

People Certainly are Funny, Aren't They?

A prominent business man, pushing his way through the crowd in my waiting room, once said to me:

"I have wealth. The world considers me successful. Yet I am dazed. Life, with all its potentialities, seems a stage and I an actor on it. It don't seem right."

I looked at him, measuring his words, smiling a bit.

"Do you realize that there are millions of men—men like yourself—who feel that way?" I asked quietly.

The cloud of depression lifted from his face; he looked at me eagerly.

"There is only one solution for men like yourself," I said.

I paused, a kindly look on my face.

"*Think*," I said. "You must *think*. You cannot meet life without *thinking*."

He left my office with new determination, jaw set. I never saw that man again. There is no reason to think he ever returned.

Psychology and life had met. The psychologist always looks at life as being *vital*. He believes there is no living without life.

How To Choose A Vocation

I was once consulted by a prominent business man whose case presents certain universal elements. Himself the mother of six children, he had never known life outside the kitchen.

"I am misunderstood." he said. "No one understands me."

My client, Mr. Charles O. Fandango (the prominent department store executive) whom we will call Mr. X, burst into tears, which, it will be of interest to note, later turned out to be pearls. Due to the inhibitions imposed by his great wealth he had come to the point where he could not cry in the normal manner. Crying pearls cost him a great deal of money, and thus eased his guilty feelings—a psychological mechanism known as *for crying out pearls*.

"So no one understands you," I said softly, a kindly look on my face. "Well, well, well. So no one understands you, eh?"

"No one understands me," he said. "I am misunderstood."

In a flash of insight I came to the core of the problem. The man spoke an incomprehensible Central European language.

"Why not learn English?" I suggested. "Then they will understand you."

To all who are misunderstood I send this same message.

Life à la Psychologiste—Four Servings

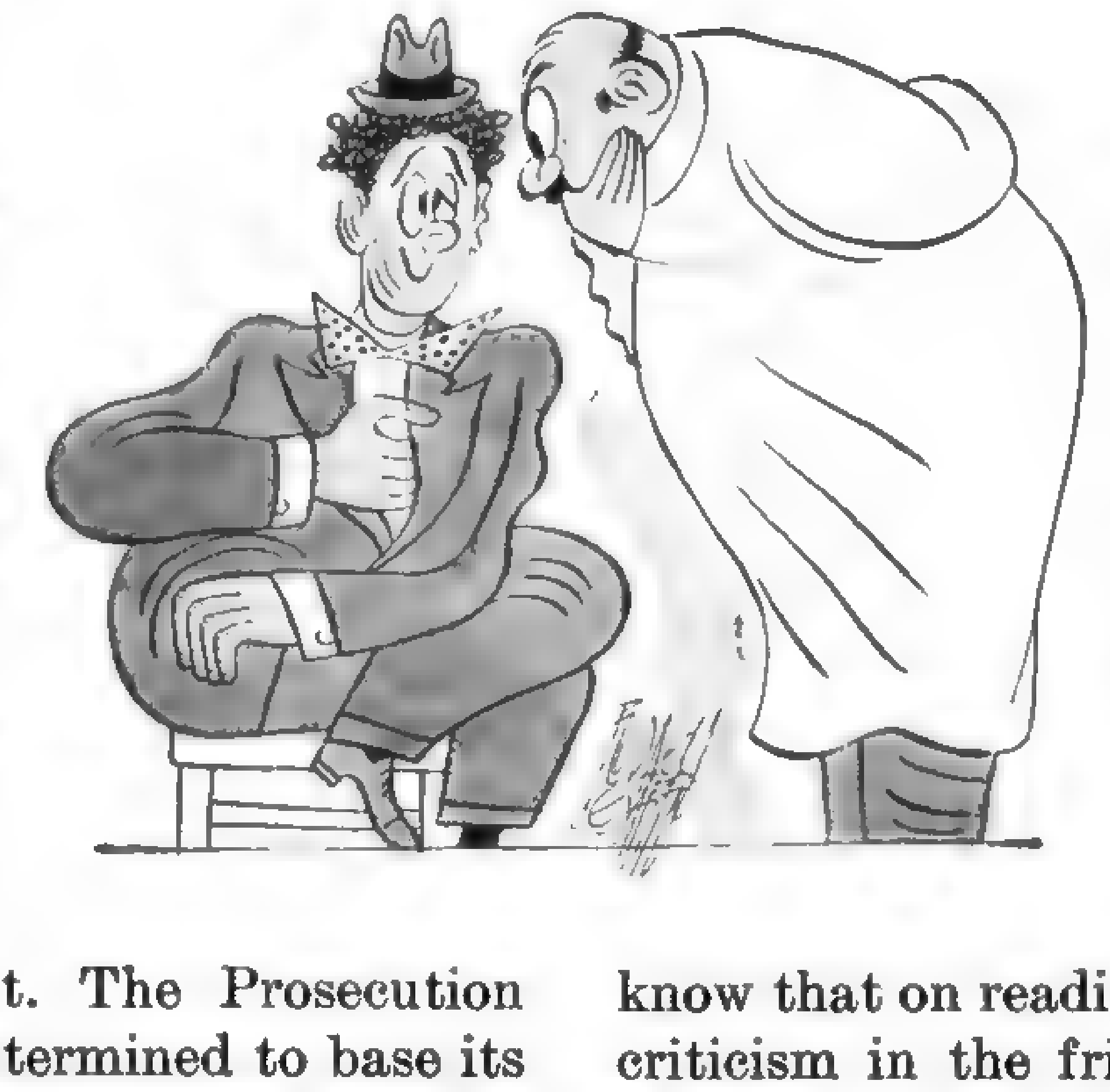
Place six unpleasant facts on the kitchen table and face them for five minutes, to boil. Separate the worry from the business of living and mix in a pinch of vital existence, also to boil. Drain into spider and deliberate for six minutes in hot deep fat, not to boil. Freeze out seven bad friends and whip into a frenzy, bringing slowly to boil, mix in the crust of one learned psychologist after draining surplus cheerfulness. Await further instructions by next post.

To the public: Spitting on the covers or other parts of this book is prohibited by law and punishable by fine or imprisonment for one year or both or neither.

The Mysterious Case of the Insane Client

Upon looking through my dossier of notes covering the past twenty years, during which my experience has ranged from three to twenty-five dollars an hour, I can find no more striking example of the modern scientific approach to mental problems than the case which we can well call, "The Mysterious Case of the Insane Client."

Possibly the reader's memory will be refreshed when he is reminded of a striking headline which appeared in the newspapers six years ago: "Killer of Six Shoots Husband, Maims Seven, Slays Self, Flees." We can call the adventurous individual Mrs. Dillingsbury Court-Hoffdanger, or Mrs. D C-H for short. The Prosecution studied the case and determined to base its approach on the theory that Mrs. D C-H was quite sane, that she deliberately planned, had planned, or was about to plan to kill, slay, or otherwise disturb her husband. The district attorney said, stated, made mention of, and did maintain that the woman killed the other people simply out of malicious mischief and conscious dislike. I was called upon to test the sanity of the woman. I recall particularly the peak of scientific interest to which I was raised shortly after learning that the fee was to be one thousand dollars.



At my first interview with Mrs. D H-C I became convinced that the Prosecution was correct in maintaining, seeking to maintain, and otherwise maintaining that she was in her right mind when the crimes were committed.

Mrs. D H-C was seated on the edge of a bench when I spoke to her. She stared into space for fifteen minutes, laughing occasionally. Finally she spoke.

"Hear them?" she asked. "They're talking to me. They always talk to me—just like that."

"Who talks to you?" I asked, encouraged by her appropriate replies.

"Oh, people—people who have died," she said. "They tell me I'd better look out or they'll get me. They all have it in for me."

I was content.

"The woman is of sound mind," I said. "Fully responsible."

However later that evening I became concerned about my decision, and grave doubts as to the woman's sanity entered my mind. (To preserve the continuity of the story I might note here that the defense attorney had telephoned me, saying that there was no doubt that Mrs. D C-H was insane, and offering a fee of five thousand dollars to examine her and testify.) This is just one more example of how scientific thinking must rest upon mature deliberation. I was convinced after a second examination that Mrs. D C-H was hopelessly insane and could not be considered responsible for her acts.

The Prosecution at once resorted to Dr. J. S. Hoffenstanger, a man whose brilliance and ability I have always admired. My only reservation with respect to Dr. Hoffenstanger would be that he is a quack whose interest is mainly in the size of his fee, and I know that on reading this he will accept my criticism in the friendly spirit in which it is made.

The case now settled itself into a clear issue; it only remained to be determined whether Mrs. D C-H was hopelessly insane or quite normal mentally. In view of the fact that Dr. Hoffenstanger and I were both testifying as expert witnesses on opposite sides of this question—which was essentially

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Smudge on a Chinese Rug

An attractive woman couldn't be expected to wait for her husband whom she might never see again

by SOL NEWMAN

• FICTION •

Laura whispered softly, as she helped her mistress from a black sunken onyx tub fragrant of bath salts, "That was . . . Herr Gottlieb who phoned."

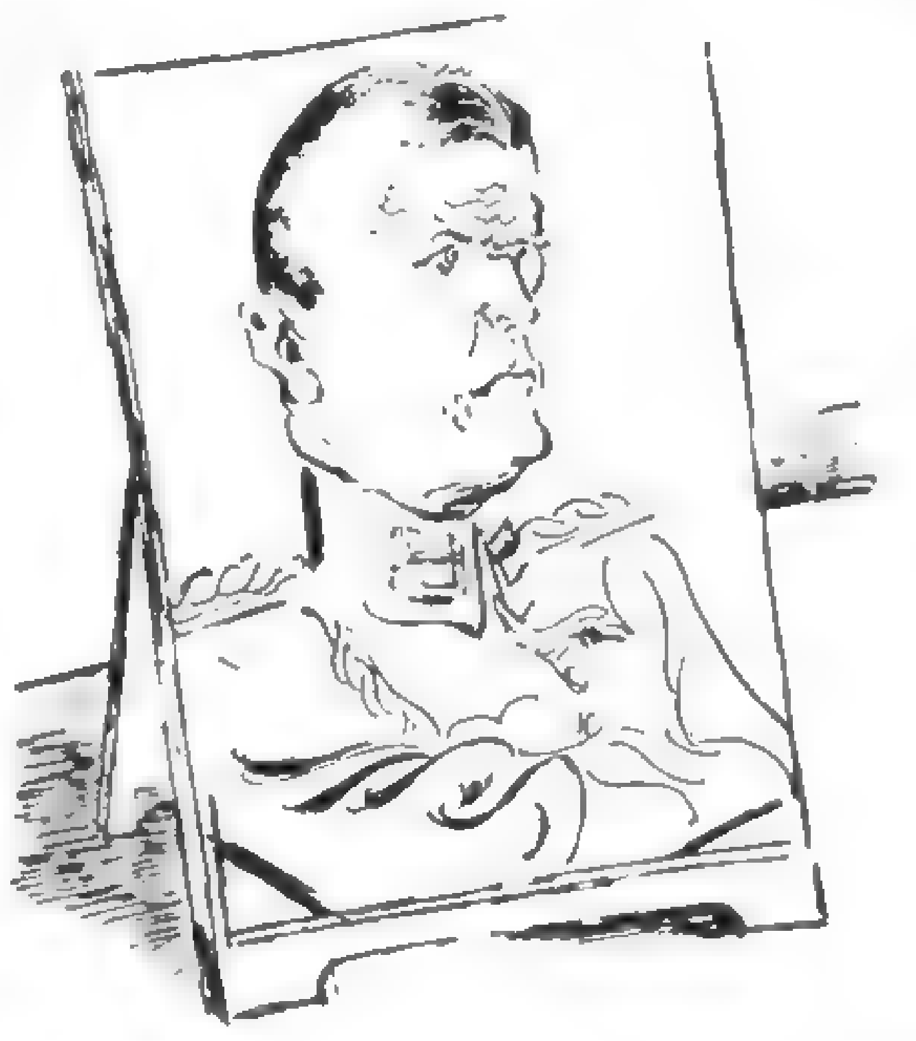
"Who?" Clare Gottlieb's voice jumped three octaves on the "o" as she wrapped the towel robe snugly about her, stepping into the black satin mules.

"Your husband . . . Herr Joseph Gottlieb, Joseph, he is free, coming here . . . tonight."

"Why it can't be, they told me it would take months."

"Madame, in ten years I serve you I never mistake voice."

They went into her Louis XV boudoir where Mrs. Gottlieb seated herself on the rose taffeta hassock before her rosewood inlaid dressing table. First lighting the tall candelabra beneath rose tinted lace shades on either side, Laura helped remove the cold cream with face tissues. Clara studied herself on all sides in the tri-partitioned mirror, occasionally glancing at the picture of a close-cropped young man in a Reichswehr uniform which rested on the table to her right, her dearest Fritz.



"Laura, your Carl, how was he that night?"

"To me, the same."

"The same? But your hair—"

"Madame knows I worry too much, even little things," the maid answered husky voiced.

Finished with her face and neck, Mrs. Gottlieb minced with small nervous steps across the Chinese rug to the massive rosewood bed where she hesitated a moment to take a cigarette from the night table, then removed the robe and settled down on the rose taffeta spread to smoke, her hands folded beneath her head on the lace pillows while Laura fetched the scented toilet water. She studied the life-size painting of Joseph on the paneled wall to her left as the white-haired maid gently rubbed in the liquid. A strong handsome face with a wild shock of blond unruly curls above the high forehead. Yes, that was Joseph, intelligent but outspoken, too outspoken, childishly brashly outspoken. It was the child in him she loved. So she told him when she'd refused to bear him children: he was her baby. Now Fritz was different not only in the color of his brown crisp hair; her eyes returned to the picture on the dressing table; oh so different, so authoritative and sure in his Captain's uniform. A woman in her early thirties, Frau Gottlieb defended herself, couldn't wait for a man she wasn't sure of ever seeing again. She always enjoyed Laura's persuasive patting as the domestic applied the astringent to her face and neck. Whatever would she have done had she permitted them to take the buxom matronly woman away?

How silly and childish Joseph had been about the Reichstag fire. He with his foolish ideas about the sanctity of the Reichstag just because he was a Deputy. Now Fritz was a man about such things, no sentiment for stuffy old buildings, he grew with the times; she had too, that's why she loved her Fritz, too mature now for childish lovers. How wise she had been to ignore Joe's desire for children. Hadn't they taken Louis and Mary away from Laura? Of course she knew too many of the right people to have suffered that, still the stigma of a father in prison—

"Laura, how did he look, your Carl?" Laura paled and bit her large underlip. "Darling, you know I wouldn't hurt you for the world, but we're, how do you say it? Comrades, isn't it? Yes, comrades in a way. I want to be prepared."

"He, he didn't look so good, so good like Herr Lieber, maybe."

"Don't be so bitter, Fritz is young, he hasn't suffered the way we have, he isn't a, a—"

"Communist."

"Now Laura, if a man wants to go against the law, he must be prepared to face the consequences; yes, even Joseph, especially Joseph who always believed in legality, and the old General himself appointed the Leader."

One thing Fritz and Joseph had in common: their cleanliness, their immaculate dress; she wondered if she should recall her husband's Japanese valet; probably not, rather her husband had been like Fritz. But now?

"Did he look well, that is, clean?"

"For such things I had no time. With your Joseph, it is not the same; he is coming out free. Carl . . . and he had some Jewish in him . . . and the Party."

"Had? Now Laura don't think of such things, they're morbid. They wouldn't do that, they promised me, solemnly."

Still she had heard many strange things at the gay parties when Fritz's friends were slightly boisterous. But they couldn't be true, the men were such cavaliers. The things she'd heard kept popping into her head as she regally returned over the lush Chinese rug to the dressing table where Laura brushed the heavy blonde hair before braiding. Those dreadful diseases deliberately injected into the bloodstream. But that was the silly boasting of men in their cups. Even Joseph had boasted when drunk; naturally about different things: pensions, shorter hours, unemployment insurance, housing and like reforms that would be brought about gradually and constitutionally through the Reichstag. The Weimar Constitution had been his Bible. There she was thinking of her husband again in the past. Still he could hardly be the same person. But why not? It was only six months. Surely he must have been drunk that night, and in the Kaiserhof of all places.

Although it was early autumn, lamps maintained the tan from the Berchtesgaden sun in Bavaria, where she had passed the summer with Fritz near the Leader, pulling the necessary strings for Joseph. She touched her skin lightly with Rachel face powder, deftly worked in a mite of rouge. The thin, overlong fingers of her delicate hand just touched the eyebrows at each end to lengthen the brow line, then mascara for the lashes but not for klieg lights. Her mouth was from birth a cupid's bow, lipstick dropped the years.

"Did Carl speak coherently, what he said, did it make sense?"

"Mine Carl was always a great talker."

"I know, I know, but prison sometimes does strange things to some men."

"The concentration camps, yes, they do

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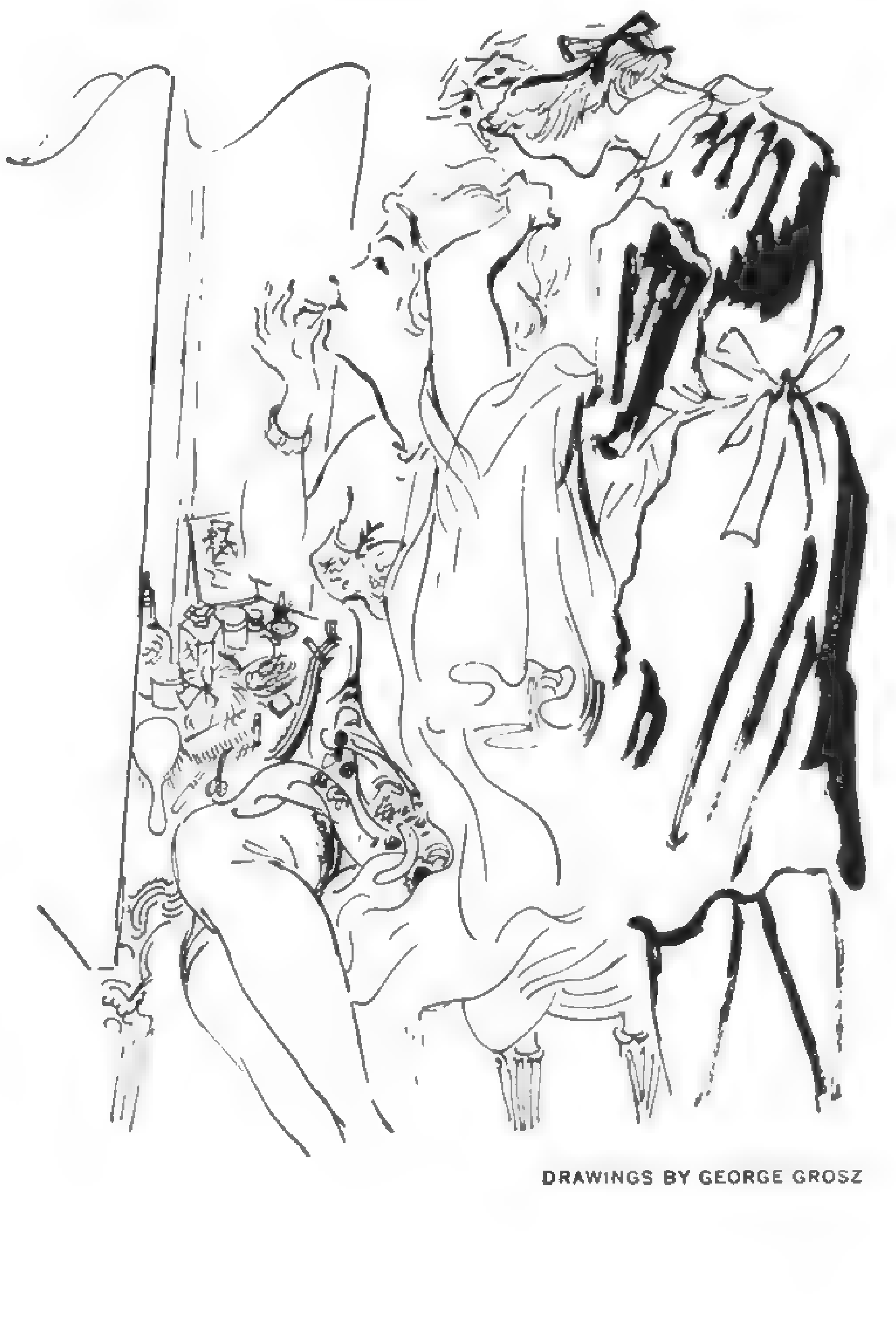
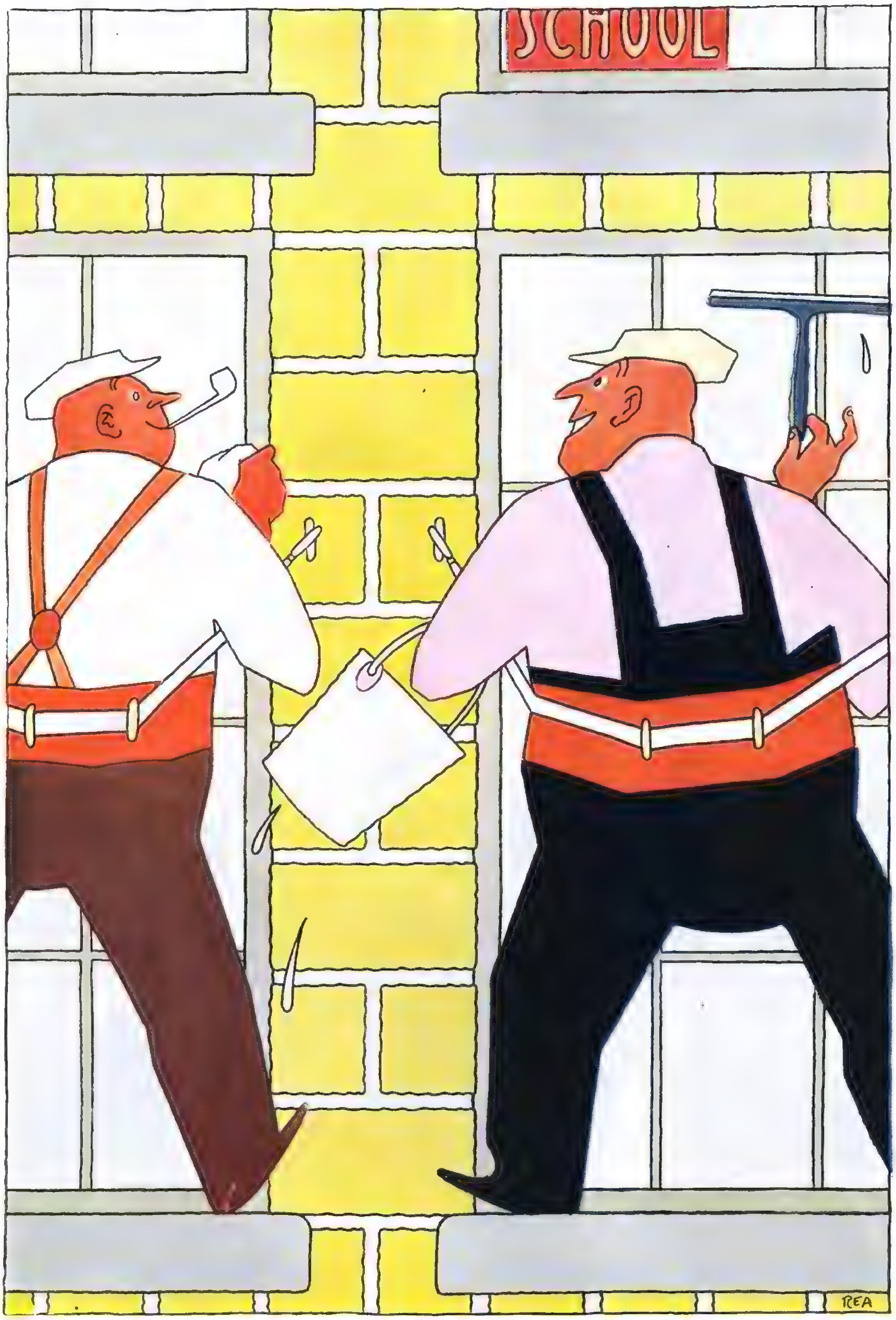
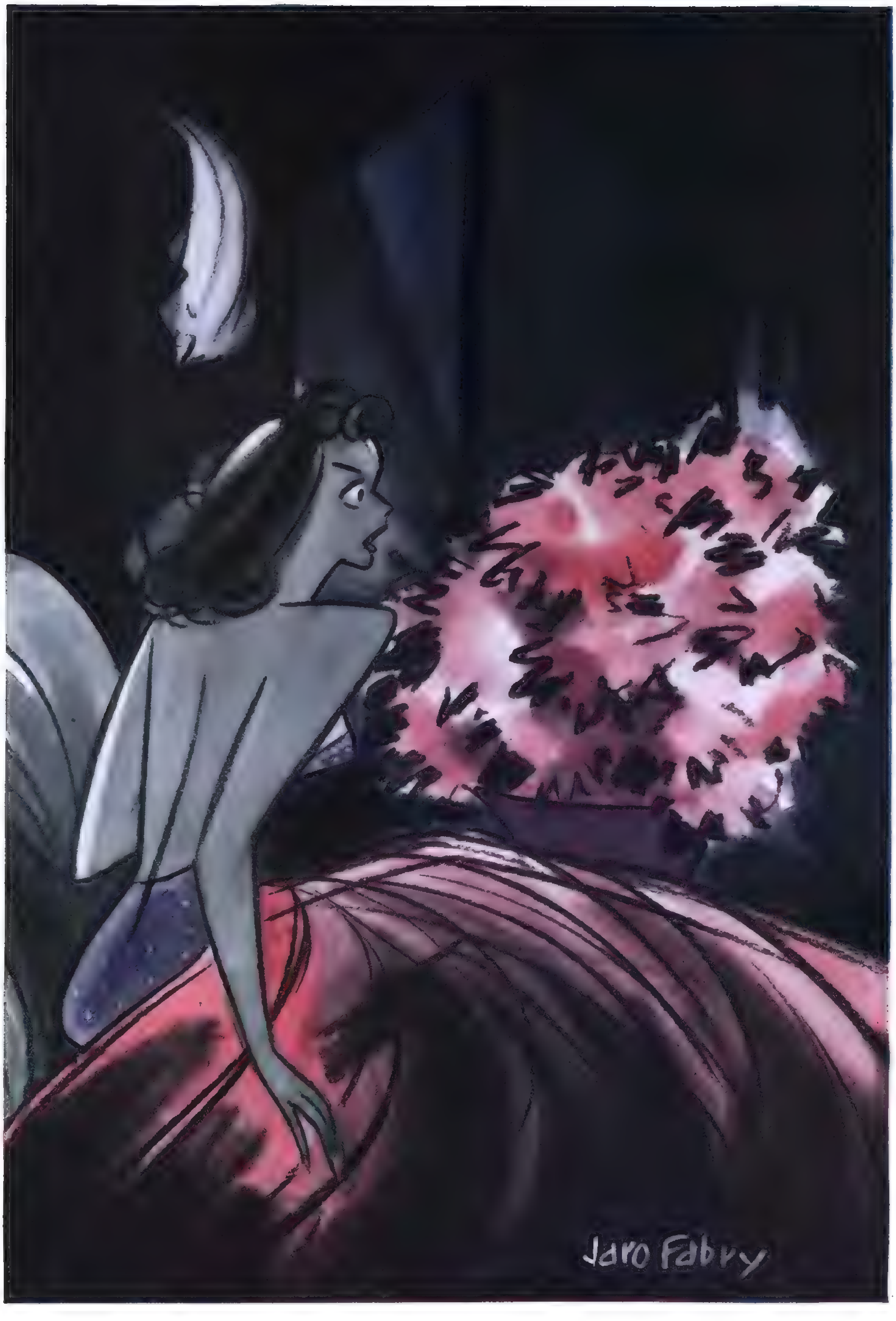


DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ



"It's the best job in town—where else could you find four life classes and a ladies' Turkish bath in one building?"



"No—not those silk striped ones—my husband would have a fit!"

Never Had a Lesson

After dishing out glitter to end all glitter, Vincente Minnelli now devotes his talents to intimate, smart revues

by HUGH TROY

▪ ARTICLE

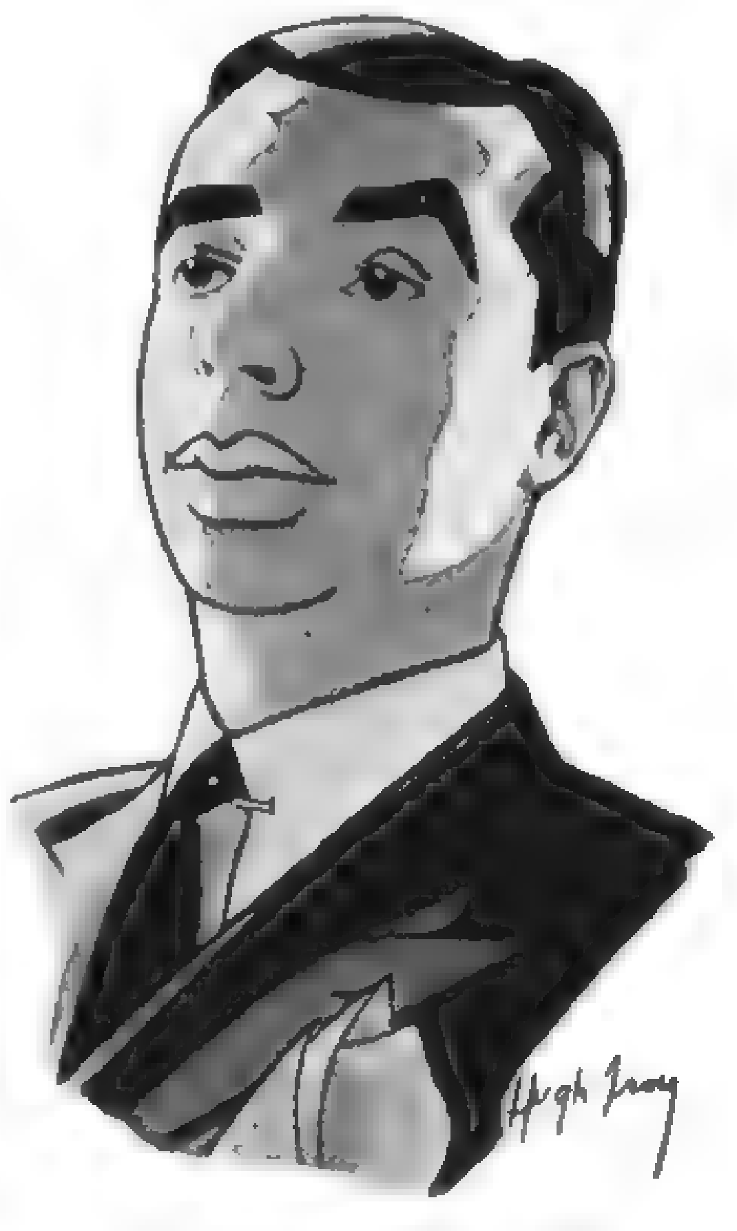
When we first met Vincente Minnelli several years ago in a Greenwich Village studio, he was the incarnation of our preconceived notion of a "Village type";—flat black hat with a wide brim, loose collar and looser tie around his thin neck, a big portfolio of drawings under one arm and the cut of his long coat a triumphant marriage of Harlem and The Left Bank. The drawings he displayed to us were his latest opus, a set of "girl curtains" and costume plates for Earl Carroll's forthcoming *Vanities*. These designs were quite in key with their creator's getup, decidedly arty, yet perfection for the type of revue with which Carroll faded out of the Broadway picture. Girls, lewder than nude, looped themselves torpidly from stage to proscenium against gaudy backdrops and the costume sketches were something out of *La Vie Parisienne*. When the *Vanities* opened and Robert Benchley, Minnelli's favorite humorist and critic, wrote unflatteringly of "the definitely Negroid sense of color" which permeated the entire production, the young scenic designer was utterly dejected.

The other day when we encountered him on Fifth Avenue, this dapper young bachelor about town Vincente Minnelli has become was about to take off for Hollywood and Paramount. Discarded with his "Villagey" getup is the arty quality of his work, for his handsome sets and costumes for the last *Follies* were aptly described by Brooks Atkinson in the New York *Times* when he said, "The *Follies* that comes off his drawing board is a civilized institution."

This transition seems meteoric as we count his years on Broadway, but the Theatre and Vincente Minnelli aren't exactly new friends. Like Helen Hayes' famous "Act of God Baby" and the stork that at present writing hovers over Margaret Sullavan as she still appears in *Stage Door*, Vincente Minnelli was likely on stage before he ever saw light of day. His mother, a French actress, was the leading lady in a traveling tent show owned by his father and uncle. It was called "The Minnelli Brothers' Big Dramatic Company" and toured the Middle West with a 1,000-seat tent and two carloads of equipment. Thirty years ago, when Vincente was born, they were offering revamped and retitled New York successes of previous seasons to the yokelry.

At the age of three, Vincente was doing Willie in *East Lynne*. His first appearance in this rôle wasn't altogether satisfactory. He was rehearsed only in the scenes with lines, and on the night of the play when his mother emoted, "I can't believe you're dead, tell me you're not dead," he, never having heard that part of the play before, baffled the audience by sitting up in his bed and saying, "I'm not dead, Mama."

In 1920 the movies crowded the tent show out of business, and Minnelli, then sixteen, went to Chicago and found a job in the window dressing department of Marshall Field's. When he happened into an exhibition and saw some Whistlers, the first paintings he'd ever seen, he decided then and there to be a painter. He read books on Whistler and on painting in general but the long hours at his job kept him from coming to real grips with the Muse. Although he attended the theatre as often as he could scare up the money for a gallery seat, he found that he now reveled more in the settings than in the action he saw on the stage. He formed the habit of making memory sketches of the scenes that most excited him, and sold several of them to actors when he took them around for autographs.



Vincente Minnelli

One day Frank Cambria, then art director of Balaban and Katz, saw some of these drawings and gave him a job in their costume department. They ran the Chicago Theatre where they presented stage shows along with movies. While still in his teens, Minnelli received credit on the Chicago Theatre screen for his first stage production. It was called *Birdland Fantasy* and made such a hit that soon thereafter, when his employers took over the New York Paramount, they sent young Minnelli on to look after the stage presentations there.

Those were the days of gilt and splendor on Broadway. The lavisher the better was the general rule of success on both the movie house and revue stages. Minnelli's training at Balaban and Katz had made him master of all that glittered, and so this precocious, medium-sized youngster with his sleekly combed black hair and thick, prominent eyebrows settled down in New York's Greenwich Village and spent his energies dishing out elaborate spectacles to the Paramount audiences, whose mediocre taste he catered to for five years. "At least," said Minnelli at the time, "I'm learning at the Paramount to dominate people."

It was during this period that he took time out to work for Earl Carroll. It's interesting to note that the very stage shows he helped build for the movie palaces contributed largely to the death of the lavish type of revue Minnelli assisted Earl Carroll to produce.

Only in the past few years, and oddly enough, guided by this same Minnelli, has the revue found its proper status by going pretty, completely smart and intimate, instead of attempting to compete with its new and splendorous big sister.

Minnelli finally decided he wasn't getting anywhere with all this lavishness and decided to go to Paris and paint, but the gods of Rococodom wouldn't relent.

He was immediately asked to design the sets and costumes for Grace Moore's *The Du Barry*. Here was his first chance outside the movie halls to do a whole production. He was lucky to have Mrs. Tillie Leblang holding the purse strings, for the florid period of the piece (Louis XV) was her favorite. She gave Minnelli almost seventy-five thousand dollars to go the whole elaborate hog. Minnelli says she wanted every dollar to show, and, as we recall, he didn't hide a penny. Thanks to Minnelli, the play was quite beautiful in its extravagant way, but he's still upset about a minor incident that occurred the opening night. After working day and night for weeks with Grace Moore and the other principals, to whip the show into shape, he sent her a carefully worded telegram of adulation addressed to Florence Moore.

This isn't typical of Minnelli and he's extremely proud of a notoriously keen memory. As a youth he had such a passion for O. Henry that he actually memorized every one of the short stories and, on the slightest provocation, will bore his friends to death by rattling them off verbatim for hours on end. His chief hobby is collecting records of popular music and hot jazz. Upon one hearing he remembers the words and music of all these songs, and is as good on dialogue, a trick that's quite an asset in the theatre. When he had completed his job on *The Du Barry*, a numerologist advised him to put the "e" back on the end of his first name where it rightfully belonged. He'd removed it when he first came to New York because he thought Vincente looked affected. Whether it was the restoration of this final "e" that shoved him into his next venture and fame, we can't be sure.

When Radio City Music Hall opened, there was considerable jockeying of personnel in the design and direction staffs before the formula for the spectacles to fill the vast stage there could be found. Robert Edmond Jones started off as chief designer with a great fanfare and did some exciting things, but for one reason or another, they failed to hit the proper combination. Several hands were tried without complete success,

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Belote: The Old French Game

At last, a game that's played for pure and unadulterated fun, not requiring textbooks, kibitzing, or post mortems

by P. C. ELSTON

▪ ARTICLE ▪

We hear Mr. Culbertson is about to write us another book to introduce the old French game of Belote into the U. S. A. He's going to give it a new name though—"Jo Jotte," probably made from his wife's name Josephine. Not a bad idea.

We understand also that he will "modify it to suit U. S. A. characteristics," whatever that may mean—possibly that we spend money for books.

Belote is a grand game and has been played in France for years without books or modification. The rules have been handed down from one to another and are very simple.

Belote is played with thirty-two cards and a box of chips. There's no need to buy a special deck. All you have to do is to throw out the twos, threes, fours, fives and sixes. Thus belote has a twenty-card advantage over bridge. How many happy families have had their miserable moments because the human brain finds it difficult to remember fifty-two cards! So, naturally, belote puts less strain than bridge upon the *memory*, but it calls for no less active use of the brain.

Belote can be played by two, three, four, or five. It moves more rapidly than bridge. There is no dummy except when five play, and post mortems, if any, are brief. It is a contract game. Its object is to *make* your contract, or to prevent your opponents from making theirs. If, after naming the trump, that side fails to fulfill its contract (to make more points than the other side), then all of the points of the one who has named the trump are scored by the other side.

POINTS: Remember especially these two things: 1. *All tens rank above all kings*, coming just below aces. 2. In the trump suit, and in the trump suit only, *jack is the high card and nine is next*. The others follow in regular order: ace, ten, king, etc. Points are scored as follows: each ace, 11; each ten, 10; each king, 4; each queen, 3; each of three jacks, 2; jack of trumps, 20; nine of trumps, 14; bonus for taking last trick, 10. TOTAL, 162.

In addition to the 162 regular points there are "announcement" points which give to luck its righteous chance to triumph sometimes over skill. These announcement points are:

Belote—king and queen of trumps held in same hand	20
Tierce—any straight flush of three held in same hand	20
Cinquante—any straight flush of four held in same hand	50
Cent—any straight flush of five held in same hand	100
Four aces, tens, kings or queens held in same hand	100
Four nines—held in same hand	150
Four jacks—held in same hand	200

Fours of a kind outrank straight flushes.

WHEN PLAYED BY FOUR PLAYERS

DEAL AND BID: The French deal, as they drive, to the right. We are not so consistent. In dealing cards we have a habit of crossing hands and going to third base first. But, whether to right or left, the dealer gives two cards together to each player, and then three. He turns the twenty-first card face up, and bidding then starts. By bidding we mean simply the accepting of the card turned up as the trump, or passing. All suits have the same value. The bidding is started, not by the dealer, but by the player on his right, (or on his left if you prefer to stick to the American way). The successful bidder takes the exposed card into his hand. That gives him six cards and he has two more to be dealt to him after the bidding is over. Each of the other players has three more to be dealt to him. This bidding on a partial hand, with two cards yet to come, gives a poker flavor to the game.

THE BIDDING: Since the regular points are 162, and you have a partner to help you, it is reasonable to name a trump if you see as many as forty probable points in the first six cards. In making this estimate, possession of three out of the eight trumps may be given a value of ten in addition to the points that may be scored by individual cards. With less than forty in sight, it is more prudent to pass.

The first round of bidding is on the suit of the exposed card only. If all four players decline to accept that suit as trump, each one passes; then, on the second round, *any other suit* may be named. If all pass for the second time, then it is a new deal. If a bid has been made, then the remaining cards are dealt out, two only to the bidder (who has picked up the exposed card), and three to the other players.

PLAY: No matter who has made the trump, play is started by the player on the right (or left) of the dealer. It is while the first trick is being played that announcements are made. Any player who has one to make should make it as he plays his first card on the first trick. After his first card has fallen on the table it is too late. This is a feature that calls for strict attention. The only exception to this rule is in the case of the "belote" announcement; that is, king and queen of trumps held in the same hand. This announcement should be made by saying "belote," and later "rebelote" as the trump king and queen are played out. The reason for this will appear later.

ANNOUNCEMENTS: Announcements are valid in accordance with their rank. Thus, if the player who plays first announces a tierce, and the opponents make a higher announcement, then the first announcement does not count. In the case of two or more tierces it is the highest one that counts, the ranking of the cards in this matter being precisely as in poker, the ten taking its normal position between jack and nine. If announcements are of equal rank, the one announced first prevails unless the one announced later is in the trump suit. Partners' announcements score concurrently; that is, if you hold the highest one you thereby validate any lower one that may be held by your partner, even if his is lower than one held by your opponents. There may be, of course, two tierces in the same hand. Both count in case the higher one is the highest one announced. Immediately after the first trick is played, all valid announcements must be laid face up on the table. When all have seen them, they are taken back into the player's hand and play proceeds. The exposed trump card should also be left on the table until after the first trick is completed.

Announcements, since they add to the total score, increase the liability of the bidding side. Thus an announcement of 100 lifts the total score to 262 and makes it necessary for the bidders to make 132 points in order to fulfill their contract.

NO-TRUMP: This is a spicy feature. It cannot be an original bid. It can be bid only after another suit has been named for trump. When any player names a suit for trump, he thereby opens the door for a no-trump bid, which is the only overbid. If the exposed card is an ace, it is obviously dangerous to name that suit for trumps unless you are protected by another ace already in your hand, for the probability is that your opponents will pick up the free ace on the board and declare no-trumps. The possession of two aces is a minimum warrant for a no-trump bid.

After a suit has been named for trumps, the other players in proper turn should say "pass" or "no-trump" before play starts. If any player says "no-trumps" out of turn, that should annul the hand because too

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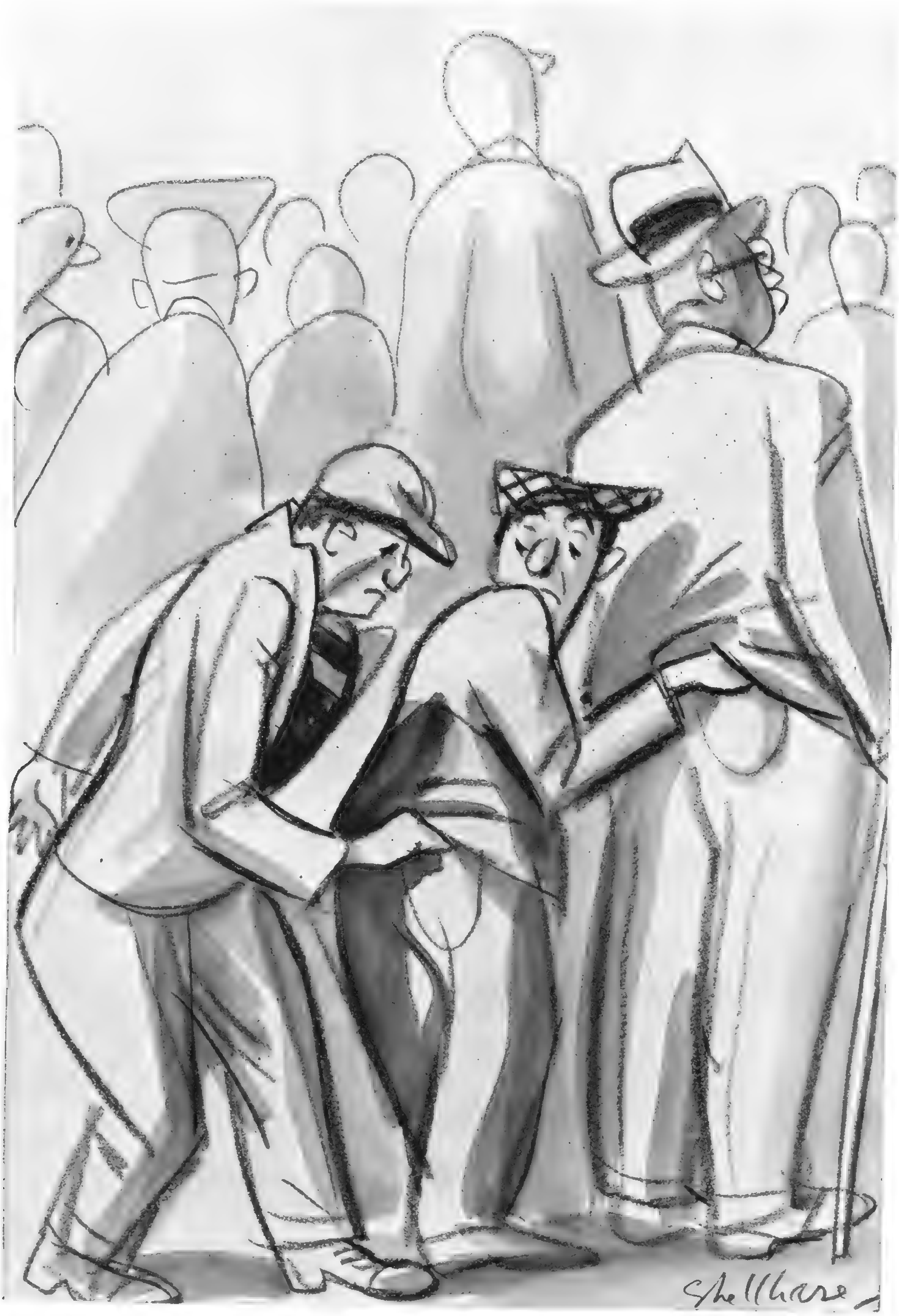
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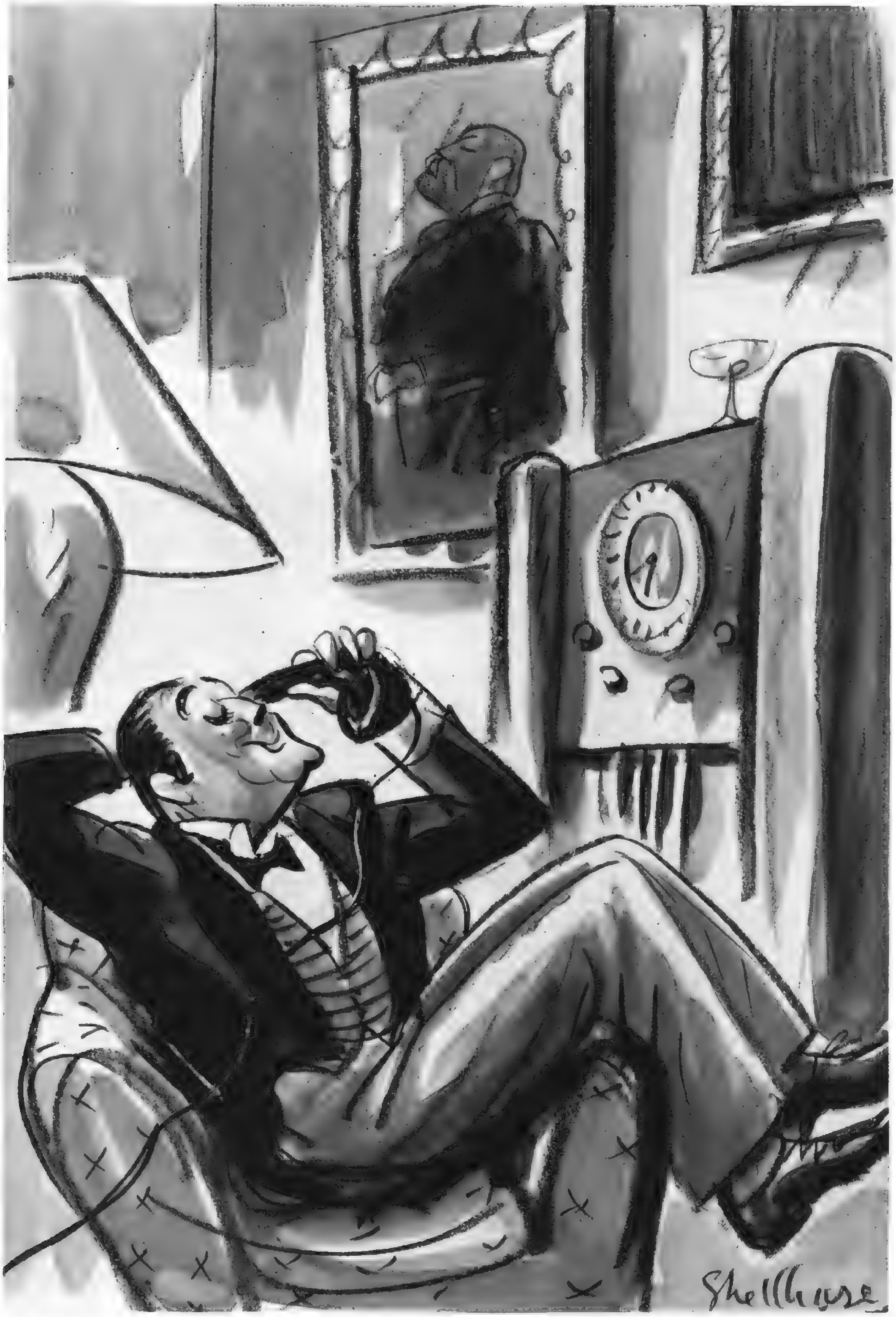

"Sorry sir—Mr. Martin is motoring to Florida—Madame is bound for Europe and I am traveling on the wings of enchantment by courtesy of Bradford Nuts and Bolts"

Apology to Crooners

They all do fairly honest work now but Dick Powell, who continues to throw his personality around with boyish abandon

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

The word apology, up there, is excessive. It appears that I seldom moaned in print about the boys with the ingratiating voices: I was busy when they were singing, and besides Ring Lardner was saying everything that needed to be said, in the best criticism of radio written at any time in America. He raked the crooners for the songs they sang and for the way they sang them; and in time most of the crooners disappeared and the comedians took their place. So he turned to the gagmen (suggesting a fixed price of $2.00 per script, judging by value alone). He died before the comedians were displaced by the amateurs and the amateurs by the personal-history-and-problems characters who now dominate the air. No one has filled his place as a critic of radio, but Al Graham was well on his way, in his weekly report to Franklin P. Adams's column. Maybe when Frank resumes, we'll get some more.

However, to return to the crooners, Lardner didn't ruin them singlehanded. They helped enormously. They and the radio sponsors who imagine that if the listeners want to hear one crooner, they want to hear ten crooners ten times as much. The note of the dove became the only sound on the air and presently it was discovered that the crooners were not selling as much mouthwash or something as they should. They went.

My apology is not to Mr. Rudy Vallee as a singer of songs, nor to Mr. Bing Crosby as a singer of songs. I want only to put on record the astounding circumstance that, although they were and probably still are crooners, each of them is doing a better than middling job at something else. Mr. Vallee as master of ceremonies of his program is more personable, more likable, or let us say easier to take than any other man in his job. Whoever arranges his programs keeps up the tradition set even in Lardner's time, a tradition which Lardner recognized, of having good guest artists. Lardner's list of invited entertainers is composed entirely of people connected with the stage; recently the Vallee hour has brought in a few writers and some people prominent in other affairs, which is an advantage. And the dialogue between Vallee and his guests has more bite to it, more character and personality, than the usual, "You have climbed Mt. Everest by turning somersaults backward all the way to the top, Mr. Goofus: won't you tell us about it?" Which is always followed by, "Well that's very interesting I'm sure. Now what, in your opinion, Mr. Goofus, are the opportunities for backward-somersaulting in America?" Mr. Vallee's own part in the conversations he had with Hilaire Belloc and Miss Marjorie Hillis (who wrote *Live Alone and Like It*) was substantial and interesting. Mr. Belloc's part, I may say, was the best straight talk I've heard on the air in a year.

I've seen the grim visage of a radio comedian as he fluttered his pages of seemingly spontaneous gags and I suspect that the little interviews in which Mr. Vallee takes part have all been written down and rehearsed before. But what is engendered on the air is a feeling of freshness or a feeling of routine; and in Vallee's case it is always freshness.

Mr. Crosby is also mastering the ceremonies of a radio program and he is jocular and easy enough, but his program isn't quite so good; he puts his guests "through their paces," and you feel it being done. He is routine in one way: the awful, the unbearable friendliness of people before the microphone is part of his method. There seems to be a law in radio that you must never address anyone by surname; the guest artist is always a chum. Years ago Al Jolson burlesqued this when he called Deems Taylor "Deemsie," working up to calling Whiteman "Paulsy-Walsy"; but the tradition holds. I have forgotten how Crosby addressed Leopold Stokowski, but I haven't forgotten (and do not want to forget) the supreme impudence of his suggestions to the great conductor. And it was, of course, Bing Crosby who casually mentioned Marcel Proust on the air. That's doing pretty well for a radio crooner.

My liking for Crosby is, oddly enough, for him in the movies, chiefly as an actor. I don't think he has the slightest talent in that field, but he has never failed me in one respect: he gives the impression of being absolutely cynical about everything he does. I caught this first some years ago in a picture which was either a short or definitely Grade B, when a positive leer of disbelief came over Crosby's face at the end of a sentimental ballad; and it seemed to me that even in *Empty Saddles* there was more than a suggestion that Mr. C. was not taking the thing quite as seriously as he was intended to. For all I know, Crosby may not have perfect control of his facial muscles; perhaps the cynical smile comes without his knowing it. But one thing is certain: he never sloshes the sentiment around. There's a fund of good humor in him which counteracts, if it doesn't sterilize, the excesses of the songs he sings. As a result, Crosby manages to put over a little bit of character—or in movie terms, you get his personality.

Now what sort of a singer Dick Powell is, I don't know and I have to say right out that he sang one of Irving Berlin's songs well: the one about the Girl on the Police Gazette. But if I follow the movie producers closely, Mr. Powell appears on the screen because he is a Personality. Nothing else explains his presence, as there are dozens of young men quite as handsome (no remarks) who sing with more pleasing voices. Mr. Powell, as you see him, is throwing something around; if you are a mystic, you may say it is his aura; if you are a crude vulgar fellow, you can use any words you like. But that Mr. Powell is sowing seeds, or scattering flowers, is the most obvious thing in the world. Every look (there are millions of them), every gesture has a kind of distributive magnificence. He is giving us something and he knows in his heart that we are already grateful; and as he has no notable talent, he must be giving us his precious self. That's personality, God forbid.

And that kind of lordly benevolence, neither Vallee nor Crosby now practices. Both of them work at their jobs. You feel a person, a human being, behind their activities, but not the commodity which Hollywood invented, which isn't character, but Personality. I think that in the early days of the crooners, Personality was what they were trying to put over, and trying is not the only description of their efforts. Those who have kept their heads above the waters of oblivion, had to throw away personality and go back to being singers or actors. They had to deliver the goods expected of them, and they could not pirouette while they did it, either.

I suppose it is Dick Powell that makes me think of the Ritz Brothers who are also selling personality, in the comic line, and I don't care for that either. Somebody ought to tell them that they'll be funny (if they can be funny) without throwing their weight about quite so much. Look at Bob Burns,

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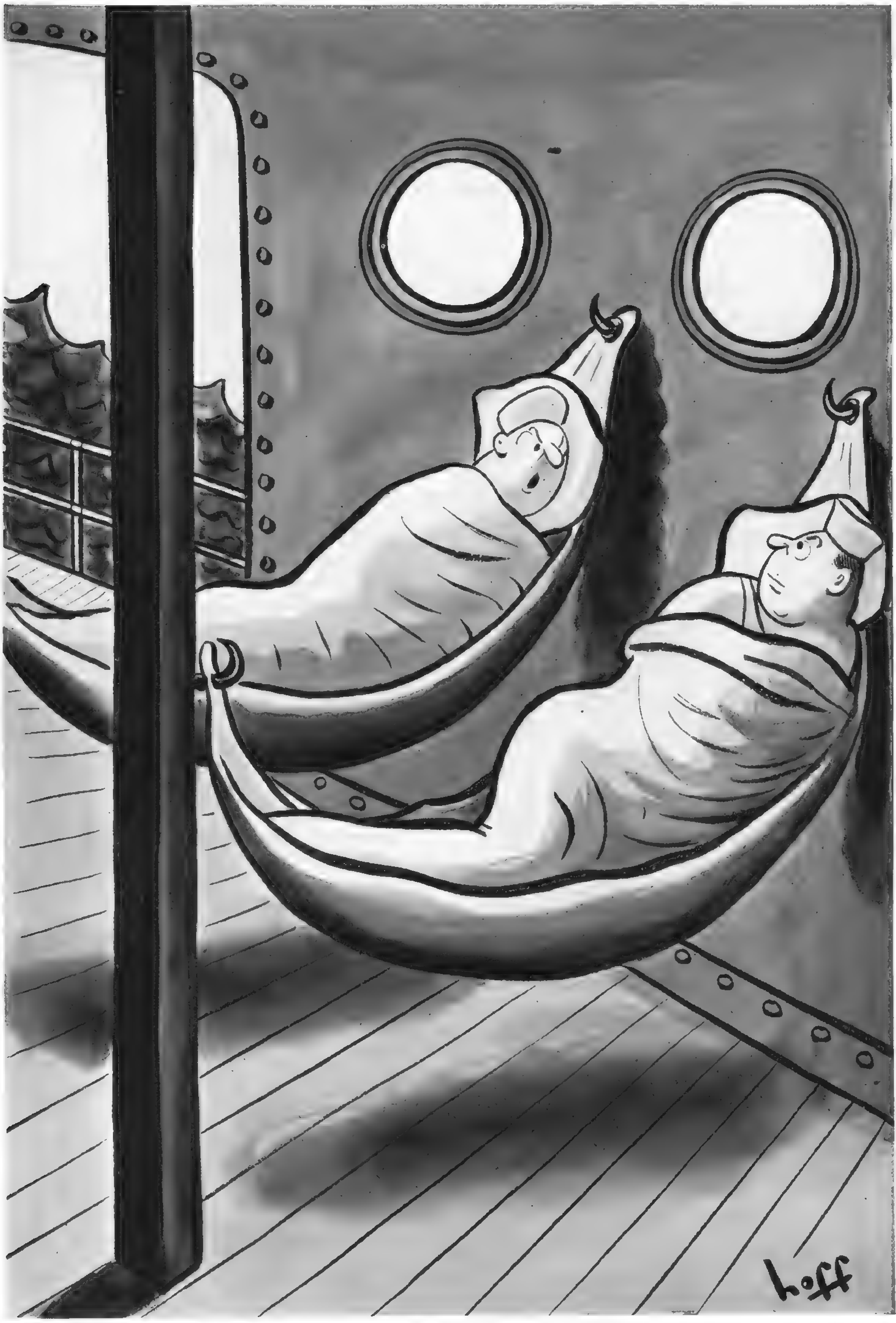

"It's your turn to sing me to sleep!"

Roulades and Cadenzas

Suggestions for refurbishing that old brownstone manse on the corner of Thirty-ninth Street and Broadway

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

There being no musical news and no printable musicians' gossip, this is as good a time as any for our annual diatribe on the state of opera in the Union. As Edward Johnson justly says, "When there's nothing else to knock, you fellows always fall back on the Metropolitan. We're the target for everybody. Nothing we do is ever quite satisfactory. . . . I just wish some of you could sit in my chair for a few weeks. It would give you a different outlook on the matter."

Doubtless, it would. But, happily for us, we don't have to run the Metropolitan. That is, or should be, entirely Mr. Johnson's business and, as we are convinced no one could possibly discharge that duty more tactfully and successfully than he, there is no excuse for advice.

It is sufficient to record that many of the Metropolitan performances, including some of the highly touted Wagnerian ones, seem to us routine and mediocre. The inspiration from the podium ranges all the way from insipidness to indifference. There is only an occasional lift to relieve the monotony. The staging is unimaginative and hopelessly dull. Practically nothing is adequately rehearsed . . . and the overworked orchestra now and then gives forth unbelievable sounds. There are, I am sure, justifications. The present management is probably giving us the best $7 opera possible under the circumstances. It may be giving even better performances than we deserve or, for that matter, demand. Be that as it may, the fact remains that what we get is not first-class.

It is not even as good, I am sorry to say, as the best that is given on certain stages on the other side of the Atlantic. For example, *Die Walküre*, with which the Metropolitan opened its last season. That is a fair choice for comparison, representative of our company's better efforts, and heard at the beginning of the season when the aging participants would naturally be at their best and would strive to give their utmost.

That presentation was in every element, save one, inferior to recent performances of the same work in Berlin and Bayreuth. Only the artistry of Madame Flagstad was not approached by the Germans. Franz Völker, as *Siegmund* (also the finest living *Lohengrin*) had a youthful resiliency and roundness in his voice that Lauritz Melchior has lost. Either Elisabeth Rethberg was miscast as *Sieglinde* at the Metropolitan or it was simply an off-night for her. Maria Müller did far better. As *Wotan*, Friedrich Schorr showed definitely that there was good reason why, aside from the fact that he knew the part only with cuts, Toscanini would not have him as Hans Sachs in the Salzburg production of *Die Meistersinger* last summer. Distinguished artist that he is, his voice has fast waned.

And, aside from individual singers, in two pervasive elements that are all important to a Wagnerian music-drama, the stage production and the orchestral performance, there was no possibility for comparison. Anyone who has felt the spaciousness and the evocative symbolism of the present Bayreuth production, and has sensed the infinite attention to detail, the significant gradations of lighting, the thought and mastery that goes into the whole, can but feel a sinking deep inside as he watches the Metropolitan's crude efforts. Finally, in the matter of the orchestra's utterance, Mr. Bodansky is capable of good work, but he is simply commonplace, a work-horse when measured against the inspired, though admittedly erratic temperament, of Wilhelm Furtwaengler. Upon occasion, and this opening performance was one of them, he rushes the tempi and hurries through the score as if he couldn't wait to get to his poker game.

There is no profit in comparisons, but I offer this for the consideration of all those gullibles who firmly believe that when they go to the Met, they hear the "world's greatest Wagnerian performances." If you think I'm spoofing, then hustle over to London and have a look at the *Ring* as produced by Heinz Tietjen of Berlin and Bayreuth and conducted by either Wilhelm Furtwaengler or Fritz Reiner. The casts will be almost identical and the stage will be little better than at the Metropolitan. The ideal of perfection will be far from realized, but the quality of performance and of inspiration will be of another and higher order than that we know at 39th and Broadway. The orchestra, too, will give forth sounds far more beautiful and far more satisfying than those to which our old brownstone house is accustomed.

* * *

Now you might with reason inquire: "Why is it, if our performances are not the best, that everybody thinks they are?"

It is because we believe what we are told. It is for the same reason that many people in Germany think Adolf Hitler is the mouthpiece of Divine Providence. They read it every day. No one within their hearing disputes it. We read that the Metropolitan gives the greatest Wagnerian performances in the world. There are no other Wagnerian performances for most listeners to compare them with, and they certainly are superior to our present French and Italian performances, which is no compliment.

Moreover, we have the best reason to assume that we get the best: we pay for it. Unquestionably, we do hear the biggest roster of great "name" singers in the world. They are rated so partly by virtue of the fact that they sing for us. The Met is tops among the opera houses of the world. It is the most brilliant climax to a singer's reputation today. La Scala or Vienna's Staatsoper no longer compete. Warblers from every country and every opera house will drop contracts and come running at its call. When they sing at the Met, they get more money at home and elsewhere.

With such prestige and an unsurpassed aggregation of "star" chirpers—there are only four or five recognized A-1 voices in the world not at the Metropolitan Opera Company: Beniamino Gigli, Alexander Kipnis, and the aforementioned Franz Völker among them—it is easy to rest on your laurels while the world comes to your doors.

* * *

And Mr. Johnson, in the short space of two years, has some laurels of his own to rest upon. The Met, under his generalship, has entered upon what will undoubtedly be the most influential period in its history. From a beggar in tatters, passing a tin cup, it has metamorphosed into a child of fortune with an Endowment Reserve Fund and two thousand militant women as its champions.

Not only are its box-office tills fuller than they have been during the decade, but plans have been made ahead for two years and next season will be longer by three weeks, two in New York and one on tour, making twenty in all.

The company has had more exploitation and more attention from the public than ever before in its history. Millions of radio listeners were induced to tune in on nineteen full-length operas, which included all but one of the Wagnerian tetralogy. Due to the personal interest of David Sarnoff, dramatized versions of the libretti were also broadcast and the Opera Guild presented a weekly "pep" program. The frequent network plugging caused *Variety* to say, "The big music armory is getting more publicity (measured

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Why Those Golden Bubbles?

How Time, Nature and that old dabil the Middleman have kept champagne the drink of kings

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

POTABLES

If you see a man smiling this month he may not be a deluded bridegroom, perhaps he is a champagne dealer. For this is the other month when the men who devote their lives to a noble crusade can unbend and feel that the world is not cockeyed. Not that the champagne sellers ordained that the buying of the sparkling wines be confined to December and June; but being a ceremonious race, and of a Puritan strain, we seldom drink as much champagne as we want, or as often as we would like, because it is so pleasant. We wait for the desperate occasion, such as the last wedding supper.

Hopefully the dealers are trying to reform us. They are doing their best to have us throw off the ceremonial awe and adopt a more casual attitude toward the drink. As an agreeable and pliable guinea pig we are ready for any of this experimentation. Frankly, at the market prices of good champagne, we can enter this work only in a public-spirited rôle. Your correspondent talked to one of the leading importers of champagne and he hastily and gladly passed the matter of price on to the hotel, restaurant and café men. He sells a very good French champagne, say for $25.20 a case, which brings the price to $2.10 a bottle. Add the overhead, labor, corkage, etc., plus a fair profit and still you do not come to $7.00, the price asked for this brand in the better hotels. Nor do you arrive at $12.00 a bottle, the tariff asked in some of the fancier night clubs. About the best champagne on the market goes to the hotels for $36.00 a case. Figure it out for yourself if you are getting a fair break when you try to help along the sparkling wine industry.

Recently in New York a man gave a coming-out party for his daughter at one of the better hotels favored by the debutantes. Gate crashers being what they are, and the market being where it is, the father thought he would save a few pennies from heaven and arranged to buy his champagne from a friend in the business. But when he got his bill from the hotel there was a little item of $900.00 extra—"corkage charge on thirty cases of champagne." The moral of that is don't raise your daughter to be a debutante.

The writer was gazing at the wine list in one of those glorified places built for the out-of-town buyer and visiting firemen. There was a domestic champagne listed for $7.00. The ordinary leading brands were $12.00 and $14.00. I talked to the manager about the business phases of this system, the soundness of which I doubted. But the manager said that I was all wrong in my surmise that patrons would buy more at a lower price, that a champagne drinker was one who never considered price. He figured that he would sell so many bottles a night and the higher the price, the better the profit.

The local importers say that no leveling of prices will come until the American firms form an association as strong as the one in England, where a code is in effect to regulate prices. If such an association had been in force when Congress reduced the tariff on sparkling wines, some of that reduction would have been passed on to the consumer. As it developed, the wholesaler passed the reduction on to the retailer who didn't let it influence him much in his price lists. Another project of the association when it is formed, will be the establishment of a wine market. This will be an Emporium, perhaps in the middle of town on Park or Madison Avenue, where wines of all categories are kept for sampling. Impartial clerks will aid the buyer in seeking the sort of wine desired, the samples will be served by number and not by label or firm name, and only after the purchaser has made up his mind will the trade name be divulged. The purchaser then makes a note of his selection and buys his wine at his favorite store. But his selection will be arrived at through individual taste and preference and not through high power sales pressure.

In seeking a fair price for the champagne drinker the men who import or manufacture remind you that it will never be a poor man's drink. The many costs of production are such that good champagne will always cost more than wines of ordinary fermentation. Over the four years that champagne is fermenting in the bottle (six years in France) the bottle is handled by men at least two hundred fifty times. When the cork pops remember there goes a nickel. The wire and foil also cost five cents, the bottle another five and the labor of dosage ten. Just the physical container then is twenty-five cents before you start.

If you are not going to France and wish to see the champagnization of grapes, visit the American district, known as Pleasant Valley, New York. The method is the same as that followed by the leading champagne growers abroad. In most of the wineries you will find descendants of the original Frenchmen who were brought over to start the industry in America before the Civil War. You will be charmed by the lore that lingers in these old cellars and impressed by the tradition in a land where tradition does not have much of a foothold. Fortunately in the general confusion that followed prohibition, the champagne growers did not add to the uproar of bad labeling, quick profits and taking the public while it was gullible. Nor did they enlist in the ranks of the nationalists and cry down decent imported wares. The dealers in foreign champagne have the highest regard for the American growers and the Americans reciprocate. Most of them go abroad yearly and visit the foreign fields to study methods and procedures. Each realizes that the other has its place. If the Americans knew how they could bring their product to the level of the best imports, they would do so. It is mainly a question of taste and a difference in soil and climate where nature is the sole arbiter. For a long time it has not been a question of the grape itself for there have been so many international marriages of the vines that it is difficult to find a hundred per cent anything in a vineyard.

The main champagne district in this country runs along Lake Keuka, starting at Rheims. It is in the same isothermal line as the champagne district of France. The soil is of volcanic origin, necessary for the growing of certain types of grape. There is a belt around the lake, about one hundred feet above water level, where these grapes will grow. Above or below this belt they are no good for the best cuvée. Also the "right side of the hill" legend is proved by experience; the sunny side has the best grapes. What makes a grape good, no one seems to know, excepting of course its heritage or family tree. But as to locality, the best explanation seems to be that in this district the vine roots grow down to the underground streams that feed the lake, keeping the vines fed during the hottest days, and it takes hot sun to make good wine grapes.

Speaking of heritage, the life story of a grape vine is a fascinating subject as learned in Pleasant Valley. They will doubtless show you a book, *Grapes of New York*, prepared by U. P. Hedrick, of Cornell, giving the family trees and coats of arms of every

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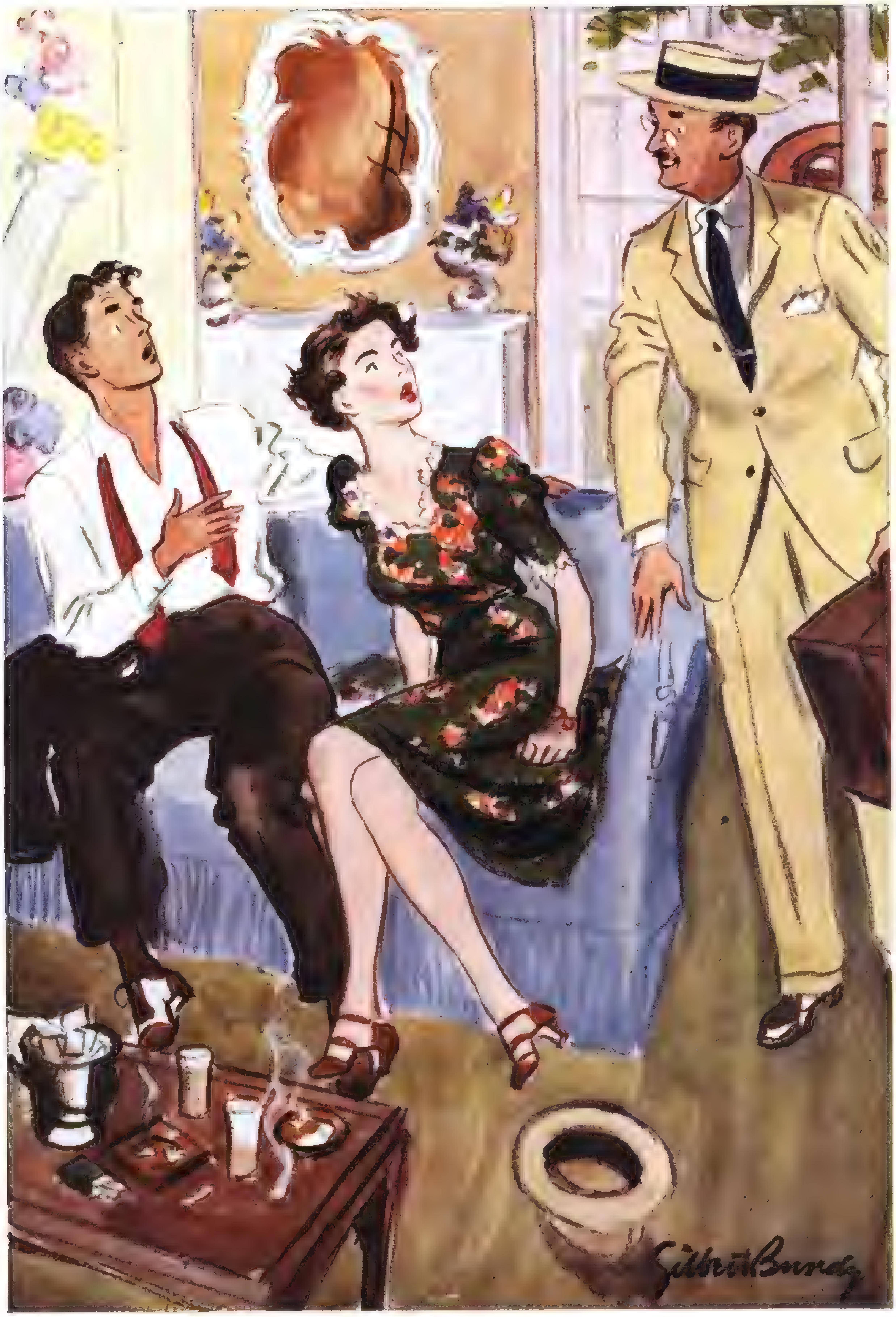
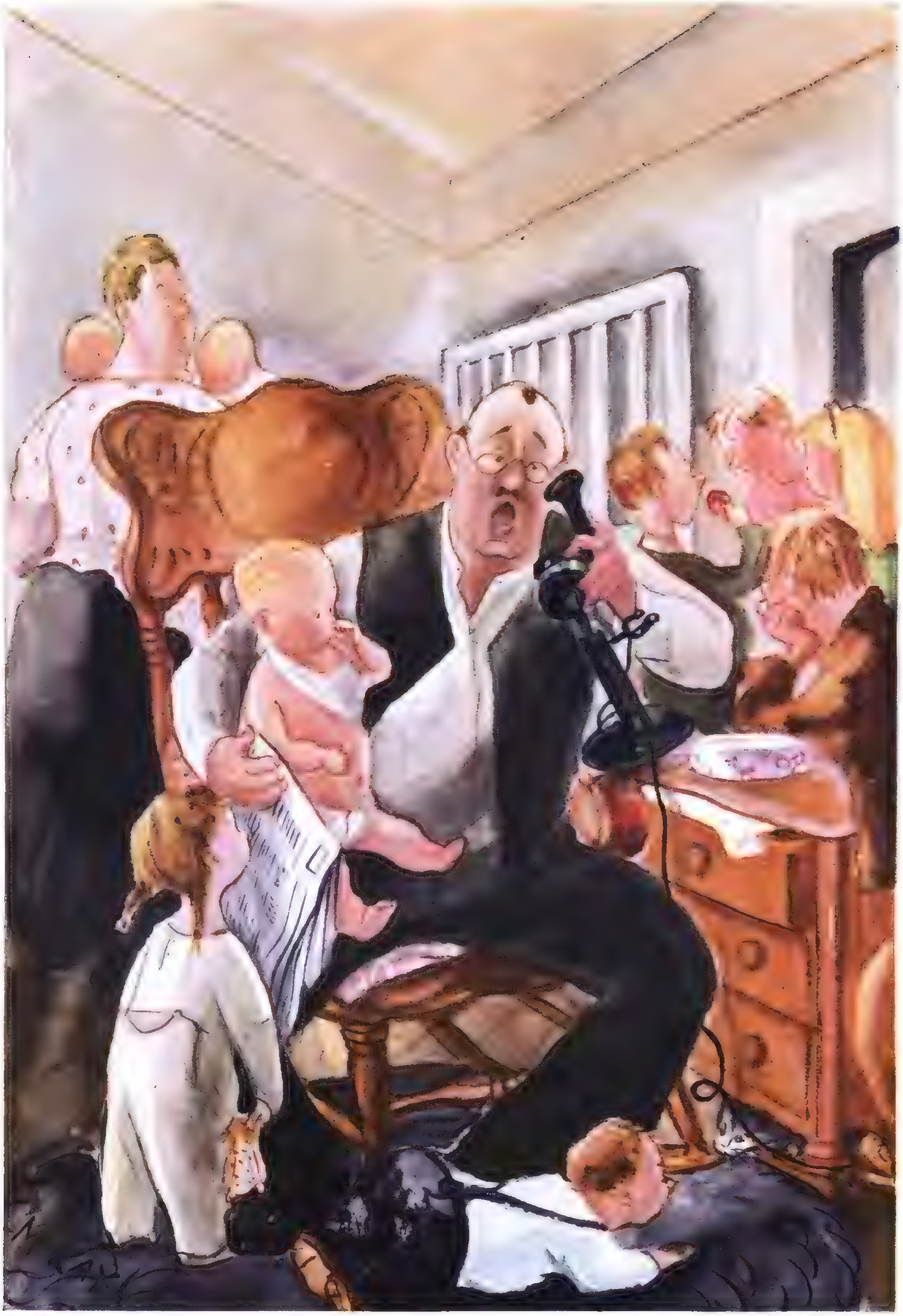

Gilbert Bundy

"What's the matter? You both jumped like you'd been shot"



"No, this isn't the Child Welfare Bureau, but I think we can answer any questions you might ask"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Only sheltered maiden ladies could fail to notice that certain English actors would make ideal Mustardseeds

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

▪ THEATRE ▪

Certain sections of the estimable British press have lately been working themselves into a lather over my comments on the surplusage of English actors in America. By way of making the lather more foamful and creamy they have permitted themselves various misquotations and distortions, and have persuaded their readers that I am not only an enemy of British dramatic art (which they presumably and peculiarly seem to view as an existing fact) but that I am, further and by implication, responsible for the late Congressional imbecilities of Mr. Dickstein, the potential reprisals of the American Actors' Equity Association and the recent Hollywood mortal heart stroke of Sir Guy Standing, to say nothing of the failure of *Love From a Stranger* and other such great English dramatic masterpieces and the indisposition of the Lotus Club to give banquets to visiting London actors oftener than twice a week.

Nor does the case that they seem determined to make out against me stop there. Mr. Sydney W. Carroll, who strangely enough by our American ethical standards combines, congruously to the English, the offices of drama critic to the *Daily Telegraph* and commercial theatrical producer, has in several articles achieved a personal lather suggestive of hydrophobia in a dinosaur. What has exercised Mr. Carroll, it seems, is, first, my observation that some of the English actors who have appeared here this last season have impressed us as being ideal types for the rôles of Oberon, Peaseblossom and Mustardseed and, secondly and oddly enough, my further—if plainly unrelated—observation that, when it comes to the business of acting, Englishmen in general are far better equipped by nature for it than Americans.

What are the facts? The facts are that I have duly noted the wholesale importation of English actors but have registered not the slightest critical objection to it save in the case of bad English actors, of which there have been not many; that it is impossible for me to be an enemy of present-day English dramatic art because, so far as I or any intelligent Englishman of my acquaintance can make out, there isn't any such thing; that, true enough, some of the English actors who came over here this season did unmistakably give innumerable American theatregoers the impression that they were pixies; and that, when all is said and done, the Englishman in general does make a very much better actor than the American because acting runs in the English blood like parsimony in the French or syphilis in the Abyssinian blood. I said and wrote these things, no more and no less, and why the English should beget such a stew over it, especially in view of their acrimonious attacks three years ago upon the number of American actors on the English legitimate and variety stages, upon the gutter and nasal accents of American players always, and upon the crassness of imported American plays, not to forget their imposed labor restrictions on American actors, is pretty hard to make out.

The truth is, of course, that the English, God bless them, are notoriously a touchy people. They feel perfectly free to criticize everybody else under the sun for everything under the sun, but let any outsider—and an American in particular—offer the faintest criticism of them and their resentment is limitless. The present occasion affords a revelatory example. My mere statement that the American stage is over-run with English actors (a fact recognized by everyone) immediately prompts the English to read into the statement the implication that I consider them unwelcome to our stage, and they rush into print with such nonsense as "If Mr. Nathan continues to reveal himself as our insistent enemy he will do his own country more harm than he can possibly do to us; that is self-evident!" The answer to this, in the vulgar American phraseology which the English so grievously deplore, is the answer ejaculated by the eunuchs in the epic ballad whose first line is "'Twas Christmas in the harem." The bare fact that there has lately been a disproportion of English actors on the American stage no more arbitrarily argues that I object to it than the comprehensive spread of French cooking in our restaurants implies that I object, in turn, to it. In point of fact, I rather like both, that is, just so long as they are good.

Our theatre can profit and assuredly has profited from the presence of many of these English mummers, for, as I have said, they are infinitely superior to the run of the American pack. The basic difference between the two schools is that, whereas the Englishman is proud to be an actor, the American male is most often a little ashamed and apologetic, since it is in his born nature to regard the profession of acting as somewhat undignified and a little unmanly. But acting, as I have also said, is as natural to the Englishman and as much a part of him as his teeth, spats and condescension to most things American. The performance of even an English layman upon meeting a foreigner is something for large histrionic admiration. I perhaps need not redescribe its already too familiar essentials. It begins, upon the introduction, with the delineation of an emotion akin to that which might be experienced by the Englishman at his first sight of a particularly lovely field of bluebells and daisies. This emotion, after no more than a scant moment, is succeeded by a performance of the mood of dubiety, accompanied by a beautiful bit of histrionism suggestive of a man politely pretending that he is not conscious of an obvious, peculiar, and slightly unpleasant odor. Thereupon, promptly, the performance of the initial bluebell and daisy emotion is conciliatingly repeated, for a brief second. And the rest of the act is carried on with a magnificently adept and highly technicalized imitation of Mr. Gary Cooper's or Mr. George Raft's dead pan, conveying with rare proficiency an amalgam of bland intellectual superiority, sovereign social *savoir faire*, world-weary nonchalance, and bowel trouble.

But I wander. What I started out to say was that the Englishman, unlike the American, is the actor-man preëminent. The very names of English actors are splendidly theatrical. Consider, for example, such as these: Leon Quartermaine, Cedric Hardwicke, Basil Rathbone, Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Philip Merivale, Stephen Ker Appleby, Robert Loraine, Lawrance D'Orsay, Kyrle Bellew, Gerald Du Maurier, Ian Keith, Brian Aherne, Laurence Olivier, Fothringham Lysons, Colin Keith-Johnston, Nigel Bruce, Hamilton Revelle, William Faversham, Stephen Haggard, Charles Wyndham, Darrell Fancourt, Wilson Barrett, Colin Clive, Dallas Welford, Aubrey Boucicault, Rowland Buckstone. And now, still rolling those luscious, nay, lascivious sounds upon your tongue, consider these: Alfred Lunt, Herbert Yost, Frank Craven, J. C. Nugent, Will M. Cressy, Rollo Peters, Otto Kruger, Tom Powers, J. Edward Bromberg, Billy B. Van, Eddie Foy, Fritz Leiber, Walter Abel, Sam Jaffe, Lew Dockstader, Morris Carnovsky, Otis Skinner, Fred Stone, Teddy Hart, George Cohan, Conrad Nagel, Ben Smith, Lou Holtz, Joe Laurie, Al Ochs, Reed Herring, Teddy Bergman, O. Z. Whitehead. Why, those English names act even before the curtain goes up! Maybe what our native

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Those Boy-Gone Days

Before all these ready-made toys made sissies out of kids, they used to cook up some real, honest-to-God mischief

by COPE WISEMAN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Boys of today don't play like we did when I was a youngster. I know this for a fact, because I've been watching my son and his boy friends for several years.

In the first place the boys of today don't play as roughly as we did. They don't have nearly as many fights per boy capita as we used to have and they don't experiment with the mysterious and oftentimes dangerous things we did. The availability of ready-made toys, representing everything from airplanes to automobiles, machine guns to death-ray guns, has prevented boys of today from developing the ingenuity and ideas we had to develop to amuse ourselves.

Everything is too ready-made for the modern boy. My son is missing many a thrilling experience and hair-raising adventure I had as a youth, because of this condition, but what can be done about it, I haven't worked out.

Henry and his chums play policemen and bandits. They shoot at each other with toy machine guns, toy automatics and toy ray guns. They holler BANG, BANG all over the place. The one hollering BANG the loudest kills the weaker voiced BANG, or something like that.

We played Indians and cowboys when I was a lad, bandits not then being in vogue. The Indians used real bows and blunt arrows and the cowboys used corn cobs, clods of earth, whatever they could get their hands on. Such was our ammunition and we actually aimed and "fired" at each other, sometimes with very painful results.

Speaking of ingenuity, there was the time we built a steam cannon and tried it out on the Indians during one of our battles. I was Buffalo Bill, commander of the cowboys. Our fort was a large hole in the back yard of Otis Schermerhorn's home, a storm cellar someone had started and never completed. We couldn't get cannons in those days from Santa Claus, or any place else. We had to make one, needing a cannon very badly at the time.

We used a two-gallon syrup can, the kind that has a telescope lid which fits inside the can tightly. We placed two iron rods in the ground in the floor of our fort, tied a piece of wire around the can and swung it between the iron rods with its bottom a few inches from the ground. The can was half filled with water and crammed to the rest of its capacity with green chinaberries, those hard little berries that grow in clusters on chinaberry trees. Then we clamped the lid down as tight as it would go.

We tilted the can so that its top pointed upward and outward in the direction the Indians would make their charge upon us. It was similar to a mortar gun in principle.

Heat being the prime requisite to make our cannon discharge its rain of chinaberry death, we built a hot fire of fat pine boards directly under the can. About the time the fire got started good, the Indians, led by Chief Sitting Bull, *née* Otis Schermerhorn, made their first charge. We immediately went into action.

How the arrows and the cobs did fly all around us.

Whiz—zip—thud! Ouch, damn, Hell-fire, you bastard (we cussed a bit too when I was a boy) I'll kill you, take that, Ouch, help, thud, thud, thud, (cobs going like machine gun bullets), zip, zip, zip, arrows meeting flesh with the sting of hornets.

Consumed with curiosity regarding why we had a fire burning in our fort, the Indians were making strenous efforts to overwhelm us and take possession. Otis and three of his best warriors got right up on the embankment and pelted us so fiercely with spears and high powered cobs that it almost won the fort for them. But we stuck it out, somehow, and blazed back with all we had.

When the battle was at its thickest, I glanced down at our cannon and noted a slight bulge in its sides and lid. I pushed Carl to one side and pointed.

"She's going off," I shouted and hardly were the words—

BAROMB!! That was about the sound of "her." The lid flew away in a dense cloud of steam. A rain of boiling hot chinaberries shot into the air and cascaded down on the Indians. But something else happened that we hadn't expected. The concussion kicked the steam cannon in a backward arc, showering us cowboys in the fort with hot water, hot chinaberries and hot embers from the fire beneath the cannon.

There were wild yells all over Mrs. Schermerhorn's back yard. Pandemonium broke out in both armies. Indians dropped bows, arrows and cobs to give their entire attention to dislodging hot berries inside their shirts. Some rolled on the ground and cried out in a woeful manner. Others tried to stand on their heads and shake out the disturbing pellets. One Indian simply tore off his shirt and pants and went leaping around in his birthday clothes.

Into the midst of this utter abandonment in the Indian camp dashed we cowboys, leaping high and shrieking with the pain of scalded feet, burned legs, peppered bodies and smoke filled eyes.

Never was any war broken up so quickly. A dozen homes in that section of the city became hospitals for war-injured during the next hour. Chief Sitting Bull was struck in so many places that Mrs. Schermerhorn called up my mother and said I ought to be jailed, skinned alive, or something. It almost broke up our families' friendship.

These toy chemical sets that Santa Claus brings to the modern boy were absolutely unheard of in my days of youth. If we got an urge to experiment with chemical explosives we just did the best we could with whatever material was available. The results of such researches were not only highly educational but sometimes startling.

I was over at Brooks Baker's house one afternoon and we went into his mother's kitchen to see if we could find something to eat. Brooks' mother was downtown. The kitchen had just been "done over" and fairly glistened with fresh white paint and white wall paper.

As we munched on a cold biscuit Brooks pulled out a jug that was sitting in a corner under a table. He jerked out the cork and sniffed loudly.

"Vinegar," he said, starting to put the cork back.

"Did yuh ever put soda in vinegar?" I asked as naïvely as a mouthful of biscuit would permit. Brooks shook his head.

"What happens?" he asked.

"Oh, it foams, sorter," I replied.

"This is just some old spoilt vinegar Mama don't want," Brooks said, thinking out loud. "We'll make it foam, huh?" He reached into the kitchen cabinet and brought out a box of baking soda. Making a funnel with one hand, he poured about half the contents of the box into the jug.

A hissing sound came from the opening. The hiss grew to a distant roar. Foam began to pour out, running down the sides and onto the new linoleum floor.

"Heck," said Brooks. He grabbed up the cork and pounded it hard into the mouth of the jug. Then he got a cup towel hanging by the stove and started wiping up the stain on the floor, at the same time mumbling something about his mother getting sore if her kitchen got dirty.

I edged over toward the door leading into the dining room, my eyes glued on that jug. Corking it up that way didn't seem right. Somewhere in my memory it seemed that I had learned you couldn't do that with soda and vinegar. I was just about to say something to Brooks about it when—

KA—JUNG went the jug. There was a loud PLOP as the cork hit the ceiling, a terrific hissing noise as a stream of brown liquid shot upward and then I ducked my head and dived through the doorway. For a short interval everything was quiet except for a gurgling and hissing sound in the kitchen. I crept forward and looked.

Brooks was sitting on the floor beside the still fuming jug, staring with open mouth at a large brown stain that covered half the kitchen ceiling. I tried to think of something to say, but no words would come. I went home.

Mother broke a hairbrush on me that night and Mrs. Baker almost killed Brooks with a buggy whip. I could hear him yelling and shouting and hear the whip singing through the air. It was a long time after that before Brooks would speak to me.

Santa Claus has brought Henry two chemical sets and I suppose he has learned through the instructions that come with the chemicals, what happens when acid and soda are mixed. Anyway, Henry hasn't blown up any jugs around the house—yet. Nor has he, to my knowledge, mixed up any gunpowder such as Fred Norwood and I did one time.

All Fred and I knew was that a mixture of powdered charcoal, powdered sulphur and a little saltpeter would make black gunpowder. We didn't know the formula, how much of this and how much of that. We had to guess. A modern boy would probably have it all written out for him and he would know just what he was doing and when he was finished. Fred and I didn't—until it was too late.

We mixed our gunpowder in a big scoop shovel, the kind you scoop grain with, out in the back yard of Fred's home, one springtime afternoon. We put in sulphur, we put in charcoal and we gave it a dash of saltpeter and mixed and mixed the stuff thoroughly. Finally, when we had about half a gallon of the powder piled in the shovel we decided to see if it would explode, ignite, go off or just burn.

Fred wanted to be the tester so I let him. We rolled a piece of paper into a long tube, got down close to the ground and as far away as possible and still reach the shovel. Fred lighted the paper tube and touched it to the powder.

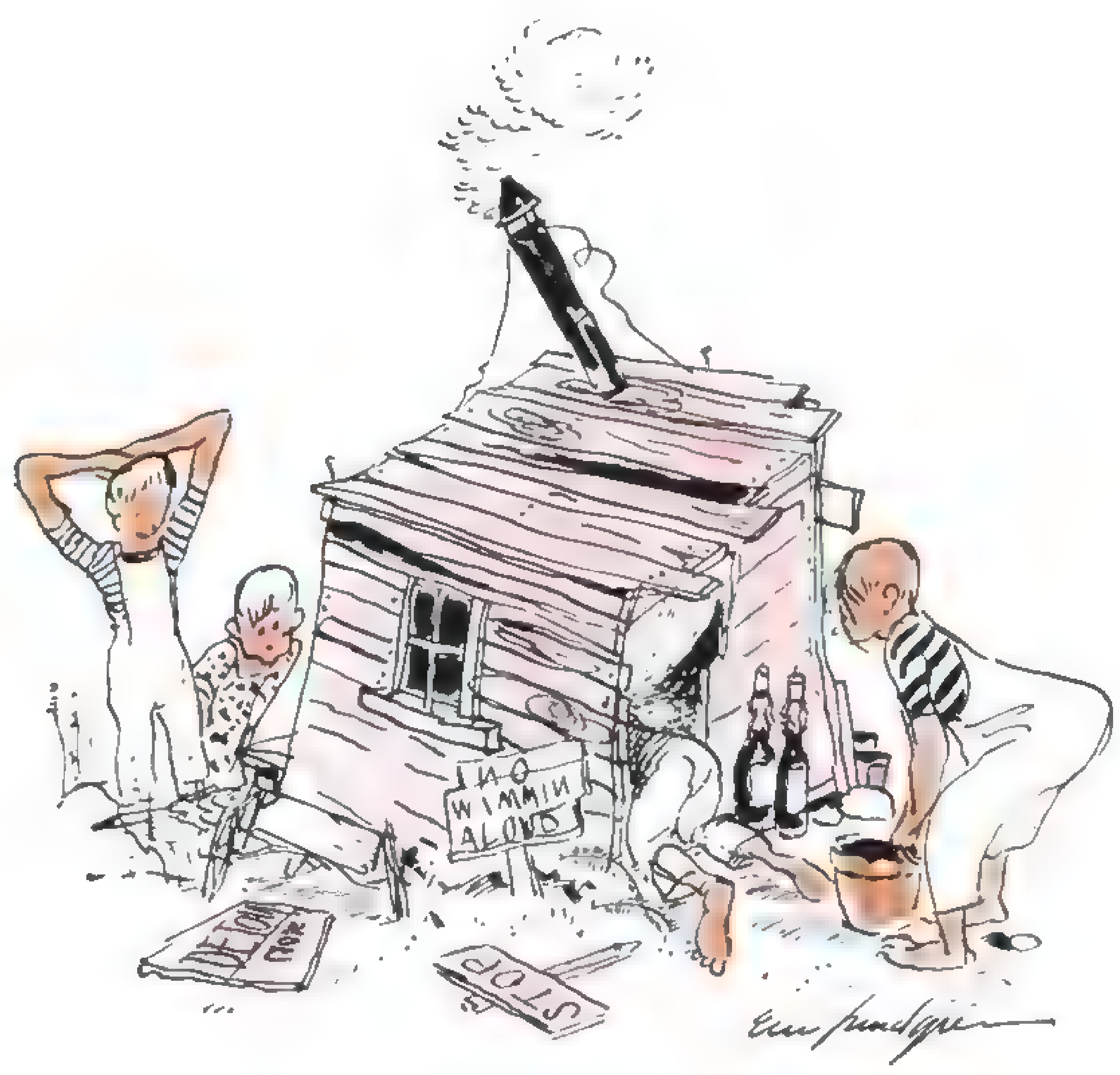
Nothing happened. We lit another tube and poked it into and all around that black powdery mass without any results whatever.

"Not mixed right," said Fred. We got some more sulphur and saltpeter and mixed it in some more. Again we got low on the ground and applied a lighted tube. Again the powder remained inert. And again we applied more of this and less of that and mixed and mixed the stuff.

As we went along we got more careless. We got to where we would sit on the ground right beside the powder and throw lighted matches in it.

A couple of hours went by in this manner and we had used up our stock of chemicals. We had about a gallon of powder in that shovel—enough to fire one of Uncle Sam's twelve-inch naval guns. The sun began to set. I arose to leave, mumbling something about it being too bad.

"Shucks," said Fred impatiently. As he got up to walk to his front gate with me he struck another match, bent over the shovel and shoved the flame hard into the powder.



WHUFF! That's the way it sounded—just like a great big puff of wind and a big cloud of black smoke that shot skyward. A strong wind nearly knocked me off my feet. I looked at the shovel and it was empty. Then Fred turned and looked at me. I almost fainted.

Fred had been transformed into a coal black Negro. His gray eyes seemed to glare at me out of a pitch-black mask. A few wisps of smoke curled up from where his hair had been above his forehead.

At that moment Fred's mother came out to investigate the strange noise. I went home. And durned if Fred didn't lay the blame for the whole thing on me and, of course, I got another tail-blazing licking that makes my posterior section tingle to this late day.

I haven't seen Henry or his boy friends make the kind of catapult we boys used to make. Probably the modern toys, such as ditch digger outfits, toy derricks, bridge and building sets and the like, have demonstrated the lever and cantilever principle so clearly to the boys of today that they are not interested in experimenting with force derived in this manner.

The catapults I made were generally the kind where you place a board across a log, put some object, such as a rock, on one end of the board, strike the other end with a heavy object and see how high you can send the rock into the air.

It was my father who brought to an abrupt close my experiments with this kind of force. I had been catapulting all sorts of things for an hour in the back yard of my home. The force being used was a sixteen pound sledge hammer Tex Warrenburg had borrowed from his father's workshop, plus whatever muscular power I could put behind the blow on the end of a two-by-four plank placed across a log. We had shot tin cans filled with loose dirt into the air and gotten quite a kick seeing the cans turn over away up high and spill out the dust—just like an exploding shell—almost.

My father had come home, but I hadn't noticed it.

He had gone around a shed at the back of the yard and was talking with Mr. Warrenburg about business conditions and things.

"Let's make it rain," I suggested to Tex.

We placed a gallon bucket of water on the end of the board. I stepped back, took a deep breath, raised the hammer and swung it down with all the force I could muster.

"Whee," sang out Tex, as we watched the bucket shoot high into the air, turn slowly over and start for the ground—for the ground directly behind this aforementioned shed. I heard the impact of the water as it splattered on the roof of the shed and heard the tin bucket make a twanging noise as it disappeared behind the building.

Then father came into view. He was wiping water out of his eyes with one hand and rubbing his head with the other and he was muttering something to God—I never did catch what he said. As he came across the yard he picked up a piece of lumber. I started to run.

"Stand where you are," he said in a highly pitched voice. I obeyed . . .

Again, a certain portion of me glows with the memory of that licking. About every other blow father would mumble between clenched teeth something about "infernal contraptions—'ll—be—the death of me—yet."

Henry went through his electrical age without anything unusual happening to him or his playmates, as far as I ever knew. He had all kinds of electrical engines, books of instruction telling him how to operate them, other instruction regarding winding coils and making certain experiments. But if he made any experiments he didn't hurt anyone and life remained peaceful around the house, all of which slightly disappointed me, remembering my youth.

In my boyhood days little was known about electricity, or else the facts about building things electrical were not as accessible as they are today.

Lewis McAfee and I had to learn about electrical energy by experimentation. We had very little instruction. There was the vibrator coil, for instance. We made it from directions in a boys' magazine. That coil stepped-up a weak current from a bunch of

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The Success Factory

How Dale Carnegie first learned to win friends and influence people to pay for his public speaking course

by HOMER CROY

■ ARTICLE ■

Compared with what we ought to be, we are only half awake. We are making use of only a small part of our physical and mental resources. Stating the thing broadly, the human individual thus lives far within his limits. He possesses powers of various sorts which he habitually fails to use. —WILLIAM JAMES, *Professor of Psychology, Harvard University*

THAT is Dale Carnegie's golden text, and it has done right well by him. It's the first thing you see in his advertising literature and the last thing you hear in his promotion talks. Whether or not modern psychologists will hold to the belief is beside the point; Dale does and his students do, and that's all that is necessary.

He puts this golden text into operation by teaching men and women to speak in public and has established a record never before attained, for he has drilled 16,500 men and women to "talk on their feet," as he puts it; and has listened to and criticized 190,000 speeches. But he does not say it as undramatically as that; "Or," he puts it, "one speech for every day that has passed since Christopher Columbus discovered America."

He can be thought of as the Father of After-Dinner Speakers, the Daddy of all Toastmasters. But his course is far, far wider than that, for the essence of it is concentrated in making a business success. And all his teaching and all his philosophy is headed in that direction. If you can get on your feet and make a speech which will impress other people, you will get ahead much faster than if you are a tongue-tied seat-warmer. That is his wall motto.

He advertised in the newspapers he would be in the Grand Ball Room of the Hotel Astor to tell people they could learn to speak on their feet, and 3,500 crowded into the place; the doors had to be closed, people were turned away, two hundred stood. The crowd was so great the management wrote him that they did not want him to hold another meeting in the hotel.

The whole affair was run off like a quick-moving vaudeville. There was a master of ceremonies; old grads came to tell what the course had done for them. A typical example was Godfrey Meyer who lives in Clifton, New Jersey. Mr. Meyer, among other things, is the father of eleven children. He works in Wall Street and commutes back and forth and it all has made him gray-haired. He had never taken part in the community activities of Clifton. He enrolled as a Carnegie student, and was going along as he always had when he got home one night and found his tax bill on the table. The bill was far more than what he thought it should be, and a few nights later he went to a town meeting where the matter was droning along. Leaping to his feet he said what he thought and said it with Carnegie fire. His fellow-citizens were so impressed they asked him to run for town council. There were ninety-six contestants—Mr. Meyer won. Almost overnight he became a public figure in his community. But Mr. Carnegie does not finish it so prosaically as that, for this is the way he puts it: "His salary as councilman meant that he got a return of one thousand per cent a year on his investment in my course."

Another example: Theodore Alvy, who lives at 9618 72nd Road, Forest Hills, Long Island, was Chief Engineer for La Cour Iron Works in Long Island City. He attended the monthly meetings of the American Association of Engineers for twelve years without ever once having said a word. He felt stirrings toward self-expression and enrolled in the Carnegie classes; when he finished he attended another meeting of the Association, got to his feet and spoke for twelve minutes. Members told him how glad they were to meet him and asked why he had never come to their meetings before.

"Things began to happen," said Mr. Carnegie. "He was asked to be one of the principal speakers at the next meeting of the Association. He spoke, and was made chairman of the house committee, and the following year was made a director of the Association.

"The next season he was asked to become president, but declined. He," concludes Mr. Carnegie, "made more friends and acquired more prestige in one twelve-minute talk than in the twelve years he had been inarticulate."

Other names more easily recognizable by the general public, appear among his students: Robert M. Brinkerhoff (artist); W. C. Lengel (editor); E. W. Hammons (pictures); Ivy Lee, Jr. (publicity); McClelland Barclay (artist); Walter H. Hildick (applejack); Robert B. Colgate (soap); George M. Delacorte (publisher); A. D. Whiteside (President, Dun & Bradstreet); Professor Prescott Lecky of Columbia University.

The students are handled with machine-like precision, and well do they have to be, as this will show: there are twenty-two colleges and universities in New York City and all have classes in public speaking. Some have two instructors. Carnegie has more students in public speaking than all these colleges lumped together. The course, which consists of forty sessions, is completed in sixteen weeks. The student speaks at thirty-two of these sessions so that he will, if he attends all the sessions, make sixty-four public speeches. There are two courses each night; one before dinner; one afterward.

The student gets the feel of it gradually. At the opening meeting he and three others are called to the front of the class; they do not have to face the class; they sit at a table, chat. They answer seven questions. The ordeal is over.

But that is only the beginning. At the next session the table-sitters are put on their feet and made to talk. He has had men actually faint. "One fainted twice. He turned out to be the best speaker in the class," says Mr. Carnegie. At this session the student talks on the subject on which he is the greatest authority in the world: himself. (The students begin to warm up here.) He is to tell where he was born, whether he went to college and if so does he regret having gone? How he made his first dollar. Bit by bit the student slides into it. In a few lessons he has passed himself up and is talking on sit-down strikes. About the fifth week he tackles England in India. From this it is only a step to the Supreme Court.

Carnegie is down to earth with the topics he assigns the class to discuss. Here are some of them: *Resolved* that a man is a fool to lend money to friends. *Resolved* that it is more economical to buy a used car than a new one. *Resolved* that the younger generation is more immoral than our generation at that age.

But the climax is not yet. This is "heckling night" when the class is invited to insult the speaker, and no invitation goes begging. They shout, they bawl at him, they taunt him, but he must press on with his speech—pluck the last sprig of fear out of his soul. At the moment he is about his plucking, Carnegie creeps up behind him and gives him a clout across the shoulders with a rolled-up newspaper. Then he hands him another paper so rolled and equally useful and says, "Don't let them dominate you. Cow 'em." Then the student cows them.

It seems rather foolish, but once the students get the feel of it they love it—the heckling session is the biggest success of any evening. Some of the hecklers display rare skill, but that is all the better for hardening the student, says Mr. Carnegie.

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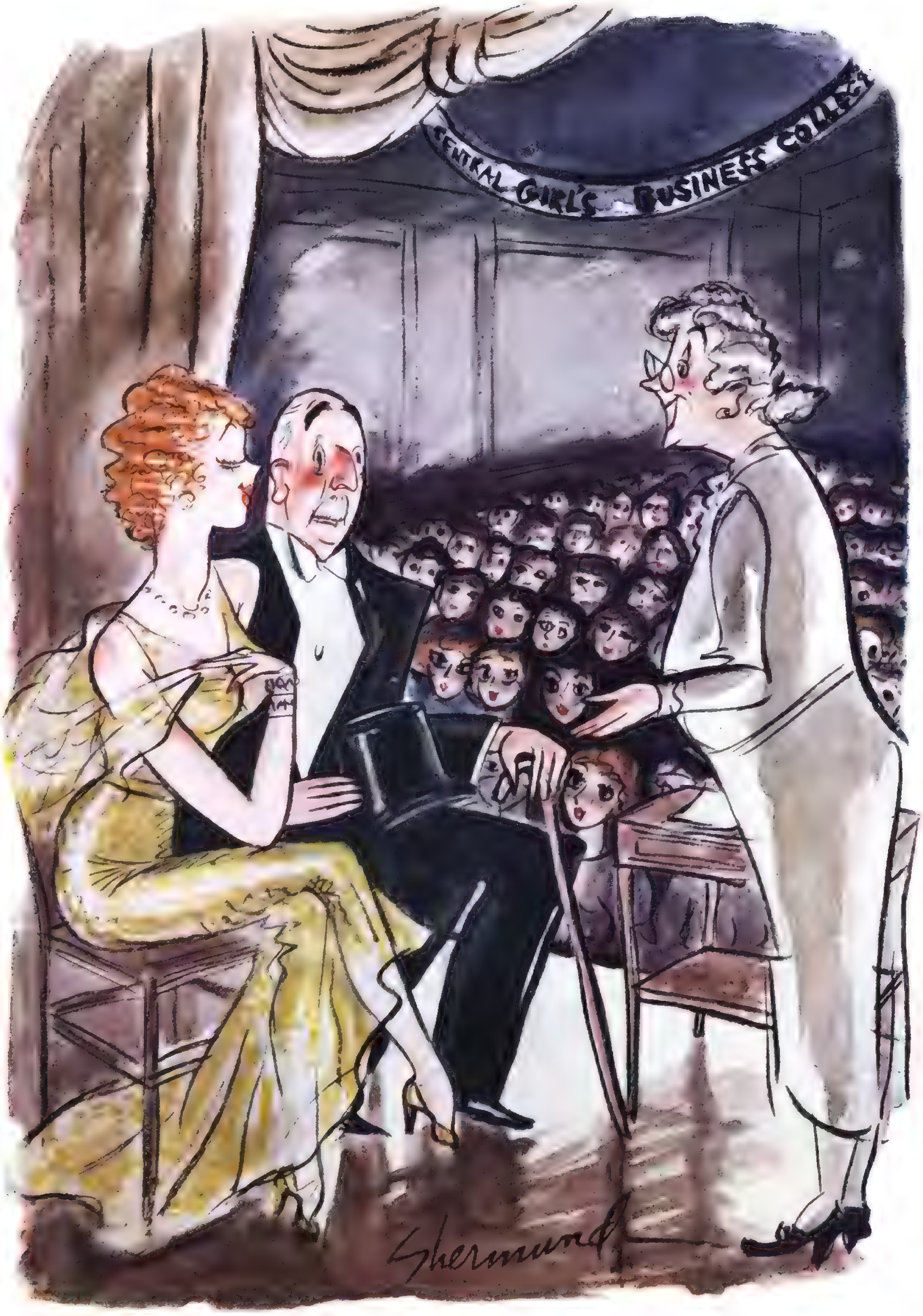
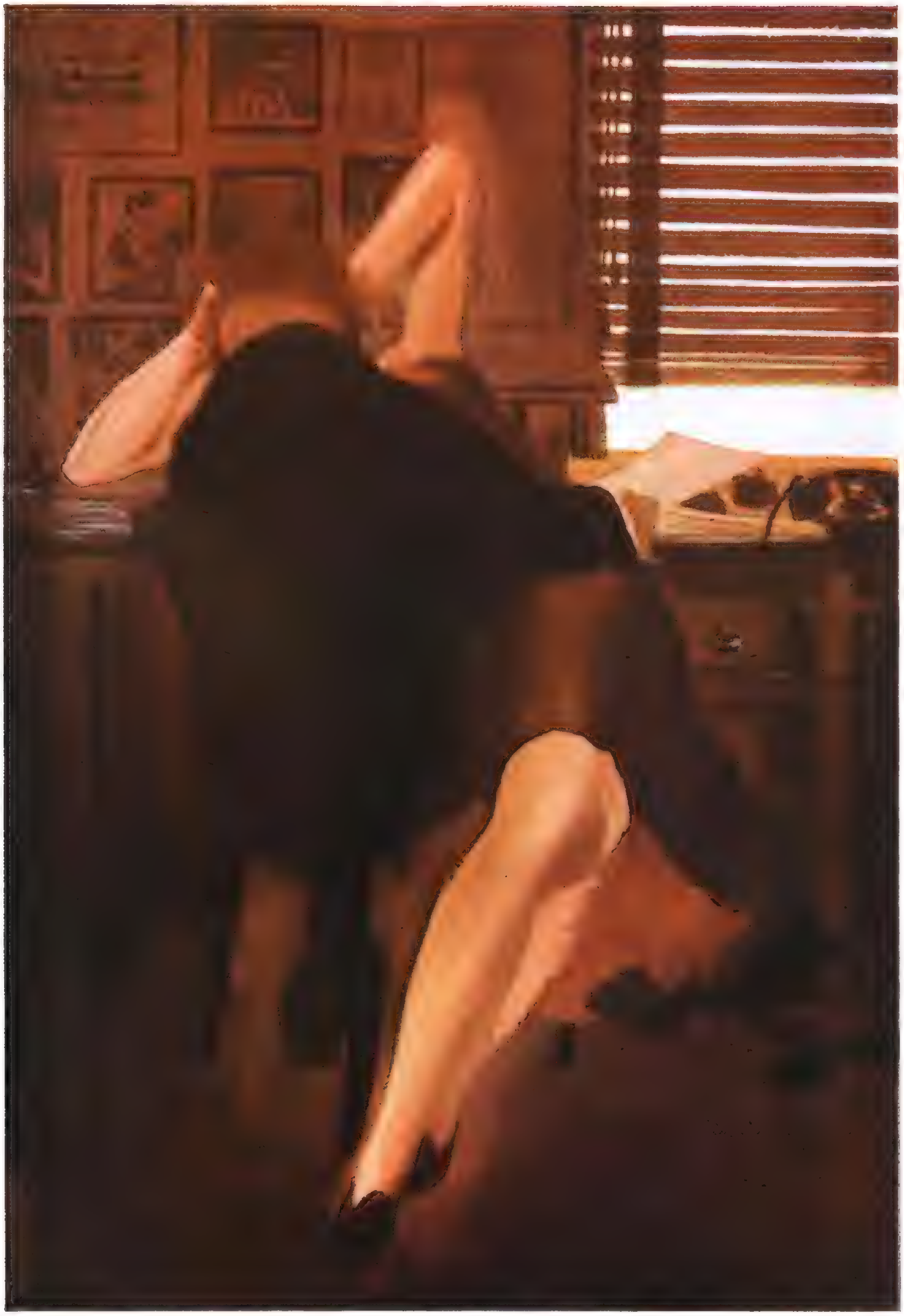

CENTRAL GIRLS BUSINESS COLLE
Shermund

"Miss Tyson, alumna of 1935, will now honor us with a little success talk"



"You booking agents are all alike—never satisfied with ten percent!"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Oliver St. John Gogarty, long a literary legend, ups and speaks for himself with hilarious results

by BURTON RASCOE

• BOOKS •

When George Moore was writing *The Lake*, he refused Oliver St. John Gogarty's mother's request to exclude the name, Oliver Gogarty. "But, Madam, if you can supply a name with two such joyous dactyls, I will change it." . . . Oliver St. John Gogarty is the "Buck" Mulligan of James Joyce's *Ulysses*. "My name is absurd too: Malachi Mulligan, two dactyls," says stately, plump Buck Mulligan, "whose plump shadowed face and sullen oval jowl recalled a prelate" in that joyous buffoonery.

By refusing the request, Moore had caused Gogarty's mother much pain. Gogarty planned, and got, revenge. In Ely Place in Dublin lived Sir Thornley Stoker, Gogarty and Moore. One evening Sir Thornley, who was the famous surgeon, brother of Bram Stoker, author of *Dracula*, invited Augustine Birrell, Gogarty and Moore to dinner, requesting them to be punctual "as a matter of principle."

Moore resented the presence of Birrell; he arrived late, after soup had been served. Sir Thornley bade him sit down saying, "We couldn't wait for you any longer."

Moore examined the glossy Chippendale chair awaiting him, balancing it on its hind legs; then, turning with a look of inquiry to his host, asked, "A cancer, Sir Thornley, or a gallstone?"

While chining the salmon, Sir Thornley asked Moore if he would have a bit of the belly or the shoulder. Moore answered: "Neither, thanks. The fin."

Sir Thornley was thoroughly annoyed: "Nobody ever heard of a fin."

Moore was hoping for this opportunity to rasp Birrell. Birrell had referred to the Chinese, in print, as Chineses. "On the contrary," replied Moore, "the Chineses—as my friend here insists on calling them—find sharks' fins delicious."

At that stage a nude and elderly lady burst into the dining room crying, "I like a little intelligent conversation." She ran around the table, followed by two female attendants, who seized her, grabbed napkins to hide her and led her, screaming, from the room. It was a grave and embarrassing moment. When Sir Thornley recovered himself he begged his guests to keep the mortifying incident under the mahogany. "And now, Moore, I conjure you most particularly, as you are the only one who causes me grave misgivings."

"But it was charming, Sir Thornley. I demand an encore."

Sir Thornley arose, went to Moore's chair, hissed something into his ear, lifted him from his seat and gave him the bum's rush through the house and into the street. . . . But he had noticed three tiny vesicles on Moore's shiny forehead. Next day he called upon Gogarty, who is a physician and bound him by the oath of Hippocrates "not to lift a finger in aid of that ruffian who lives opposite you up the street." Those vesicles on Moore's forehead, he told Gogarty, were signs of incipient weeping eczema; in three days they would be confluent and widely distributed where it would hurt Moore's vanity most; it would lay him up for two or three weeks; Gogarty was not to prescribe for his neighbor but make him show himself elsewhere.

Within three days Moore knocked at Gogarty's door. Inside, he pointed to the spreading vesicles: "What are those loathesome things?"

Here was the beginning of Gogarty's revenge. Pulling a professional stare, Gogarty sighed and diagnosed, "Memoirs of your Dead Life."

"Good Lord!" said Moore. "Can it be possible? It must be thirty years ago." Thus unwittingly Moore himself scotched as pure invention his vainest boasts and answered Yeats' (and all literate Dublin's) persistent question: Is Moore impotent? He had been, or celibate, for thirty years.

"Even unto the third and fourth generation," said Gogarty gravely, enjoying his joke and Moore's discomfiture. But to Gogarty's astonishment, Moore recovered quickly, saying archly, "Oh, well that kind of thing can be cured."

It was necessary to Gogarty's complete revenge to spike Moore's nonchalance. He told Moore he could not treat him, under the ethics of the profession, until the disease had spread to one of his departments—to the ears or into the nose, which he assured Moore would be only a matter of a few days.

Moore stormed out and called in a dermatologist. The dermatologist accepted Gogarty's fake diagnosis, related by Moore, and prescribed an actual remedy for an imaginary disease, which so aggravated the outbreak that Moore called in a second physician who doubled the dose of the first.

Moore's face a sight, the eruptions having reached the ear, he called upon Gogarty begging him to do something. Gogarty had a prescription from Sir Thornley which would cure the eczema in a few days; but his revenge was not yet complete. He wrote out the prescription but exacted a promise of Moore that he would remain indoors a full week, telling him that although the condition would disappear presently it would return in a more virulent form if Moore did not remain indoors and out of the sun.

Meanwhile Gogarty contrived to get written invitations to Moore to dine for every day of the ensuing week—from Bailey to meet Sir John Pentland Mahaffy, provost of Trinity College, with whom Moore had quarreled; from Lord O'Brien who had asked, "Why should I invite that fellow to dinner?" and had received Gogarty's answer, "Because he can't come"; from Sir Horace Plunkett to meet Mr. McPherson; from the droll Count Markiewicz to meet Anna Pavlova; and a forged invitation to dine at the Viceregal Lodge.

"George Moore," writes Oliver St. John Gogarty, "never knew the cause of his transient hebdomadal popularity. On recovering, he explained its sudden cessation to himself by his having had such a loathsome disease."

The anecdote is from *As I Was Going Down Sackville Street*, subtitled, *A Phantasy in Fact*, by Oliver St. John Gogarty (Reynal & Hitchcock, $3.50). Dr. Gogarty is a legend and a fact. The legend is embodied in *Ulysses* in the sanguine and erudite, roaring and fantastic, utterly delightful, bawdy and poetic, Buck Mulligan; and also the legend is on the lips of dozens of Dubliners who can recite Gogarty's unprintable, impeccable verses and tell incredible tales of the booming days of Gogarty's youth as a figure out of Rabelais. The fact is that he is a revered and respectable Dublin physician, a wit, and the poet most honored by quotation in W. B. Yeats' anthology of modern Irish poetry. The fact, indeed, is greater than the legend, as any one will conclude after reading this extraordinary book of Gogarty's memoirs.

Phantasy is an inescapable part of the Celtic imagination; and it is a phantasy that is wild and poetic; it tends to create a mood rather than state of fact. Therefore I beg those who begin Gogarty's book only to be puzzled by his ellipses, his incomprehensible allusions, to read on, catching what he can of Gogarty's head-swimming mixtures of poetic moods and comedy until he comes to Gogarty, the wit, dealing with his contemporaries and with his experience in the Dublin rebellion. And this gay Irishman can be corrosively bitter about the English policy of "turning loose the offscourings of English

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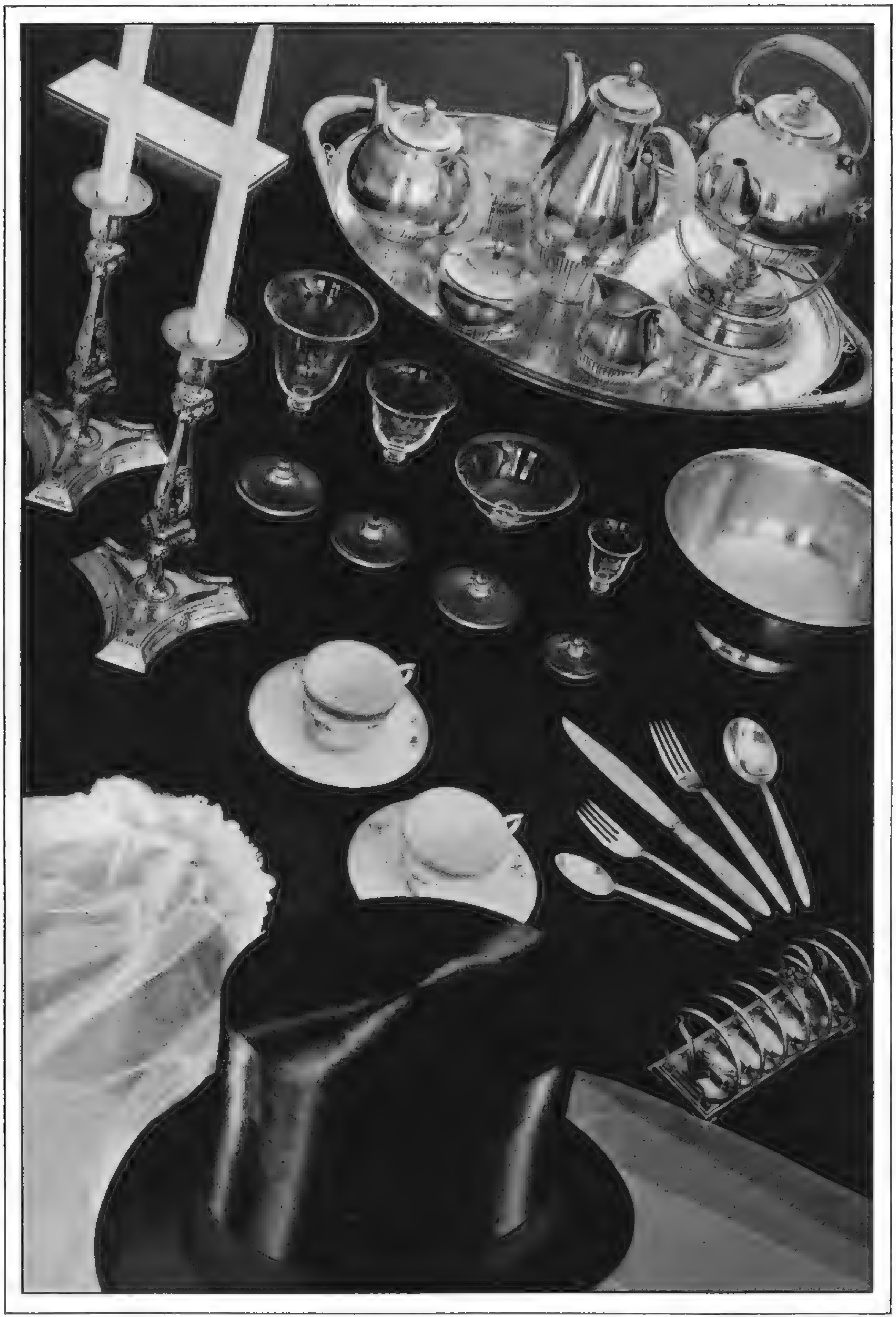

PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITING-FELLOWS

DISPLAYING SOME OF THE GATE RECEIPTS

The guy who gives the bride away could tell you there's a lot of expense in throwing a wedding. But it's some consolation when he sees that guests and well-wishers have come through handsomely and that his dear little girl, who's always had everything, will not want for such necessities as liqueur glasses and solid silver salad forks. In the illustration above, beginning on the starboard side, is an ivory handled silver coffee and tea service. To port, a silver cigarette box. The four glasses, reading from left to right, are for wine, cocktails, champagne and liqueur. Flanking them, a pair of silver candlesticks and a sterling silver bowl. The breakfast set, represented by cups and saucers, and the five pieces of table service are modest requirements for roughing it in a kitchenette apartment. The silver rack is for the toast, after scraping. And the bridal veil and silk hat indicate that everything's on the up and up.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

A Surprise Party

Her sister was the sort who would go right ahead and arrange things according to her beautiful plans

by JOHN BRAND

▪ FICTION ▪

It was Ellen Squier's birthday. Her sister rang her up in the morning to congratulate her. Marion was older than Ellen. Her first remark was typical. "They arranged to give you a beautiful day, didn't they, Ellen?"

"They" were the Forces which governed the world, Marion's husband's income, Marion's health, the health of her children and that of her relatives. "They" took time out occasionally to attend to the interests of people who were not connected with Marion either by blood or friendship but "They" concentrated pretty much on Marion, by and large.

Ellen agreed that it was a beautiful day. Yes, it was another milestone. Oh, indeed she *was* thinking good thoughts for the next year. Of course it was going to be the best year of her life.

Having forced her sister into verbal recognition of "Them," Marion got down to cases. "You'll dine with us, of course, Ellen?"

"No," said Ellen.

"Oh, but *darling*, on your birthday?"

"I'm sorry," Ellen said. "Couldn't we make it Sunday?"

"But what are you planning to do?"

"I have an engagement," Ellen said.

"Oh, *Ellen*. With whom?"

"With Tom Crane."

"Oh. Is it a theatre engagement?"

"No," Ellen said. "We're just going to have dinner."

"Oh. Going to a night club?"

"No, we're just having dinner."

"Well . . ." Marion's voice trailed off into vagueness. "I'll see you soon, dear."

Ellen idly flipped the pages of a notebook not seeing them. Twenty-eight years ago she had been ushered into the world. For what? To push her way to the top of an advertising agency? To be accorded respect as *the* Ellen Squier? The not *the* Ellen Squier. She wondered how she had looked when she drew the first breath, tried to picture her mother lying white and exhausted and younger than Ellen remembered her. Had her father thought: "Thank God that's over, now I can have my wife again." Had Marion, five years old, heard her mother cry out and asked why? Ellen smiled. She couldn't picture Marion, even at five, doing anything but wrestling with, making bargains with and admonishing her forces. Marion, in Ellen's mind, lying in her little white bed upstairs in her little white nightie hearing her mother cry out and saying, "There is no pain. There is no sickness. There is nothing but good."

The telephone rang again. It was Tom Crane this time. She had a clear, fond picture of him with his hat pushed back off his forehead, his mouth close up against the transmitter somewhere in a telephone booth.

"How's the birthday going?"

"Thanks for the flowers," Ellen said.

"It's all you're going to get," said Tom.

"From you, maybe," Ellen said.

"Are you leading a triple life, my good woman?"

"I have scarcely any time to myself," Ellen said. "What with dodges and lies and all. You've no idea."

"I might give you a cake with your dinner." Tom said.

"I'll take it," she said promptly. "Shall I meet you at Louie's" he replied "or shall I pick you up on account of it's your birthday?"

"I wouldn't want to take unfair advantage of you."

"Good," Tom said. "I'll meet you at Louie's."

That meant that fifteen minutes before she left the office he would stroll in, throw a package on her desk, say that he'd been in the neighborhood and thought he'd drop by after all. She closed her eyes and thought about his beard. It was a queer thing but whenever she closed her eyes to think about Tom she always thought of his beard against her cheek rasping and hurting. He'd never asked her to marry him. Sometimes it made her panicky when she thought about it. His income was good enough. He sold time for a radio agency.

Well, birthday or no birthday, Tom or no Tom, there were letters to be dictated. She rang for her secretary

At four-thirty that afternoon Marion called again.

"How's the birthday child?" she said.

"Blooming," said Ellen.

"You won't change your mind about having dinner with us?"

"I can't very well," said Ellen.

"You still intend to go with Tom? Haven't changed your plans for the evening?"

"No," said Ellen. "Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. I thought something might have happened and you might want to come for dinner after all."

"Really, Marion, you and your intuitions," Ellen said.

"Don't make fun of things just because you don't understand them," said Marion.

"I'll call you soon," Ellen said.

She looked up. Tom was just coming in the door. He tossed a small package on her desk. "I was over on Forty-fifth. I thought I might as well come by for you. The present's a bribe. I want you to stop leading a triple life in favor of a double one. How about it?"

"It'd have to be bigger," Ellen said.

"That's what I like about you, dear. It's the thought that counts with you."

"Take your hat off in my office," Ellen said.

"Darling," said Tom, not touching it. "I get mixed up. I always expect them to come to that door and announce a train."

"I got out of having dinner with Marion. She was a little hurt."

"I wouldn't like being pushed out of my chair at the table by a Force," Tom said. "Is it still Louie's?"

"Anywhere," Ellen said.

At Louie's they ordered Martinis and steak and green salad and a nice claret. "I've been wondering," Tom said, "why it is that when I go to a restaurant with you and men stare at you I like it. I shouldn't like it, should I?"

Ellen fingered the jade pendant that had been in the little package, smiling. "You don't think you're normal, do you?" she said.

"Don't you?"

"Of course not. You'll be locked up in a laughing academy before you're forty."

He said, "Hell, and I'd had so many plans." He grinned wickedly, his chin cupped in a large hand. "Designs, to you."

"Designs on me," said Ellen.

"You're simpering."

"I'm not simpering."

"I should lose my advantage by arguing with you," Tom said. "The hell with that."

They finished their wine and smoked their cigarettes.

"Let's walk home," Ellen said.

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Education Via the Two-Pay

Recalling all were not college boys who sold subscriptions, a cynic looks twice at vendors called "debutantes"

by R. B. SULLIVAN

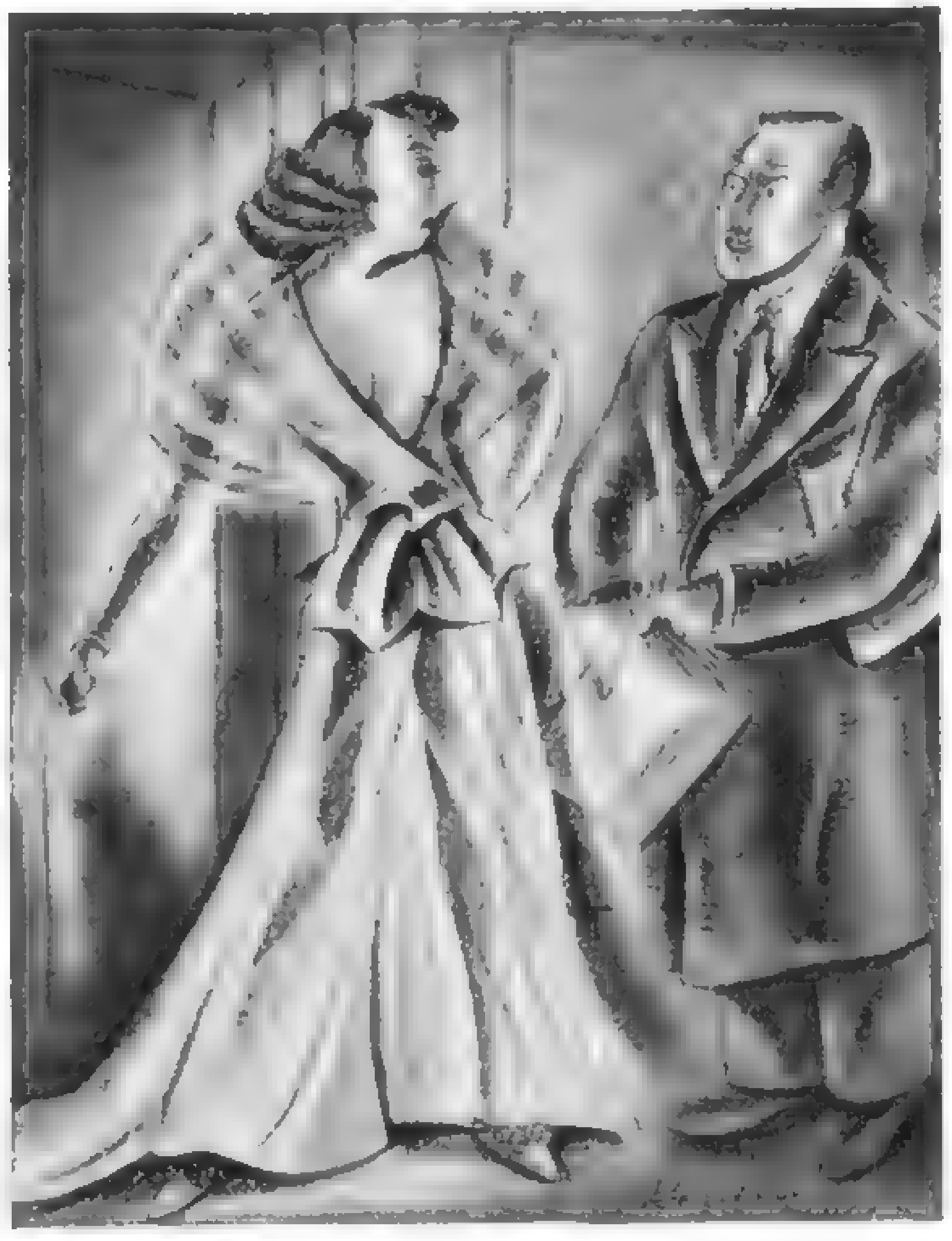
▪ ARTICLE ▪

I WAS seated in my study some days ago, absorbed in my favorite pastime—viz., peering dazedly out the window—when two beautiful young women crossed my field of vision and entered a wing of the apartment house. Hm, new neighbors, I thought cozily, and thereupon lost myself again in metaphysical considerations.

A few minutes later the same two gorgeous things again impinged themselves upon my consciousness, this time one door nearer. Mm, I thought, visitors, and can't find the right place. I should explain that the apartment house surrounds a large court upon which all the buildings open. Still more minutes and there they were again, this time approaching the door of the building where I live.

The doorbell gave me a delicious shock. I opened, and there they stood, their teeth gleaming phosphorescently in the dusk of the entry hall and their perfume defeating the effluvium of a leaking incinerator. They glanced at each other.

"Good morning," said one, in an accent I will not attempt to reproduce. It was pure Scarlett O'Hara to my undiscriminating ear. "We are on the debutantes' committee. I wonder if you can spare us a few minutes?"



I leered secretly in the dimness at the door. My wife was out and I was alone. Or practically alone, with two swell looking babes.

"Come in," I said, trying to control my voice. I was thinking frantically as I followed them to the living room, which also is my study, the dining room, a bed room and, on occasion, a dream castle. Once there, however, the illusion collapsed.

I began totalizing. First I spotted a couple of bad teeth. Then I saw that the ensembles were more Union Square than Madison Avenue. Then I asked myself what the hell a couple of debutantes would be doing in this apartment house and, above all, calling on me, unless they were on a mission of relief.

You may have found yourself in similar circumstances, in your home, your office, in your machine shop or on your park bench. The two young ladies, shopworn and rather desperate looking in a good light, had toward me no benevolent intentions of any sort. They merely wished me to subscribe to one or more popular national magazines.

I work at night and see little of the world, but I am not completely unsophisticated. The debutante gag was the one new gambit, and it threw me off, as I imagine it must do to countless others. Anyway, when I had drawn a few breaths of the musk-laden air, I suggested that we abandon all pretense. I explained that I had long since given up reading national periodicals, considering their editors to be a group of dizzards who didn't know good writing when it was submitted to them, and then I asked the two debutantes what adversity had forced them into this manner of life.

The girls were disgusted, but they accepted cigarettes and sat down gratefully. I won't give their case histories, which were not exciting as told, and they probably were lying anyway. The girls were tired that morning and had picked the wrong neighborhood. They usually worked the offices, but had decided on a sally into a residential district. They had found out how wrong they were after a morning of cold-eyed housewives. It had seemed like a bonanza when they saw a male face in the doorway. Pepped up, they were prepared to try the poontang plan, which works so well, or fairly well, in the commercial wards. Seeing that I was impervious, they surrendered—oops! wrong word—they just sat down to rest.

After I had politely bowed them out upon their hopeless quest, I determined to look into this business, known to the trade as the two-pay racket. I was impelled more by curiosity than by cupidity, because it did not appear then that there would be any market for remarks on the subject, for almost all of the magazines of the country are involved with the two-pay agencies. That some have stayed clear is obvious.

The thing started honestly enough, it is easy to discover, twenty years ago or more. One of the largest publishing houses in the country actually offered scholarships to youthful knowledge seekers who were willing to get out and work for their education. These, presumably, were homespun fellows who were torturing out their sums on the back of a shingle, and who deserved the opportunity to go on toward the blinding light of the higher learning. You would not gainsay them the privilege of improving themselves by the promotion of honest merchandise, with a selling argument that must have rung true because of its basic sincerity. The youths actually went to college on the scholarships, too, and it is to be hoped that none of them matured into circulation managers.

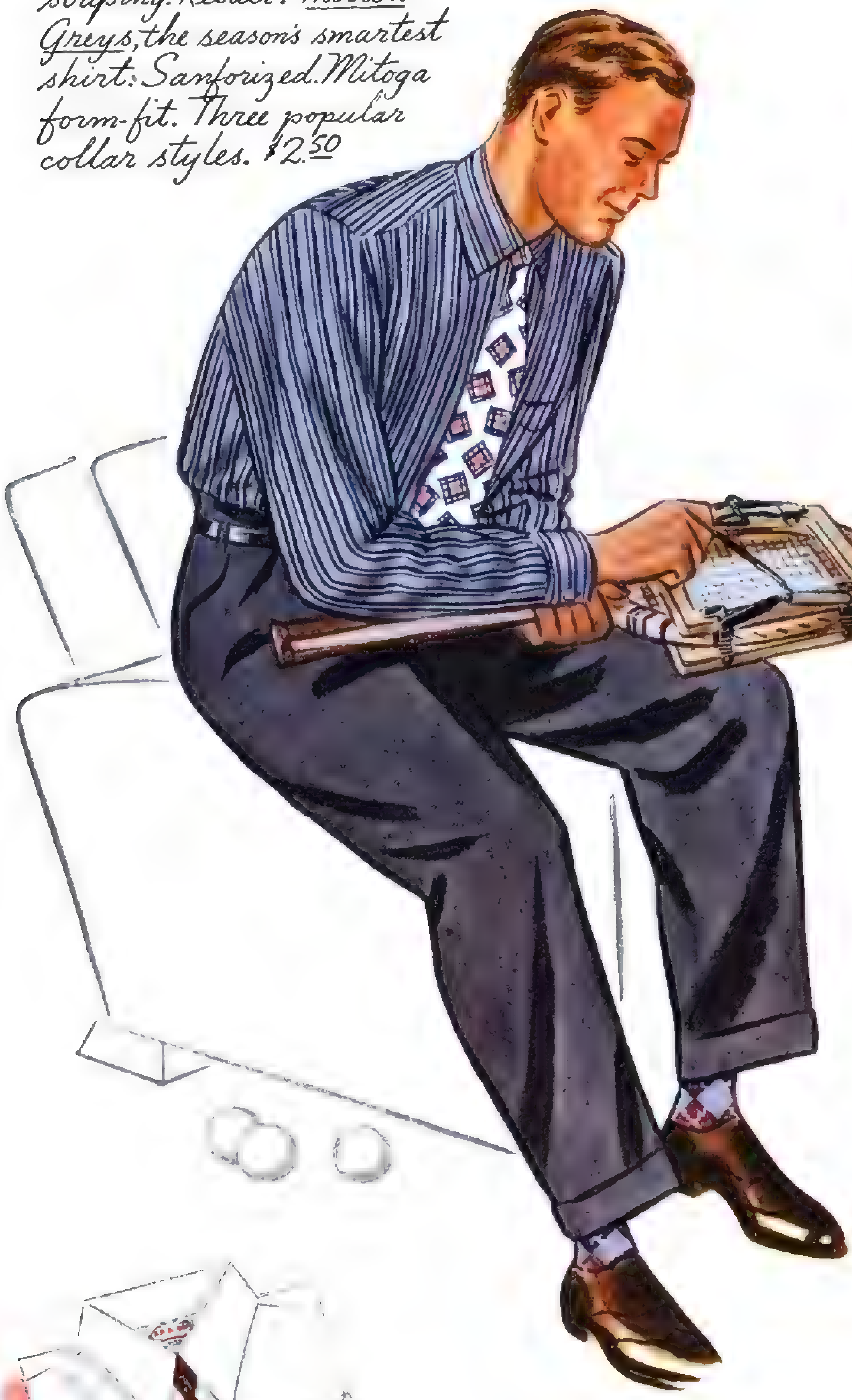
The methods of this large publishing house, which always has been a leader, naturally were under close and apprehensive observation by the trade. There are a score of old-line subscription agencies which employ no thuggee in their selling, relying simply on agents who build up a clientele gradually. One of these companies began recuiting crews of college students to solicit subscriptions, or subs, during summers and in spare time. It is reasonable to believe that these, too, were sincere workers, who needed the money and were obtaining it by honest representations. The agency made things doubly sure by requiring bonds of their workers. But it was on the up and up, and doubtless many of these boys now are telling of their early struggles and attributing their successes to the hard training of chiseling subs out of a practically illiterate citizenry.

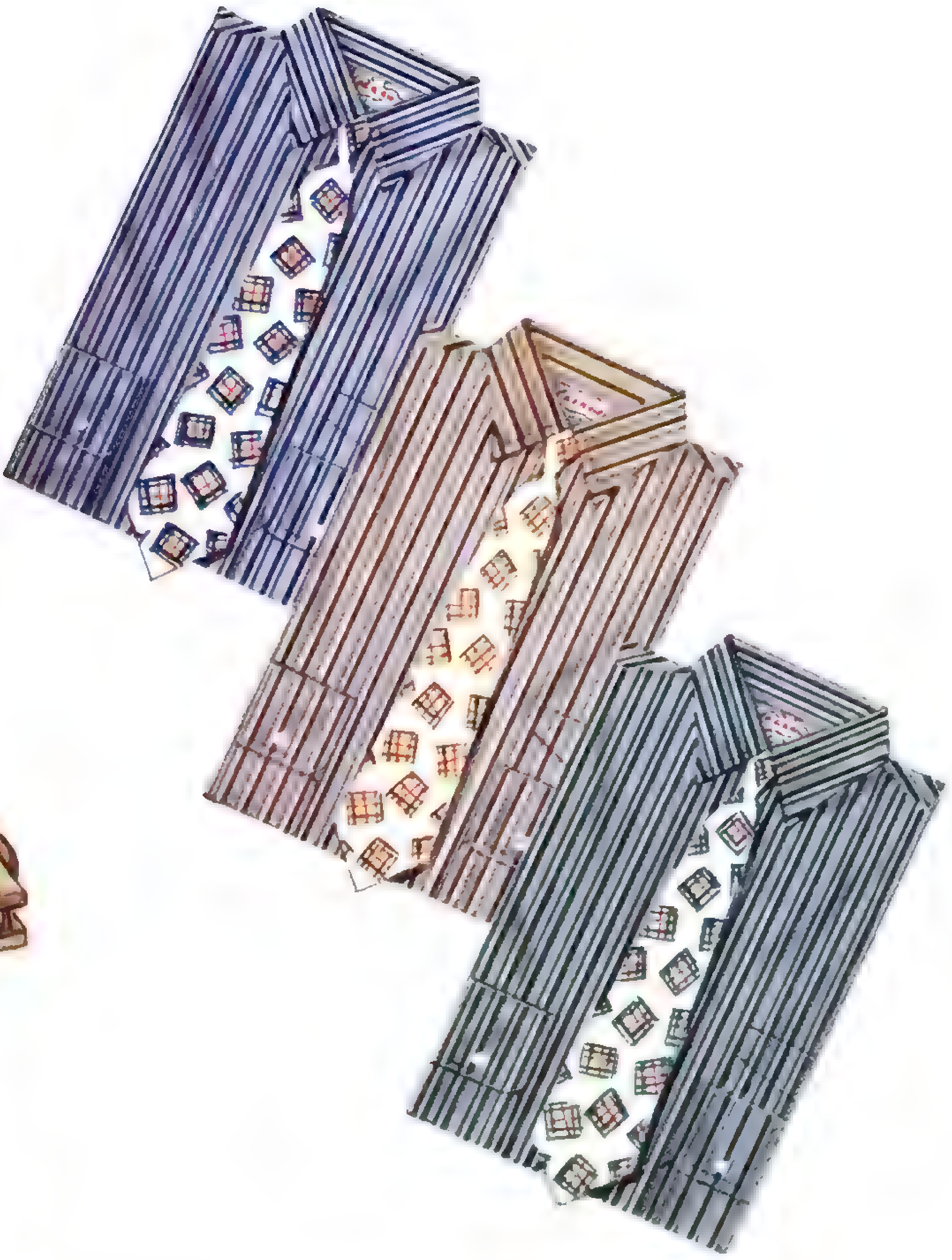
The felicitous result of this method of selling, however, was enough to defeat it. Anything as successful as that cannot survive in the American scheme. It must be beaten right down into the ground and cut off flush. A group of enterprising businessmen in Minneapolis weighed the subject and asked themselves: Why must our boys be college students? They couldn't answer that, so they recruited them a staff of youths, some of whom, it saddens me to say, had not even finished the sixth form, usually through a sheer dislike of any kind of effort. These youths were painfully trained in the routine. Ring the bell, put your foot in the door, smile . . . and so, if you will just sign this blank, I will get ten votes and when I get a thousand votes I will be sent to college. What hard-hearted person could resist the appeal of this ingenuous youth? Well, lots, to be frank, but lots more didn't.

Of course, there is nothing illegal about

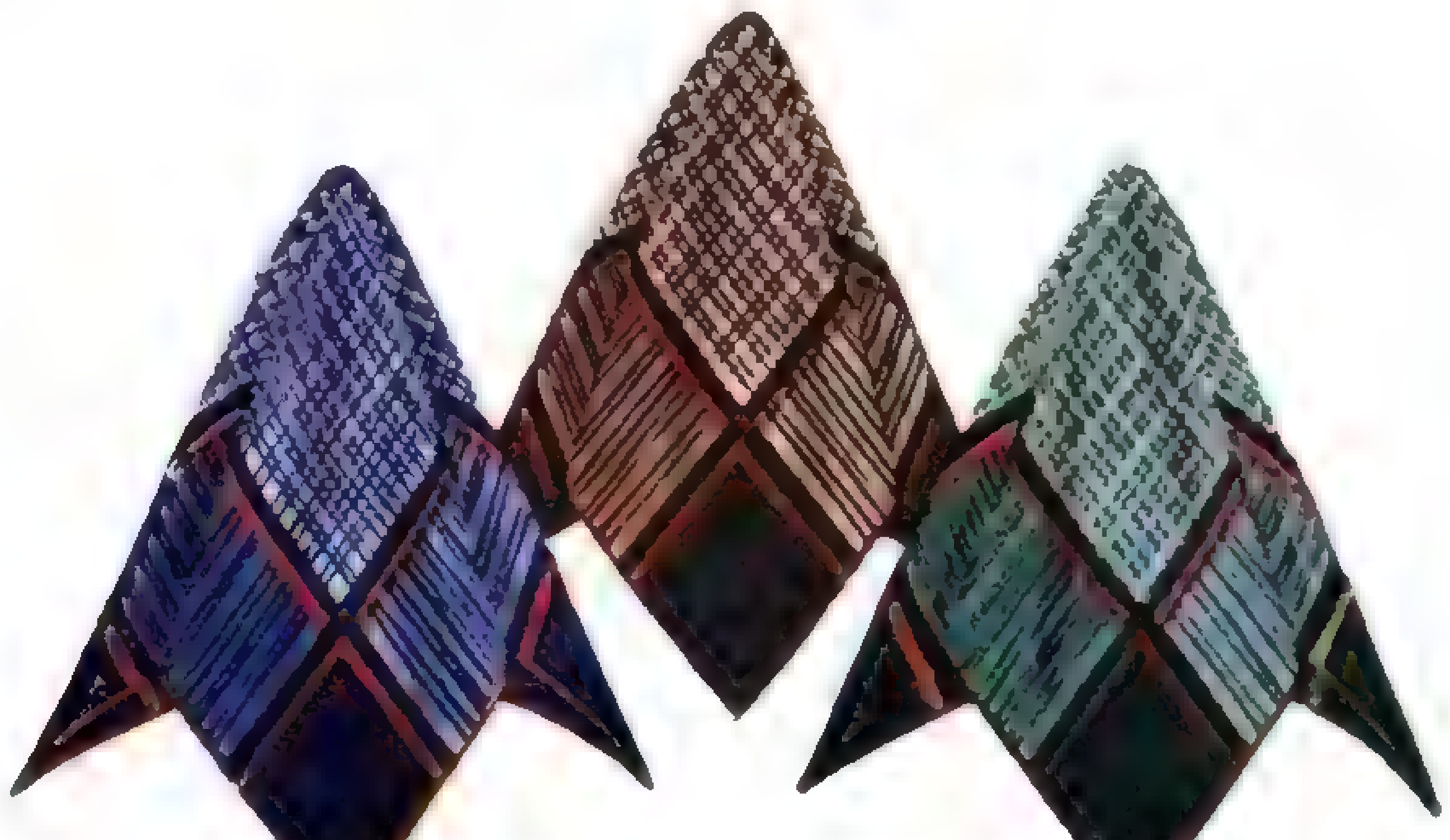
Continued on page 236

Arrow takes grey, today's top color in its own right ... adds a dash of bright striping. Result: Harrow Greys, the season's smartest shirt: Sanforized. Mitoga form-fit. Three popular collar styles. $2.50

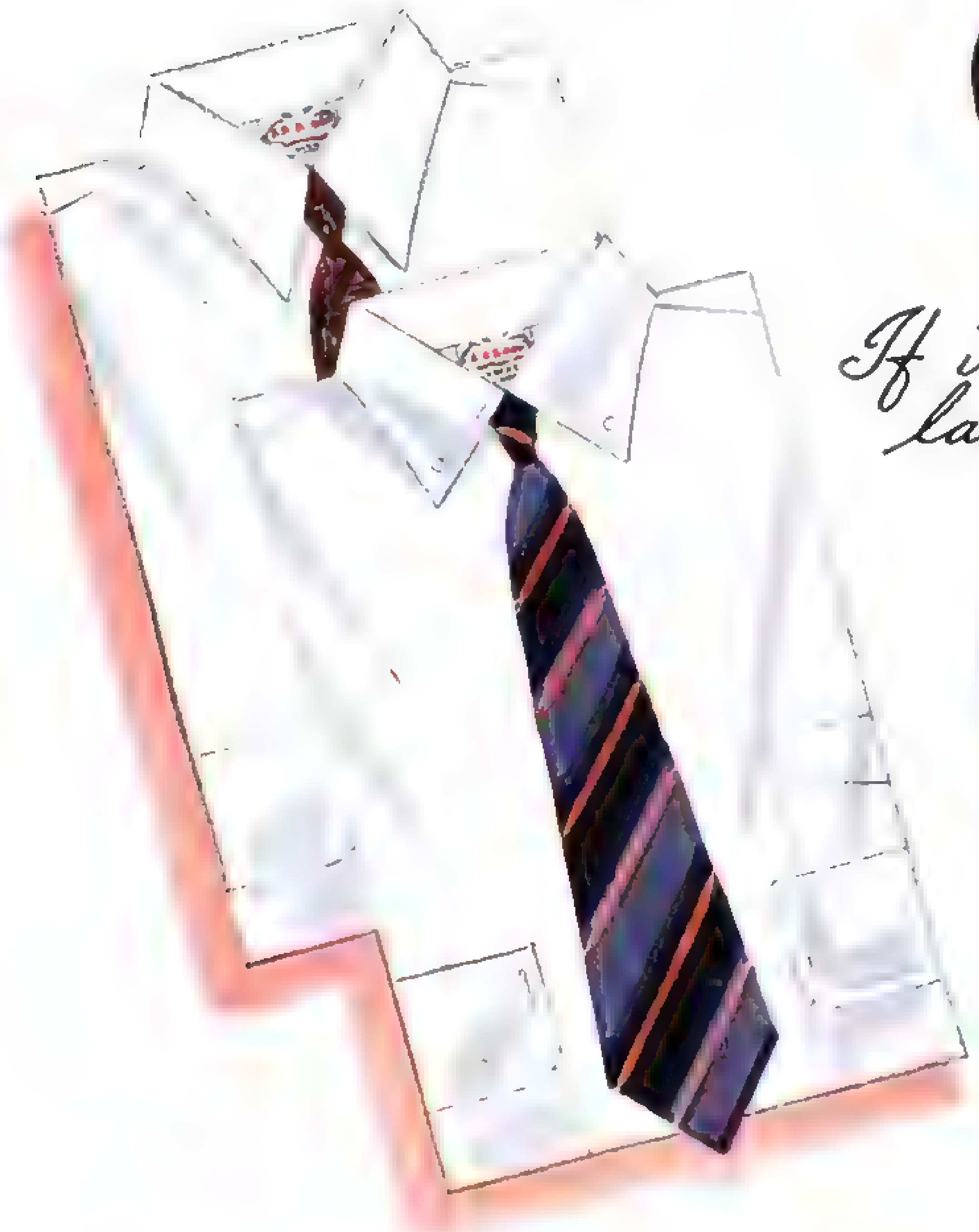




Next, Arrow creates Harrow figured ties in colors to hit it off with the shirts. The design is one that got a big play beneath Palm Beach's best-known physiogs this season. $1.00



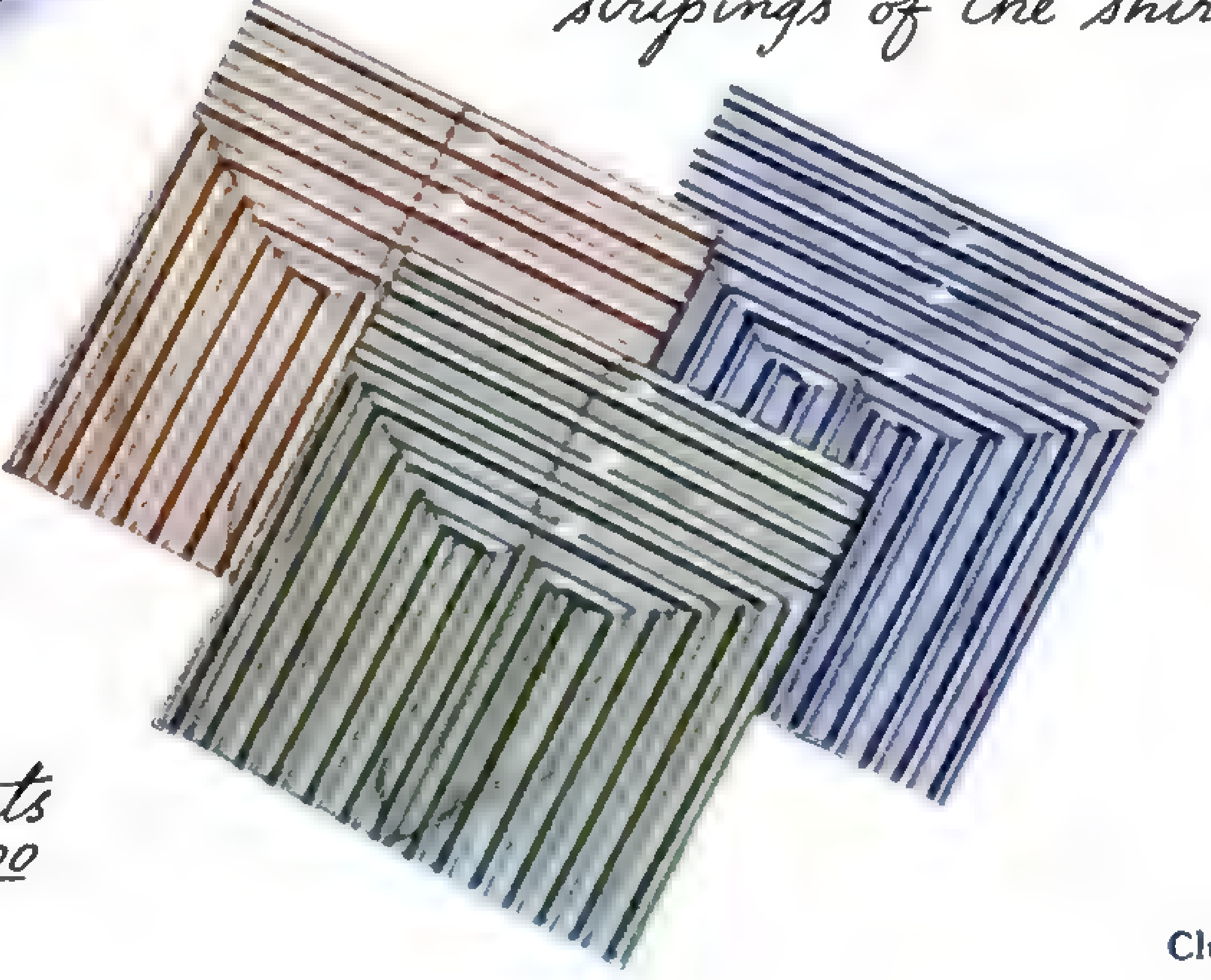
The Harrow Grey three-some is completed by these Arrow handkerchiefs which have the same grey background, the same bright stripings of the shirts. 35¢



If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.

ARROW
SANFORIZED

Two national characters: above, Arrow Hitt, the shirt whose Aroset collar can't wrinkle; below, Arrow Gordon, the oxford shirt that can't shrink. Both shirts Sanforized and Mitoga form-fit. Each, $2.00



More room and no center seam make Arrow shorts the most considerate shorts that a man ever wore. They're Sanforized, too. In same Harrow Grey material as shirts, $1.00 Undershirts, 50¢ up.

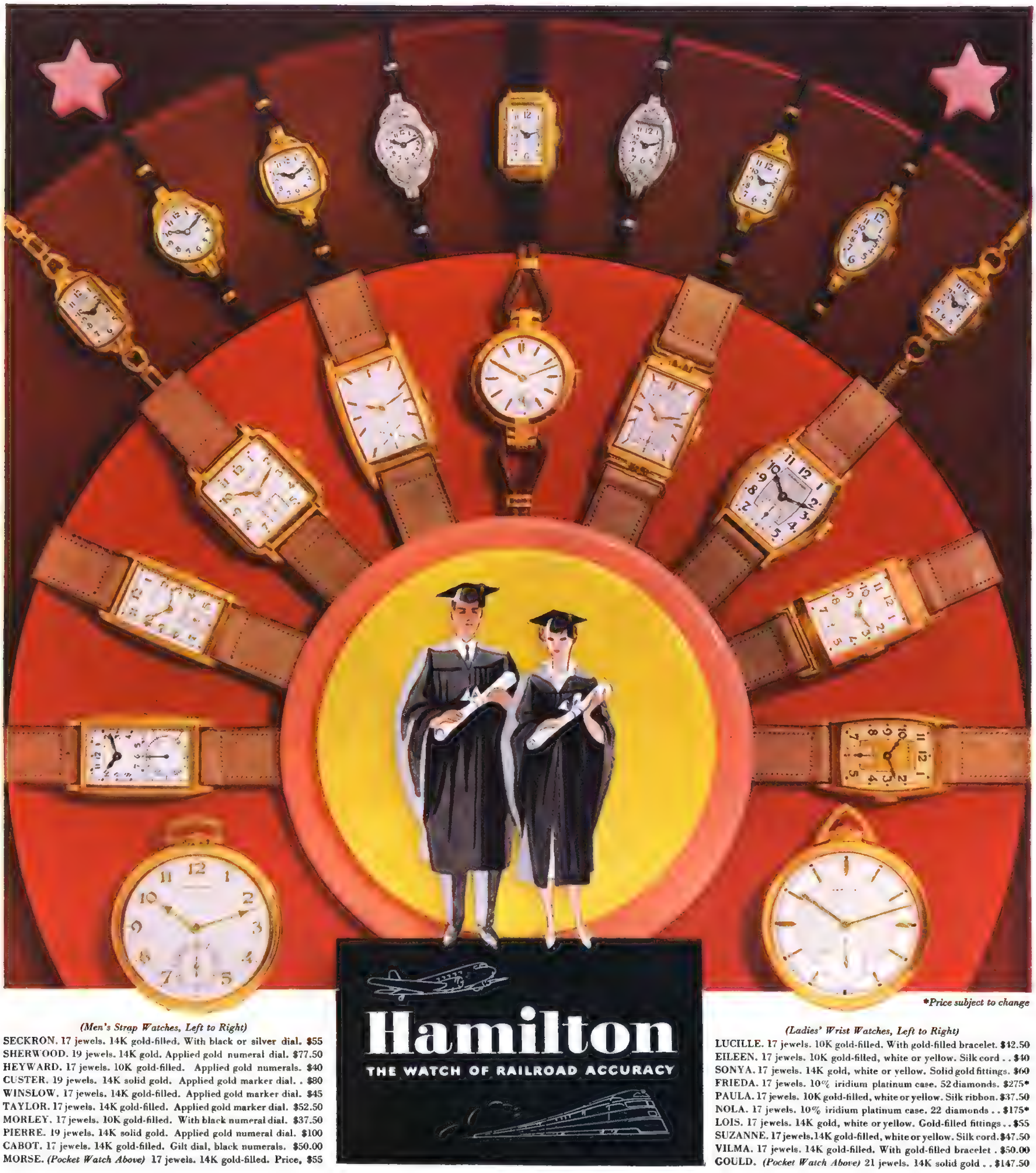
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

TIME: *The Present*
PRESENT: *The Time*

A FINE watch is the traditional gift at graduation. But, you may ask, *which* watch shall it be? Remembering that a once-in-a-lifetime occasion merits a once-in-a-lifetime gift, remember also that there is only one American watch of which it can be said, "There are no watches of this make with fewer than 17 fine jewels, no watches of this make cased in less than platinum, solid gold or gold filled." And every watch is cased at the factory. Yet, prices begin as low as $37.50. That watch is a HAMILTON—the standard today for accuracy on land and in the air.

* * *

Elinvar hairsprings safeguard Hamilton accuracy against magnetic currents, temperature variations, and rusty hairsprings. (Hamilton is exclusive licensee under U. S. Elinvar patents.) Hamilton accuracy is doubly checked by the Time-Microscope, an exclusive Hamilton invention (Reg. U. S. Pat. Office).



*Price subject to change

(Men's Strap Watches, Left to Right)

SECKRON. 17 jewels. 14K gold-filled. With black or silver dial.	$55
SHERWOOD. 19 jewels. 14K gold. Applied gold numeral dial.	$77.50
HEYWARD. 17 jewels. 10K gold-filled. Applied gold numerals.	$40
CUSTER. 19 jewels. 14K solid gold. Applied gold marker dial. .	$80
WINSLOW. 17 jewels. 14K gold-filled. Applied gold marker dial.	$45
TAYLOR. 17 jewels. 14K gold-filled. Applied gold marker dial.	$52.50
MORLEY. 17 jewels. 10K gold-filled. With black numeral dial.	$37.50
PIERRE. 19 jewels. 14K solid gold. Applied gold numeral dial.	$100
CABOT. 17 jewels. 14K gold-filled. Gilt dial, black numerals.	$50.00
MORSE. *(Pocket Watch Above)* 17 jewels. 14K gold-filled. Price,	$55

Hamilton

THE WATCH OF RAILROAD ACCURACY

(Ladies' Wrist Watches, Left to Right)

LUCILLE. 17 jewels. 10K gold-filled. With gold-filled bracelet.	$42.50
EILEEN. 17 jewels. 10K gold-filled, white or yellow. Silk cord . .	$40
SONYA. 17 jewels. 14K gold, white or yellow. Solid gold fittings.	$60
FRIEDA. 17 jewels. 10% iridium platinum case. 52 diamonds.	$275*
PAULA. 17 jewels. 10K gold-filled, white or yellow. Silk ribbon.	$37.50
NOLA. 17 jewels. 10% iridium platinum case. 22 diamonds . .	$175*
LOIS. 17 jewels. 14K gold, white or yellow. Gold-filled fittings . .	$55
SUZANNE. 17 jewels. 14K gold-filled, white or yellow. Silk cord.	$47.50
VILMA. 17 jewels. 14K gold-filled. With gold-filled bracelet .	$50.00
GOULD. *(Pocket Watch Above)* 21 jewels. 14K solid gold . .	$147.50

The Candid Cameraman

Mickey Mouse and even advertisers prove the short still has it's place

by MEYER LEVIN

▪ MOVIES ▪

A Man's Guide to the Movies

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

Spain in Flames: Not because it is a great picture, for it is not, but because it is the only film which gives us a clear idea of the war in Spain, which is not a revolution but a foreign invasion.

GO ALONG TO SEE

Maytime: A smoothly agreeable operetta, with John Barrymore showing up in good form after all his trouble. Jeanette MacDonald and that big good-looking sophomore, Nelson Eddy.

Quality Street: A touch of minuet-drollery, probably injected by director George Stevens, keeps this Hepburn-Tone feature from being quite as drowsy as the previous repeats of *Little Women.*

Seventh Heaven: In a nasty sentimental way this is really a pro-war picture, depending on an idealization of superstition and spirituality and a false tenderness toward simple working folk to stir up a sympathy toward the activities in which they participate. And they participate in war. However, this is kept pretty much in the background; I doubt whether it will have a poisonous effect. As entertainment, the film is passable hokum. It is put over by such steady character-actors as Victor Kilian, John Qualen, and J. Edward Bromberg. Gregory Ratoff shouts his head off in one sequence, and Simone Simon and James Stewart are the stars of this remade "film classic."

Waikiki Wedding: Bing Crosby and Bob Burns make a swell team; the picture is just about what you'd expect.

GO ALONG IF YOU MUST

Call It a Day: Temptations of a middle-aged wife and husband to kick over the traces; contains a nice bit by Bonita Granville as a Rosetti-struck adolescent; and who said the kid was ugly? Also Alice Brady at her gaddy best; Frieda Inescourt, the most handsome woman on stage or screen, and more good actors than good parts.

Her Husband Lied: Unpretentious gambler story with a very good poker session sequence.

History Is Made at Night: A stodgy epic of great love between Charles Boyer and Jean Arthur; the scene of ship hitting iceberg, toward the end, is worth waiting for.

The King and the Chorus Girl: Taking advantage of Fernand Gravet's superficial resemblance to Mr. Windsor. Title tells all. Scene: Paris.

Marked Woman: Bette Davis bites her way through a routine exposure of the tough "hostess" racket. Some of the scenes amongst the girls-at-home have a natural quality.

Nancy Steele Is Missing: Designed to prove that a munitions maker, too, is just a human being when he is a father. Unfortunately becomes rotten propaganda when it makes out that the only thing a pacifist can think of doing is kidnapping a munition maker's baby. And twenty years later justice catches up with him, too, see? MacLaglen plays the pacifist with a great deal of power.

Silent Barrier: Inadvertently comical, as the British idea of how to make an American western, combined with the epic story of the building of the Canadian Pacific railroad. Some good mountain shots.

WASTE

Personal Property: Harlow fights Taylor. Punk story.

When Love Is Young: Utterly routine stage-story musical.

NICE BOY

Every couple of years it becomes necessary for me to explain about Dick Powell. Again I hear from what war correspondents always refer to as well-informed sources that I have brought brine to the eyes of tender-hearted motion picture producers. It seems that when they get together in their swimming pools of an evening to relax from the fevers of production by playing "Let's Cast Gone With the Wind," the chit-chat and trade gabble turns upon that bitter Meyer Levin, and what has he got against such a nice boy as Dick Powell? Why does he crucify him?

To aggravate matters I go and nominate Dick as the three worst male moving picture actors, and when one considers the competition Hollywood offers in that field, this is indeed a crucifixion.

Mr. Powell, I am told by one who should know, is a swell guy, a loving husband, the supporter of a galaxy of relatives, and moreover he saves his money, and if he ever is a has-been, he won't be a has-had. Moreover, my scouts inform me, Mr. Powell does not really believe he is showing high art when he bares his teeth in a drug-store smile. Mr. Powell would like to play in better pictures. But Mr. Powell's honey-smile gladdens the hearts of millions of maidens, and therefore Mr. Powell gets notes on the set, notes from you-know-where, and when the notes say why doesn't he smile more, be more charming,

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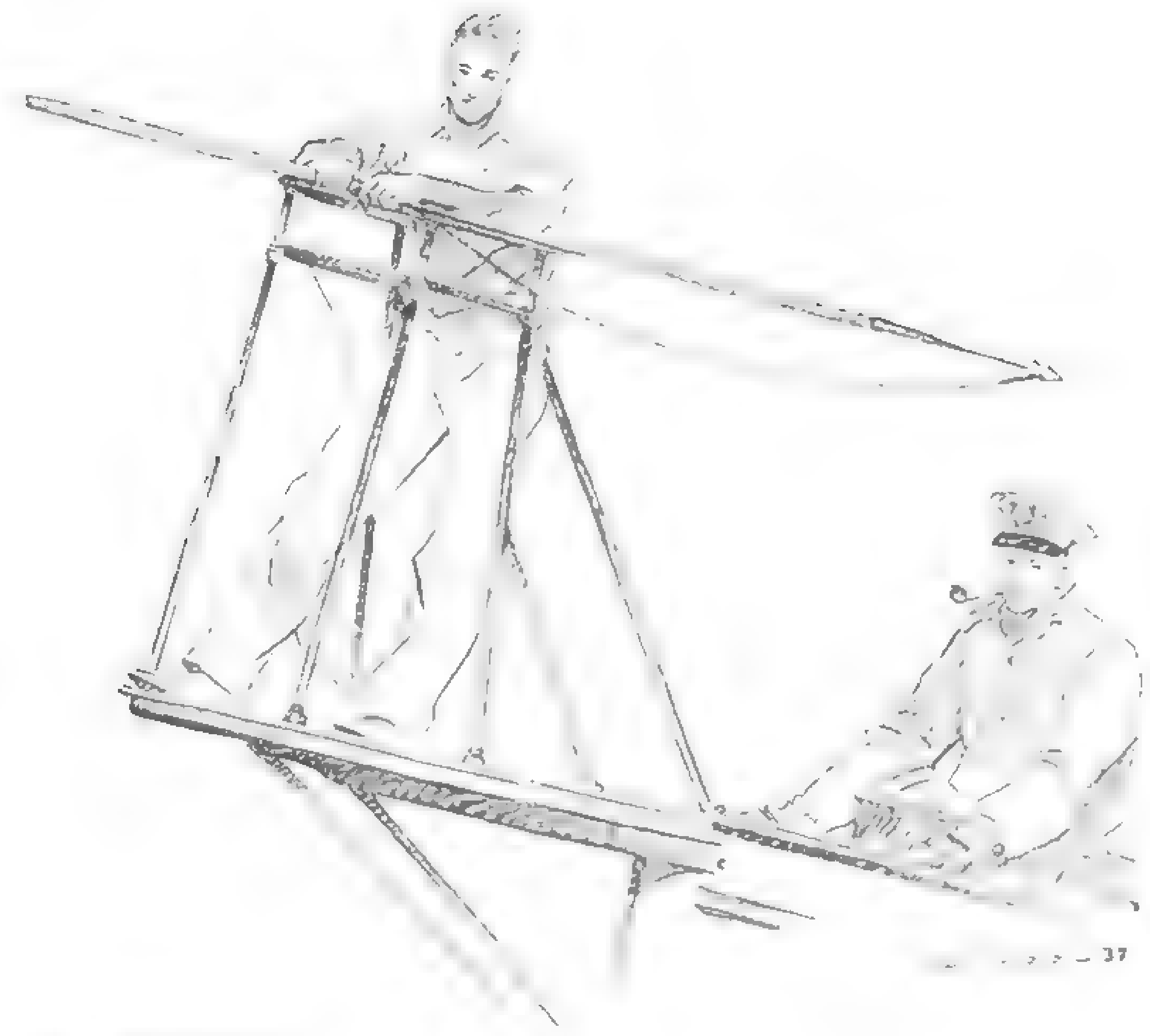


© Brooks Brothers

BROOKS WHITES

Men who have been compelled by inescapable hot weather to wear summer suits of standardized materials cut in stereotyped commonplace styles, can now find a broad range of really individual choice in "Brooks Whites." Linens, Cottons, Mohairs and Silks of our own selection in white and many other light shades are carried...these are all cut to insure certain elements of style found in Brooks Brothers' ready-made clothes for other seasons of the year.

Brooks Brothers' representatives are now visiting 51 cities from coast to coast. If you will write to our New York store, we shall be glad to send a copy of their itinerary and BROOKS-*Illustrated.*

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

MADISON AVE. COR. FORTY-FOURTH ST. · NEW YORK
NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET · BOSTON
NUMBER ONE WALL STREET · NEW YORK

"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND."..

...relax with Briggs!

A LOT of people have kindly told us they liked our advertising. But what has made Briggs Pipe Mixture such a phenomenal success is "word-of-mouth" advertising—as one man tells another how good Briggs tastes.

"Word-of-mouth" is right! Word of a mouth that's now cool and comfortable — even after a long day's smoking! Word of a mouth that has said goodby to bite and burn! No wonder more men every day are singing the praises of Briggs!

If you're a pipe-smoker, and haven't tried this rich, mellow blend of choice tobaccos — *all aged-in-wood for four full years*— you're either paying too much or not getting enough. For no other pipe tobacco provides the luxury flavor and fragrance of Briggs, at anything like its price.

Copr., 1937, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

15¢
KEPT FACTORY FRESH by inner lining of CELLOPHANE
BRIGGS PIPE MIXTURE
"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 121

he stretches it a tooth or two.

So right now let me say that I have nothing, but definitely nothing against Mr. Powell, the man. He is a good husband, a swell guy, and he saves his money, and what more can be asked of any man? I hope he goes right on paying a million dollar income tax. Let us rather believe that the Dick Powell so regularly crucified in this department is a straw man, a foil, an incorporeal Rubinoff, a shadow of an idea.

But you have to admit that the figure represented on the screen by Dick Powell is just about the antithesis of this magazine's idea of manhood. The name becomes something of a symbol for saccharine, and until Mr. Powell can get himself Spencer Tracy parts, and play them, I'm afraid I shall have to continue to use it for just that.

I'm sure Mr. Powell can bear it. I don't mean him. I just mean him-in-pictures. And who knows perhaps he agrees with me, on that point, since he's such a swell guy.

HORS D'OEUVRES

The year has been a bad one for shorts. Makers of one and two-reelers can't quite accept the double-feature mania as their doom, and yet don't know what to do in the face of this spreading mania. Shorts have become shorter, in the effort to squeeze in between the epics. But when *Anthony Adverse* is double-billed with *Green Pastures*, the theatre manager would have to rent seats by the week if he added to his program.

For this grief, I have no balm. I can only suggest that the dual program must eventually run itself out of most theatres because (a) the theatre managers will get past the killing competition phase and co-operate to the extent of offering only single-feature programs; (b) the public will get so tired of Class B hash that there will be a reaction away from movies altogether; and they will only come back when their palates react again, and to a balanced meal.

It is obvious that there will always be some demand for dual programs from that section of the public to whom time-killing is a problem. They are not in search of amusement or even entertainment, but rather seek some simple drug, cheap, and the longer it lasts, the better. City housewives, and home-girls waiting to be married, I guess, form the greatest part of this audience.

In the end, though, I believe that the makers of shorts can count on a renewed demand for their product. They simply must wait until the fever breaks.

And when that time comes, what will they have to offer?

Time was, when a film program could be referred to as film-fare because of the variety of courses. If you didn't like the soup, there was still a chance that your favorite dessert would be served. The two-reel comedy, the travelogue, the newsreel, the cartoon were necessary adjuncts to the program. From some of these forms, the most creative and satisfying effects in cinema have been derived. Others have degenerated into a stultifying routine even more repetitious and unoriginal than the run of feature pictures. Undoubtedly the flow of humdrum traveltalks and song-shorts had a great deal to do with the coming of double-features.

It would seem that the dearth of bookings would starve out the worst of these shorts, and that the breed might improve as a result of this starvation period. There is not yet any great evidence of this. The studios go on pouring out reels which seem to be nothing but screen tests for third-rate dance orchestras, reels in which some small-town Medbury lamely puns about the native gals and the leis—heh-heh—they hang around your neck.

That the decline in film shorts is not really due to lack of public response, even in these days of the duals, is proven by the fact that the few shorts that have anything of novelty or beauty to contribute do all right for themselves. Mr. Disney has never had to kick about the trend, nor has Mr. Fleisher; *The March of Time* gets plenty of booking; even though the company, due to the extent of its undertaking, lost money last year—it expects to make money next year. M-G-M's *Crime Doesn't Pay* series did very well, though dramatic treatment was regarded as taboo in shorts.

To my mind the whole thing boils down to a question of quality. The newsreels kick about *The March of Time* cutting into their territory. Yet they go right on showing horse-races and battleship parades. Profits decline, they decide they have to put a shot of adrenaline into the reels, so what do they do? They get names. Lowell Thomas, Graham McNamee and other aces now drone out the thrilling information that the President is taking a cruise. The number of credit-feet in a newsreel reaches preposterous proportions, as the audience is given pictures and announcements of Bill Bullthroat, ace sportsman, who brings news of the world of sports, Jim Jamsteady, ace commentator, who analyzes the Supreme Court situation. These great personalities are supposed to enchance the news. To me, the utmost example of their usefulness occurred in the classic film of the eruption of an under-sea volcano; the picture had built up to a terrific climax, unleashed natural forces utterly belittling the efforts of man; and then the commentator's slick voice spoke to the volcano —"Let 'er go, Krakatoa!" The volcano dutifully erupted.

Continued on page 124

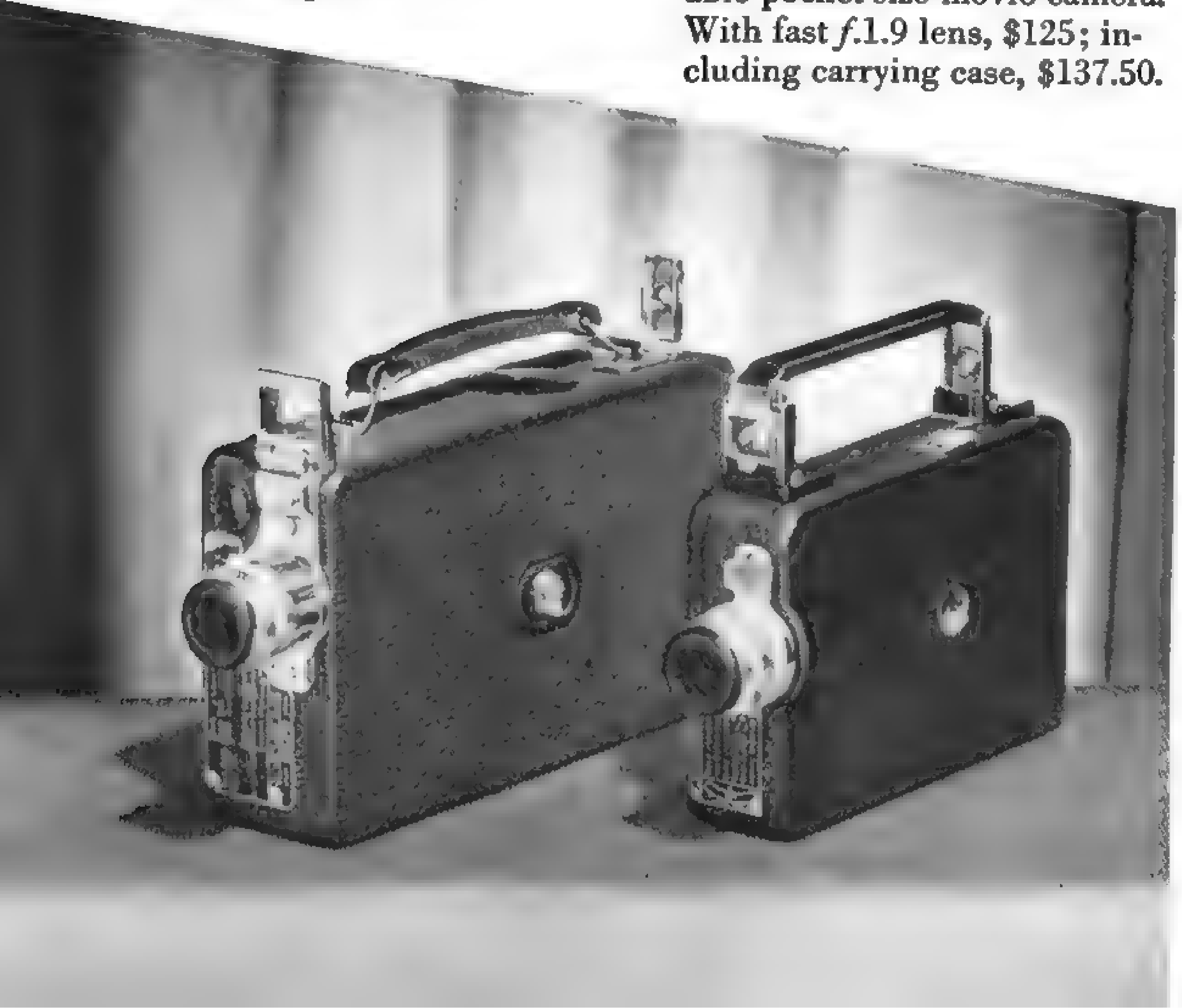
"It was a great day for the home movie cameras"

WILLIAM T. CRAWFORD, Commodore of the Middle Atlantic Outboard Assn.

JUST AFTER THE START OF THE ALBANY-TO-NEW YORK OUTBOARD MOTOR RACE—ONE OF THE HARDEST ENDURANCE TESTS FOR MAN, BOAT, AND ENGINE

CINÉ-KODAK "K" is the world's most widely used 16 mm. home movie camera—it's so simple, yet so fine. You get clear, brilliant movies at the touch of a lever. Performs beautifully for the beginner, and as your skill increases, responds to every exacting demand. Loads with full 100 feet of 16 mm. film. With *f*.1.9 lens, $88.50; including case, $100. A new low price.

MAGAZINE CINÉ-KODAK loads in three seconds. You don't touch the film. It comes in a magazine. Just slip the magazine into place, close the camera cover and shoot. Effortless loading is only one of the six new features in this remarkable pocket-size movie camera. With fast *f*.1.9 lens, $125; including carrying case, $137.50.



A THOUSAND WHISTLES TOOT—a shout like thunder goes up from the waiting crowds—

And all along the shore the movie cameras start purring, as the winners of the outboard classic, the Hudson River Marathon, roar over the finish line at the end of their terrific 130-mile grind.

Wherever there's clean, fast, thrilling action—wherever there's dazzling sportsmanship, speed, and skill—today you'll see scores of home movie cameras on the job: immortalizing marvelous moments, preserving an almost unbelievably real record of some great experience, so that it can be enjoyed over and over again.

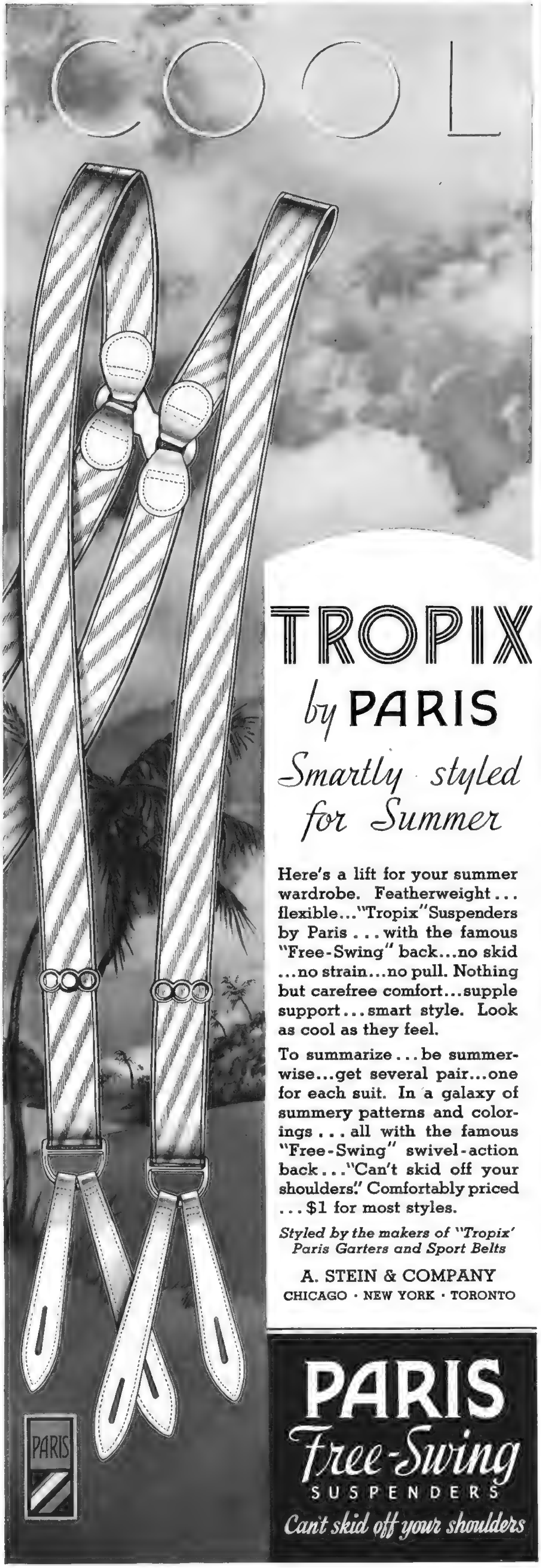
All the world today is taking home movies. It's the new pleasure that doubles other pleasures—makes sport more thrilling, travel more interesting—and adds immeasurably to the fun of family life.

Eastman's finest home movie cameras—Magazine Ciné-Kodak and Ciné-Kodak "K"—make it simple and easy for anyone to take home movies.

Full-Color Kodachrome

And now you can get the thing you've longed for as the perfection of picture taking—movies in full, natural color. These 16 mm. cameras give you either black-and-white or color movies. For full color—load your camera with Kodachrome, Eastman's wonderful color film. No extra equipment, simple as black-and-white.

Let your dealer put these cameras through their paces. He has some great reels to show you... Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.



TROPIX
by PARIS
Smartly styled for Summer

Here's a lift for your summer wardrobe. Featherweight... flexible..."Tropix" Suspenders by Paris... with the famous "Free-Swing" back...no skid ...no strain...no pull. Nothing but carefree comfort...supple support... smart style. Look as cool as they feel.

To summarize... be summerwise...get several pair...one for each suit. In a galaxy of summery patterns and colorings... all with the famous "Free-Swing" swivel-action back..."Can't skid off your shoulders." Comfortably priced ... $1 for most styles.

Styled by the makers of "Tropix" Paris Garters and Sport Belts

A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO · NEW YORK · TORONTO

PARIS
Free-Swing
SUSPENDERS
Can't skid off your shoulders

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 121-122

The newsreels periodically lose sight of their true function, which is to picture the news. *The March of Time* showed them that a news-event could be integrated with background material, pointed for significance. The weekly newsreel need not attempt to be a *March of Time*, but it must remain closer to the news-page than to the feature-page, if it would survive.

The greatest loss in the field of shorts appears to me to have been the two-reel comedy. Chaplin, Keaton, Lloyd, Laurel and Hardy made a classic form of the slapstick medium. It is difficult to believe that the form died a natural death as the geniuses it uncovered went on to longer things. Artists are born with surprising regularity in this world; there is always a comedian to fill the spot left vacant by the last star who took to drink. The passing of the two-reeler may have been vaguely associated with the coming of sound. At that time, so many two-reelers were made as tryouts for various talking actors that the idea finally got established that all two-reelers were terrible.

Whatever the cause, the two-reel comedy seems to be plenty dead. Recently, I saw the ghost walk. No other than the sad clown Buster Keaton was resurrected in an attempt to revive the short comedy; this time he was only sad.

Even in cartoons, there are plenty of possibilities of decline. The formula is simple enough. A dancing bunny. A pig that jigs. A hen and her chicks, waltzing. Minnie, the tapping seal. By astounding fecundity, Disney has retained his superiority over the field; even when he repeats himself he seems inventive, he introduces new color-methods, stunning shifting backgrounds, illusions of depth, textures, to keep your mind off the fact that Mickey is up to old tricks. As pictorial compositions alone, his screen-patterns are always refreshing. The Popeye cartoons, which now seem as popular as Disney's, also owe their success to a constantly creative energy. When you sit through a second rate cartoon you realize that it isn't the form alone that has saved the cartoon, it would soon be squeezed off the program if it weren't in constant demand because the field is dominated by producers of excellent reels.

It is from the success of the cartoon that the other makers of shorts should take their tip. Disney and Schlesinger have been willing to experiment; Disney was the first in all filmdom to go Technicolor; when three-dimensional films are feasible, I have no doubt they will first be worked out in shorts.

It is natural and obvious that the short is the proper medium for experiment, but by that I do not mean the kind of experiment involved in a "tabloid musical" try-out of the Super-Swingsters. Young actors can be given their chances in shorts, without being given the worst of material. Robert Taylor was discovered in the *Crime Doesn't Pay* series; yet the idea and the montage of the dramatic short would have held interest without his personality appeal.

Producers, it seems to me, have constantly neglected the development of the dramatic short as a talent-scouting field. Such short subjects would have to be powerful in conception, and well-directed, they could even be approached from the art rather than the commercial point of view as there is so much less money risked in a short; the producer wouldn't have to worry about artistic merit sinking his dough; and as has so often happened when art was given a chance, it might bring great profit.

Of late, oddly enough, it is the commercial firms outside of motion pictures who have begun to see the possibilities of art in short doses. The makers of advertising films, long sneered upon in the industry, have begun to take advantage of the decline in the production of interesting shorts, and there have been instances recently where advertising films got booked into theatres purely for their entertainment value. One such is a film about a steeple-chase, in which a youth, on a bet, shows a Suthun Colonel that a car can jump over the same barriers as the best jumping-horse, beating the horse on his own course. The car takes the jumps with astounding success, comes gliding in, the winner. Only one short close-up of the radiator plugs the make of the car.

While this little film really competes with the Pete Smith type of sport-novelty picture, there have been more pretentious commercial movies that rate high in the art of the documentary film. One such was the Ford Motor Company film shown at the Chicago World's Fair: a symphonically organized series of industrial scenes. The Iron and Steel Institute has produced a few reels which contain some beautiful shots glorifying the production of steel, and showing the contented life of the steel-worker who poses for such films. The United States Government has become aware of the tremendous propaganda value of this type of short film, and is using it most skillfully. Most pretentious, and remarkably advanced, was *The Plough That Broke the Plains";* this film won ecstatic praise the world over, and was so good that it scared Hollywood into making several imitations; also into intimidating theatre-owners, preventing them from showing the government-made picture. However, *The Plough* has been followed by a series of films on the Social Security Act, made in co-operation with Pathé. These, also, have been

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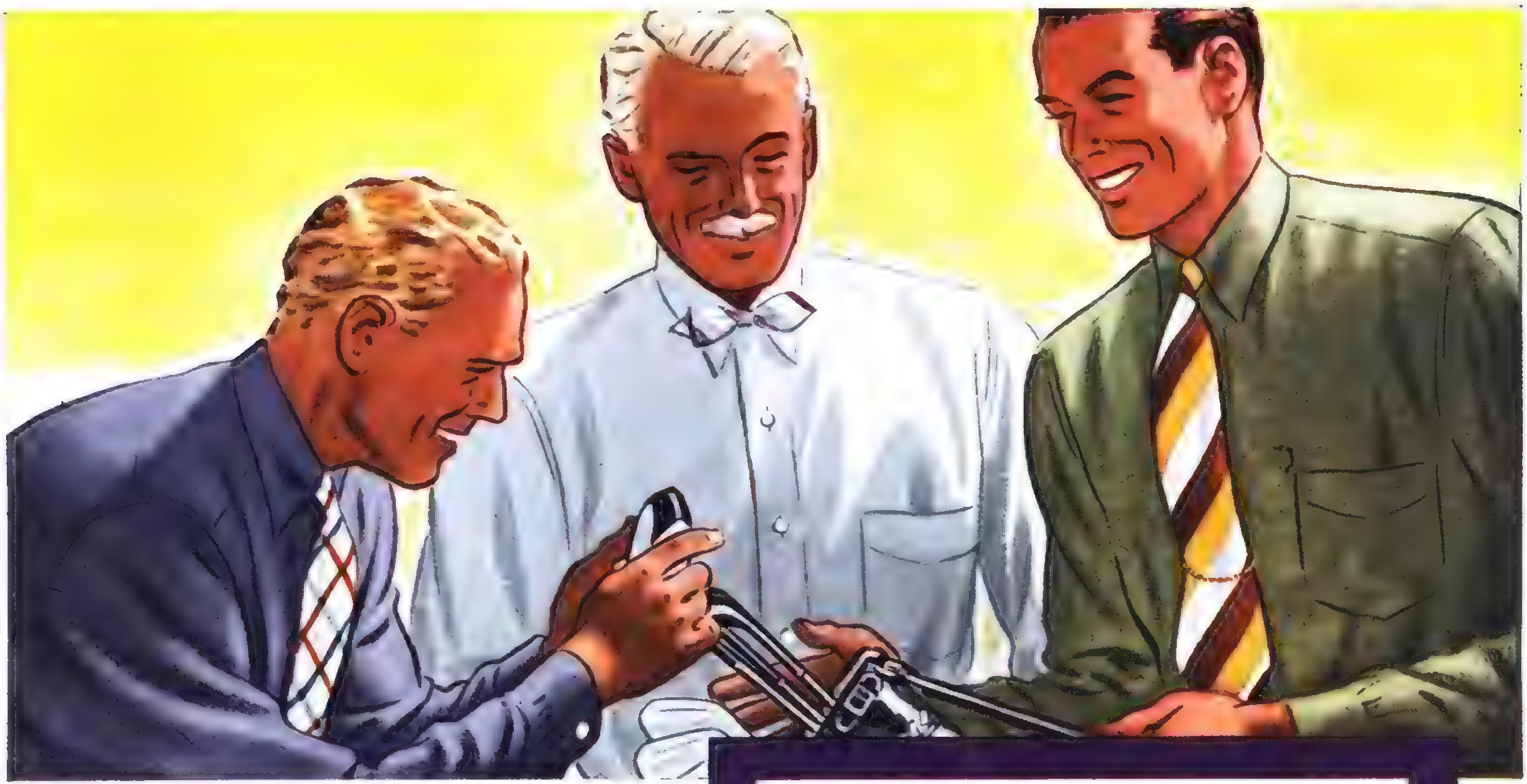
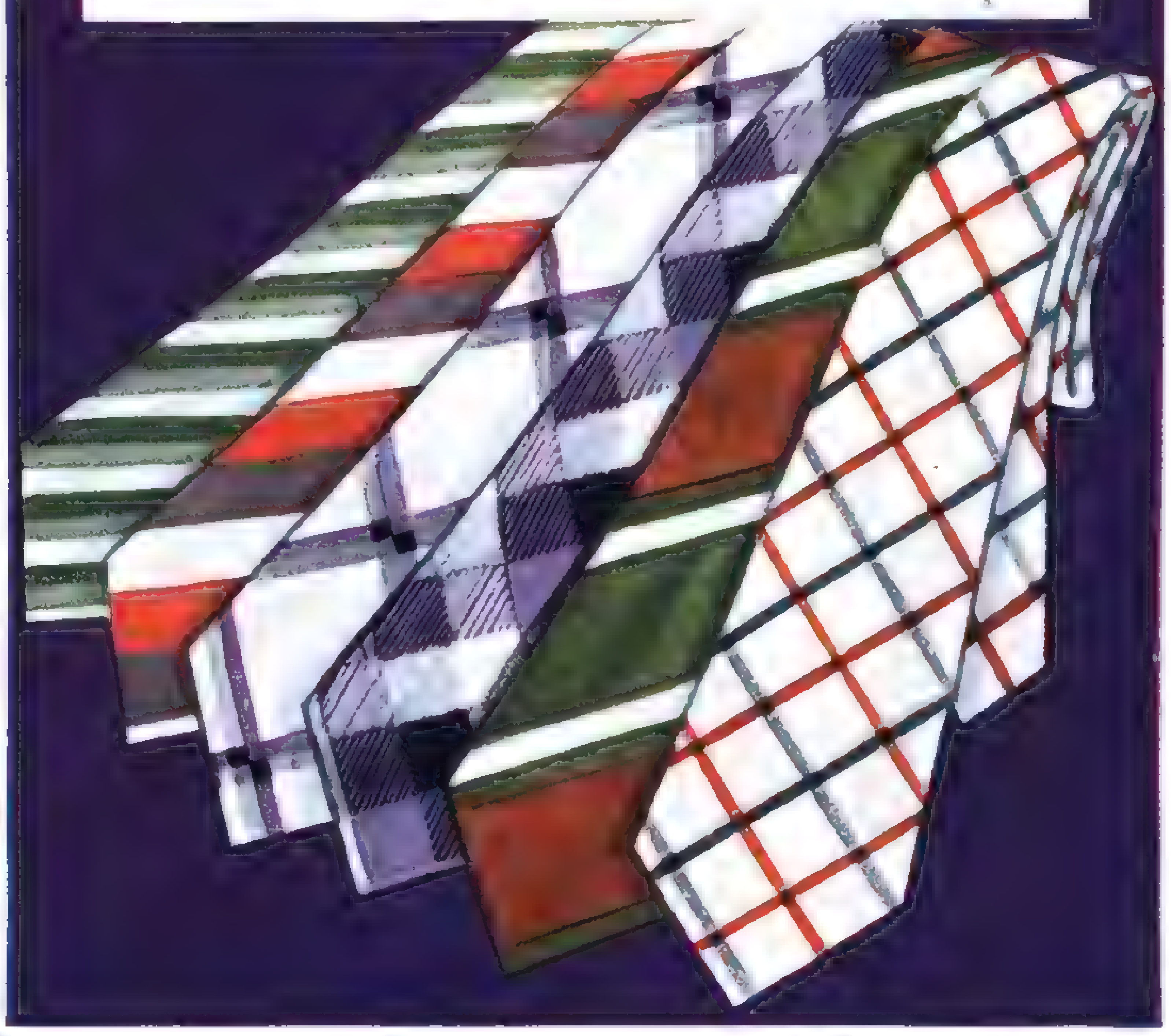
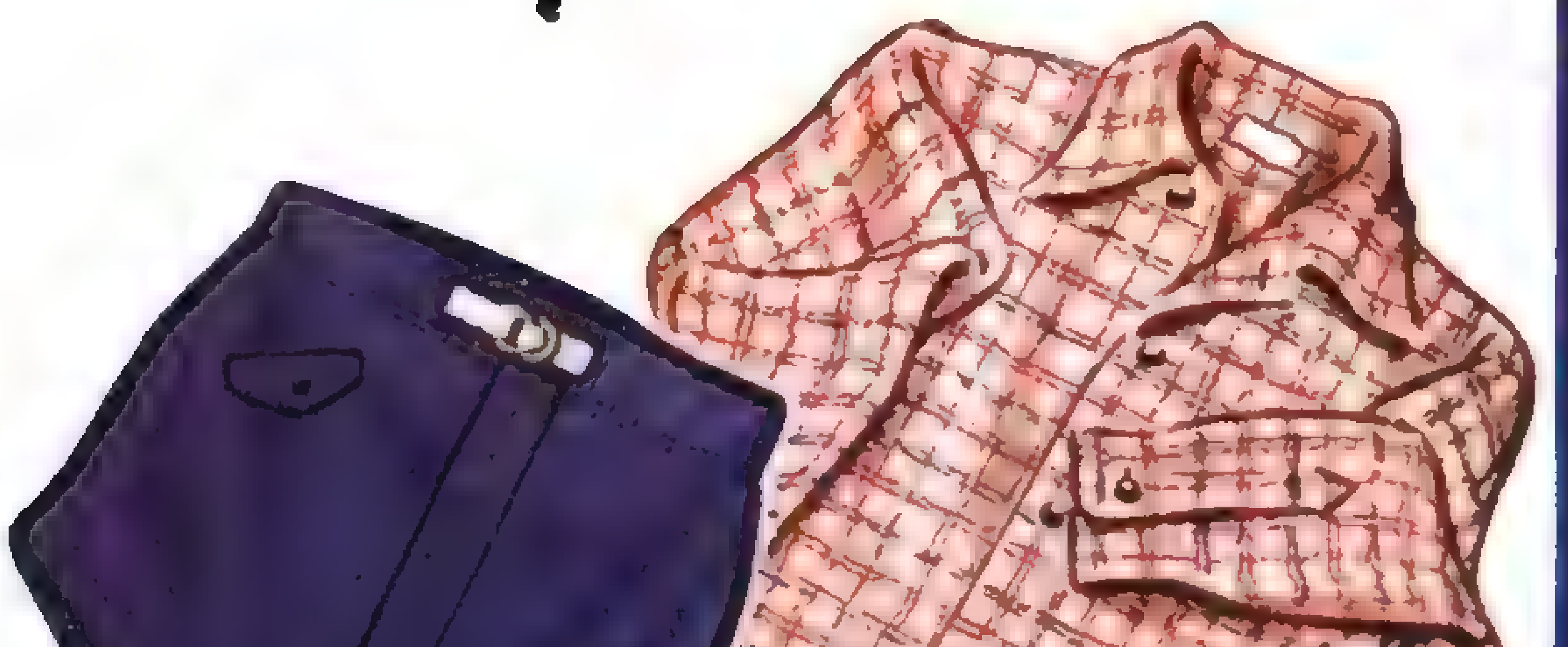


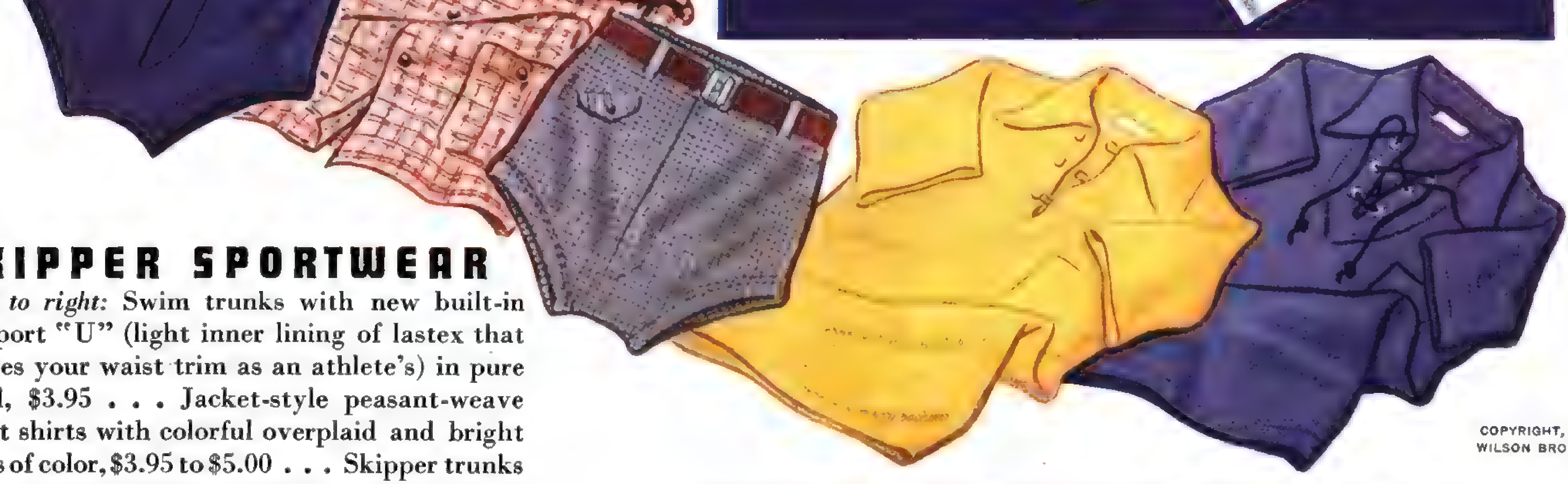
Wilson Brothers Shirts of cool Killarney Cloth! This new soft, porous fabric is comfortable on the warmest day. A novel random cord woven in gives it decidedly virile character. Two added aids to summer comfort are Wilson's new OBAN collar (light-weight, wiltproof) and V-shaped shirt body. In white, linen, dusty tones and pastel tints. $2.00.

CONGO CLOTH TIES Brilliant new neckwear idea—exclusively Wilson's. Congo Cloth Ties are tailored from the luxurious tropical suiting (DuPont spun rayon) specially adapted for neckwear. Drapes softly; resists wrinkling, spotting. Smart color combinations on light backgrounds. $1 (Bow ties, 75c).



STYLES THAT FLATTER YOUR *Summer Tan*





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WILSON BROTHERS

SKIPPER SPORTWEAR

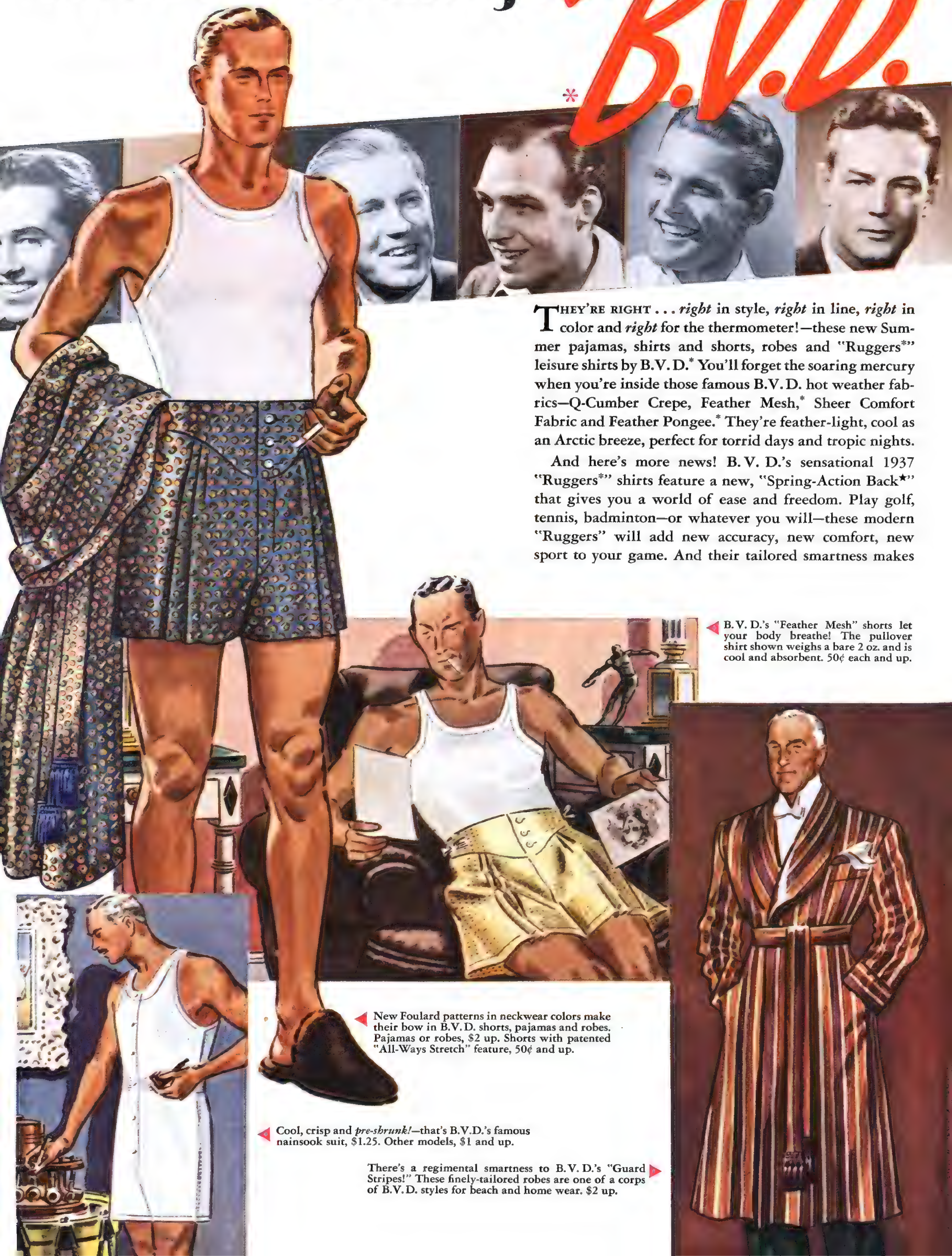
Left to right: Swim trunks with new built-in Support "U" (light inner lining of lastex that makes your waist trim as an athlete's) in pure wool, $3.95 . . . Jacket-style peasant-weave sport shirts with colorful overplaid and bright nubs of color, $3.95 to $5.00 . . . Skipper trunks in pure wool, $2.50 to $3.95 . . . Rayon polo shirts with jaunty Gaucho front, $1.00 to $3.50 . . . Polo shirts laced with knotted cord, $1.00 to $3.50. (*All in the season's smartest colors.*)

Now featured by leading men's stores and departments from coast to coast.

WILSON BROTHERS CHICAGO
NEW YORK
SAN FRANCISCO

Also makers of Faultless Nobelt Pajamas, Faultless Nobelt Super Shorts, Buffer Hose

There is something about *B.V.D.



THEY'RE RIGHT . . . *right* in style, *right* in line, *right* in color and *right* for the thermometer!—these new Summer pajamas, shirts and shorts, robes and "Ruggers*" leisure shirts by B.V.D.* You'll forget the soaring mercury when you're inside those famous B.V.D. hot weather fabrics—Q-Cumber Crepe, Feather Mesh,* Sheer Comfort Fabric and Feather Pongee.* They're feather-light, cool as an Arctic breeze, perfect for torrid days and tropic nights.

And here's more news! B.V.D.'s sensational 1937 "Ruggers*" shirts feature a new, "Spring-Action Back★" that gives you a world of ease and freedom. Play golf, tennis, badminton—or whatever you will—these modern "Ruggers" will add new accuracy, new comfort, new sport to your game. And their tailored smartness makes

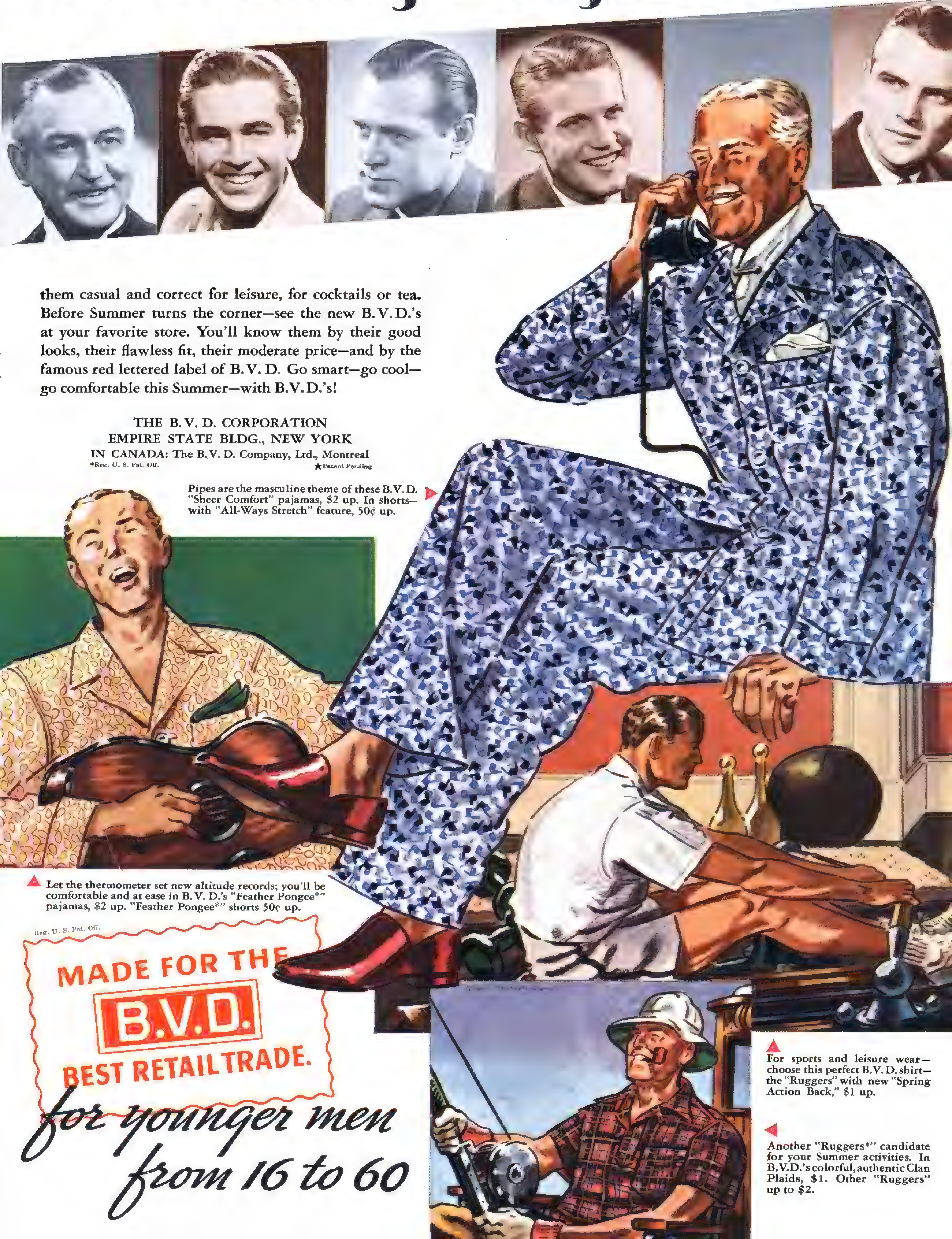
◀ B. V. D.'s "Feather Mesh" shorts let your body breathe! The pullover shirt shown weighs a bare 2 oz. and is cool and absorbent. 50¢ each and up.

◀ New Foulard patterns in neckwear colors make their bow in B.V.D. shorts, pajamas and robes. Pajamas or robes, $2 up. Shorts with patented "All-Ways Stretch" feature, 50¢ and up.

◀ Cool, crisp and *pre-shrunk!*—that's B.V.D.'s famous nainsook suit, $1.25. Other models, $1 and up.

There's a regimental smartness to B.V.D.'s "Guard Stripes!" These finely-tailored robes are one of a corps of B.V.D. styles for beach and home wear. $2 up. ▶

that is winning Younger Men



them casual and correct for leisure, for cocktails or tea. Before Summer turns the corner—see the new B.V.D.'s at your favorite store. You'll know them by their good looks, their flawless fit, their moderate price—and by the famous red lettered label of B.V.D. Go smart—go cool—go comfortable this Summer—with B.V.D.'s!

THE B.V.D. CORPORATION
EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK
IN CANADA: The B.V.D. Company, Ltd., Montreal

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. ★Patent Pending

Pipes are the masculine theme of these B.V.D. "Sheer Comfort" pajamas, $2 up. In shorts—with "All-Ways Stretch" feature, 50¢ up. ▲

▲ Let the thermometer set new altitude records; you'll be comfortable and at ease in B.V.D.'s "Feather Pongee*" pajamas, $2 up. "Feather Pongee*" shorts 50¢ up.

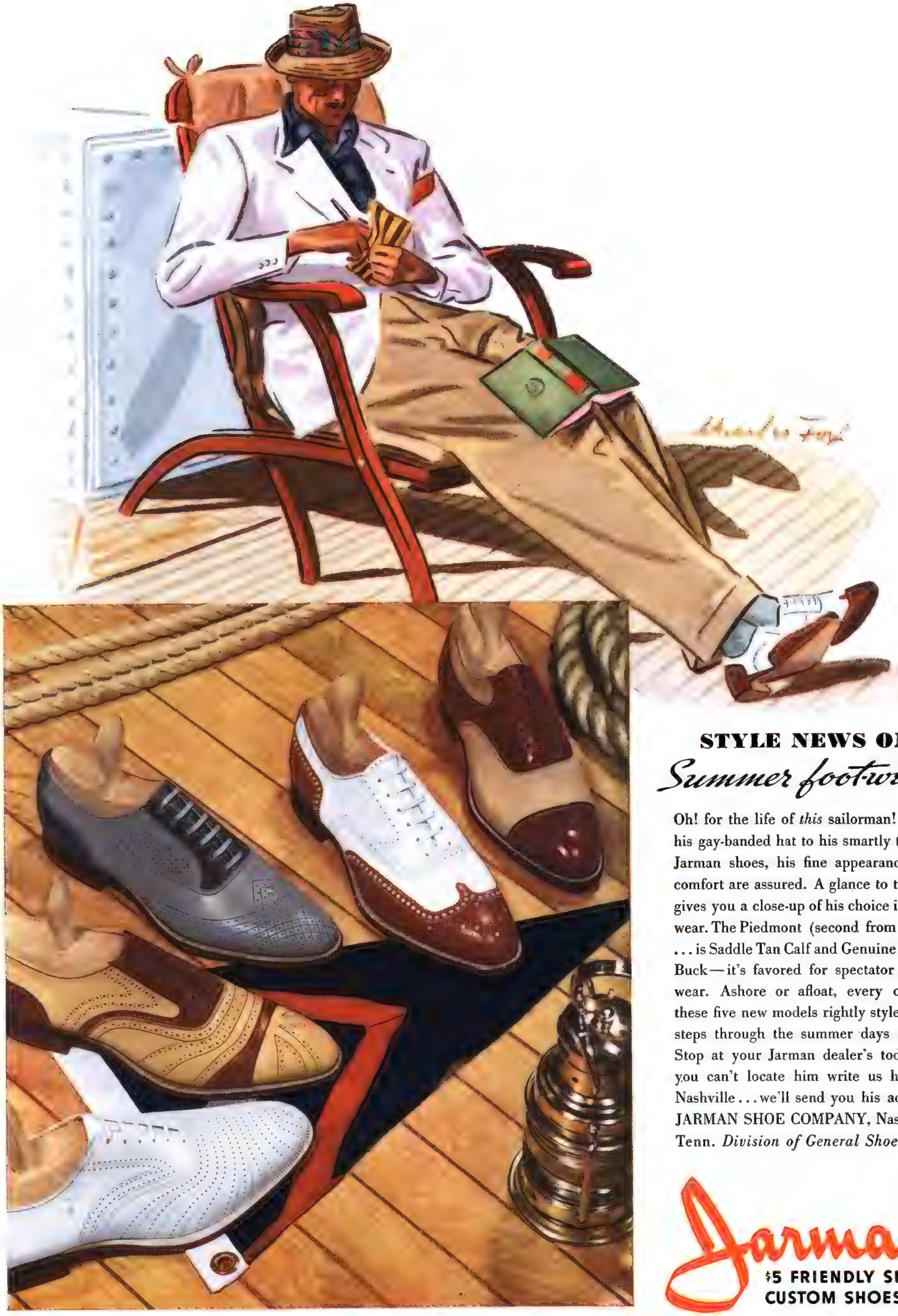
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE.

for younger men from 16 to 60

▲ For sports and leisure wear—choose this perfect B.V.D. shirt—the "Ruggers" with new "Spring Action Back," $1 up.

◀ Another "Ruggers*" candidate for your Summer activities. In B.V.D.'s colorful, authentic Clan Plaids, $1. Other "Ruggers" up to $2.



STYLE NEWS ON
Summer footwear

Oh! for the life of *this* sailorman! From his gay-banded hat to his smartly turned Jarman shoes, his fine appearance and comfort are assured. A glance to the left gives you a close-up of his choice in footwear. The Piedmont (second from right) . . . is Saddle Tan Calf and Genuine White Buck—it's favored for spectator sports wear. Ashore or afloat, every one of these five new models rightly styles your steps through the summer days ahead. Stop at your Jarman dealer's today. If you can't locate him write us here in Nashville . . . we'll send you his address. JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, Nashville, Tenn. *Division of General Shoe Corp.*

Jarman

$5 FRIENDLY SHOES
CUSTOM SHOES $6.50 MOST STYLES

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 121-122-124

distinguished by a mastery of trick-montage, and by a truly intelligent handling of historical background. England, and notably Russia, have made use of the documentary film in winning public support for certain government policies.

Russia, of course, pioneered in the propaganda technique; and in fact, the Eisenstein method, which first won Russian films world-wide attention, was elaborated from the documentary film. Russia still knows how to put punch into a newsreel, as witness a recent release which consisted of nothing more than views of a sport-festival in the big square in Moscow. Millions of feet of film have been shot on parades; and yet this film is so excitingly put together that the spectator feels he has never seen a parade before, never seen athletes performing in unison, thousands of them, before, never seen such rows of health-bursting buxom maidens. The parade itself illustrates the Russian flair for theatrical innovation, for it concentrates upon the very essence of parade-movement. Squads move down the street, boxing in pairs as they parade; squads carry a high trapeze upon which performers are doing tricks; trucks pull a huge swimming-tank, in which swimmers race; there is even a bike-race on an oval track mounted on a couple of trucks!

When it is possible to bring startling new life, innovation, even to so cut-and-dried a theatrical form as a street parade, there is still hope that new life can be brought to film shorts. It is only to be hoped that the job won't be left entirely to the makers of commercial films, for while they may be producing artistic documentary films as long as they think the film is only a stunt, and won't get into the theatres, and they might as well have a stunning one to show in the directors' room, it will be quite a different type of film that they'll make for popular consumption. Just look at the features we've already had boosting aviation.

And look what happened to radio. ⧺

The Wine Is Sour

Continued from page 71

Let us go into the inn."

A moment later the three men faced each other in the taproom of the tavern.

"Has your father drawn up the terms?" Herr Keppner asked Leo.

"Terms?" exclaimed Gottlieb, thoroughly bewildered by what was happening. "What terms?"

"Terms for the new wine, Herr Bürgermeister," replied the stranger with eagerness. He pinched his fingers together, touched them lightly to his lips in the French manner, and raised his eyes aloft, as he murmured, "This new wine of yours is perfect—such tang, such body, such color, such rare and rich taste. But name your price, Herr Bürgermeister, and I shall gladly buy the whole year's production."

Gottlieb Vogelsang passed a fat, moist hand across a dripping brow and peered wonderingly at the stranger. "This year's wine?" he whispered hoarsely.

"I have drawn up a contract, Herr Bürgermeister," the stranger smiled quickly, "arranging for your wine next year also, and for many years to come. I will take all you can grow."

"But the wine is sour," muttered Gottlieb.

"Not sour, my friend," Herr Keppner said politely, "but sharp and keen to the taste, dry and ruddy beyond the dreams of the true wine lover. Name your price, Herr Bürgermeister."

Gottlieb turned to his son who stood grinning beside him. "What devil's work is this, Leo? The wine is sour and the wine is not sour!"

"It is as Herr Keppner says—the wine is sharp and dry. It is not sweet, but not all people like sweet wine. Name your price, my father, and make a quick end of the business. And may I urge you, my fond parent, that whatever price comes first to your mind, triple it. You will get it."

Half in a daze, the old Bürgermeister murmured an impossible price for the wine, a price which was promptly agreed to by the stranger. When both had signed the contract, Leo took firm hold of his father's arm and led him shaking and bewildered out of the inn.

"The wine is sour and the wine is not sour," the old man said softly to himself as they made their way through the crowd to where the girls still stood in abject line.

"And do you still want to know which of the girls is the cause of this?" Leo asked his father.

The old man mumbled unintelligible words.

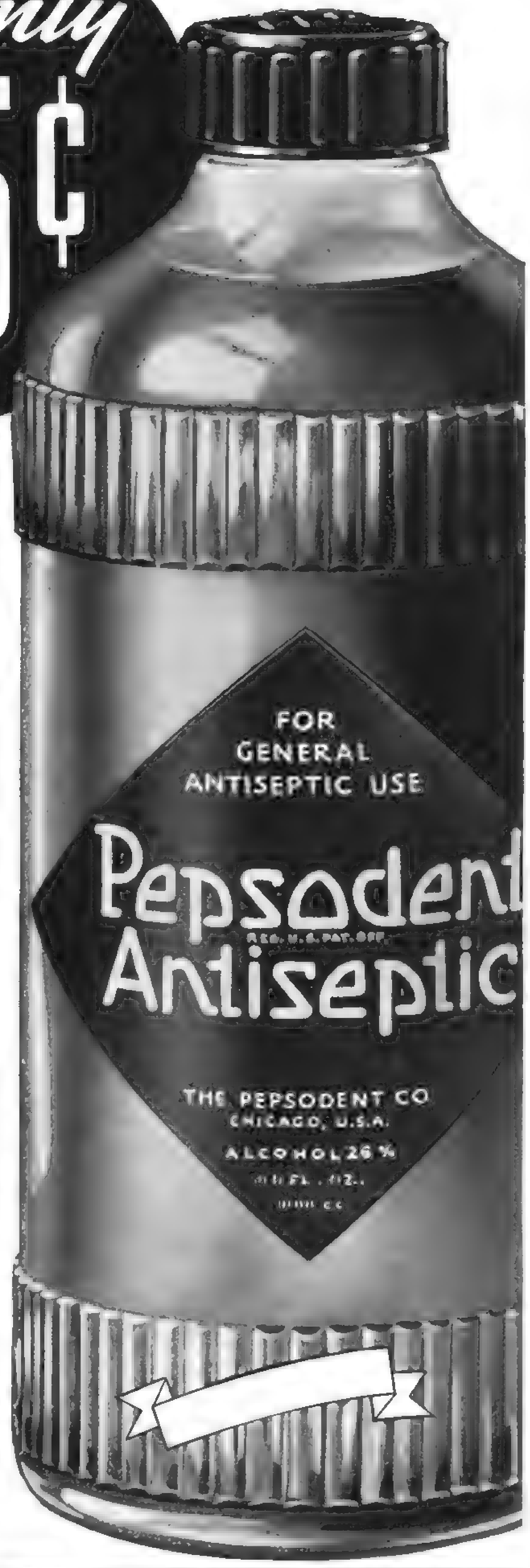
"Oh, I don't mind telling you," Leo laughed. "Listen, father, while I whisper in your ear."

And as the lad whispered in his father's ear, the old Bürgermeister's face became a study in amazed doubt. "Not *all* of them, lad!" he whispered hoarsely. "How do you know this to be true?"

Leo roared with laughter—lusty, full bodied laughter, as if he had drunk more than his fill. "How do I know? Ah, my father, how do I know whether the day is warm or cold? How do I know if I am happy or sad? How do I know when the wine is sweet or sour? How does any young man ever know if a girl is a virgin or not? Ah, father, have you grown so old that you have forgotten everything?" ⧺

GIANT SIZE
PEPSODENT
ANTISEPTIC

Now only
75¢



● Now, millions more can switch to Pepsodent, the pleasant Antiseptic that keeps breath sweet and pure 1 to 2 hours longer than many other leading brands.

The giant bottle of Pepsodent Antiseptic formerly sold for $1.00. Now, this new giant size, containing 14 ounces, sells for only 75c.

3 Bottles for the Price of 1

Pepsodent keeps breath sweet 1 to 2 hours longer, because it kills odor-causing germs in the mouth even when diluted with 2 parts of water.

Thus you get the equivalent of 3 bottles of Antiseptic for the price of 1! Pepsodent now comes in 3 generous sizes—25c, 50c, and the new bargain size for 75c, the lowest price in history.

Try, today, this remarkably quick way to relieve bad breath and help fight colds.

In Germ-Killing Power—
1 BOTTLE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
=
3 BOTTLES OTHER LEADING KINDS

LASTS 3 TIMES AS LONG..YOUR DOLLAR GOES 3 TIMES AS FAR!

FOR THE CLASS OF '37

PARKER'S
Luminous
Laminated Pearl
VACUMATIC PEN

The Gift They'd Pick if the Choice Were Theirs

—for It Holds 102% More Ink and Shows When to Refill!

There is a vast difference between 1937-style pens having 1907-style mechanisms and the revolutionary new Parker Vacumatic—a difference in *Performance* and *Perfection* soon detected in use, but liable to elude you at the pen counter.

If a pen contains a rubber ink sac or inner tube, you have to guess at the amount of ink within, until you are down to the last drop. Yet other makes of pens besides the Parker Vacumatic have no rubber ink sac—they are sacless, like this one. They also provide you visible ink supply, and extra large ink capacity.

But due to this revolutionary new Diaphragm Filler, the Parker Vacumatic abolishes the mechanical troubles which prevented sacless pens from becoming popular hitherto. Unlike other sacless types, it contains no squirt-gun piston pump or eye-dropper air-bulb.

Its working parts are sealed in the top where ink can never touch them, never corrode or disable them. That's why this sacless marvel is GUARANTEED mechanically perfect. Its Diaphragm Filler is so utterly different and basically better that U. S. and foreign governments have granted Parker patents.

If you can afford to pay $5, $7.50, or $10, the Parker Vacumatic is the pen you want—not some 1937-style pen containing a 1907-style filler. You can tell the genuine Parker Vacumatic by the smart ARROW clip—a clip that holds this laminated Beauty low and SAFE in the pocket, handbag, or sweater. Go and see it today at any good store selling pens. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis.

To make your pen a self-cleaner, write with Parker Quink, the new, pen-cleaning ink. 15c, 25c, and up.

Full TELEVISION ink supply

Scratch-Proof Point
OF PLATINUM AND SOLID GOLD
33⅓% More Gold than formerly yet at no higher price to you

Holds 102% more ink than old style
(Less than actual size)

Parker
VACUMATIC
GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

Junior, $5, Over-size, $10 $7.50 Pencils, $2.50, $3.50 and $5

Of Knight Errantry

Continued from page 92

They were using plenty of stooges in the floor shows then, so when he strolled into the Club d'Amour and broke Ernie's jaw it was the old rubber stamp situation. Even the staff thought it was part of the act. There was Ernie smiling away, doing his imitation steel guitar rendering of that-favorite-of-yesterday-I-know-yo-all-can-ne'er-forget (he used to shut his eyes when he said this), *Aloha Oe*, and up came Frisco and landed. Everybody in the place seemed ready for it but Ernie. The drummer hit the Chinese gong in perfect tempo and the piano player crashed his keys. As Frisco sauntered out, laughing in delight and waving at the crowd, the band went into a loud jazzed reprise and the spotlight followed him.

Ernie's jaw was broken, literally. He wore it in a splint for months.

II

In terms of today, Clabby's is pretty difficult to think of. Was it possible, for instance, that anybody ever sent out an opening notice like this?

Pal o' Mine
Mike Clabby's
Ye Olde Englyshe
Choppe House

Catering Beautiful To
The Bon Ton
of
The Sporting World
is
Our Policy

Chop Suey Bring the Wife or Sweetheart

The first time I was in Clabby's I had been there about five minutes when Frisco returned from delivering a bottle of sherry to D. W. Griffith at the Astor.

"Where you been all day?" asked Clabby.

"The guy kept telling me about a pitcher," Frisco said in a bloodshot voice.

He was a stumpy Italian in those forties or fifties, the pale skin tight over his face, his eyes dead mostly and looking at nothing, and hard little grooves at the corners of his mouth, like an aging woman's. He wore a shaggy oyster soup velours hat, a Woolworth ruby ring on his green knitted tie in the knot place and a pepper-and-salt suit that might have been made of stippled tin and soldered on him.

"That's too bad," said Clabby, winking at me. "You missed your big chance. Carnera was just in here, asking for you."

Bill Duffy had Carnera on tour then, fighting heavyweights from the rescue missions. He looked terrible, but they would pay to see his size, and he was commencing to smell of important money.

Frisco's dead eyes lit and the hard little grooves went away.

"*That* big bum," he said, handing the bartender two dollars. "Listen, friend, listen. Let me tell you something. I got that big bum out of the steerage myself. I went down to Ellison Island and got on the boat and I says to the captain, 'Where's this Carnera? Where is the big bum?' I says. 'Oh, him,' he says, 'that big bum. He's down in the steerage, but I don't believe you can get him up,' he says. 'Gimme a rope,' I says, and I throwed the rope down the hole and me and all them sailors pulled and we pulled the big bum out of the steerage. And listen, friend, listen."

Laughter choked him.

"Help me Jesus, it costs me sixteen bucks to get him cleaned up."

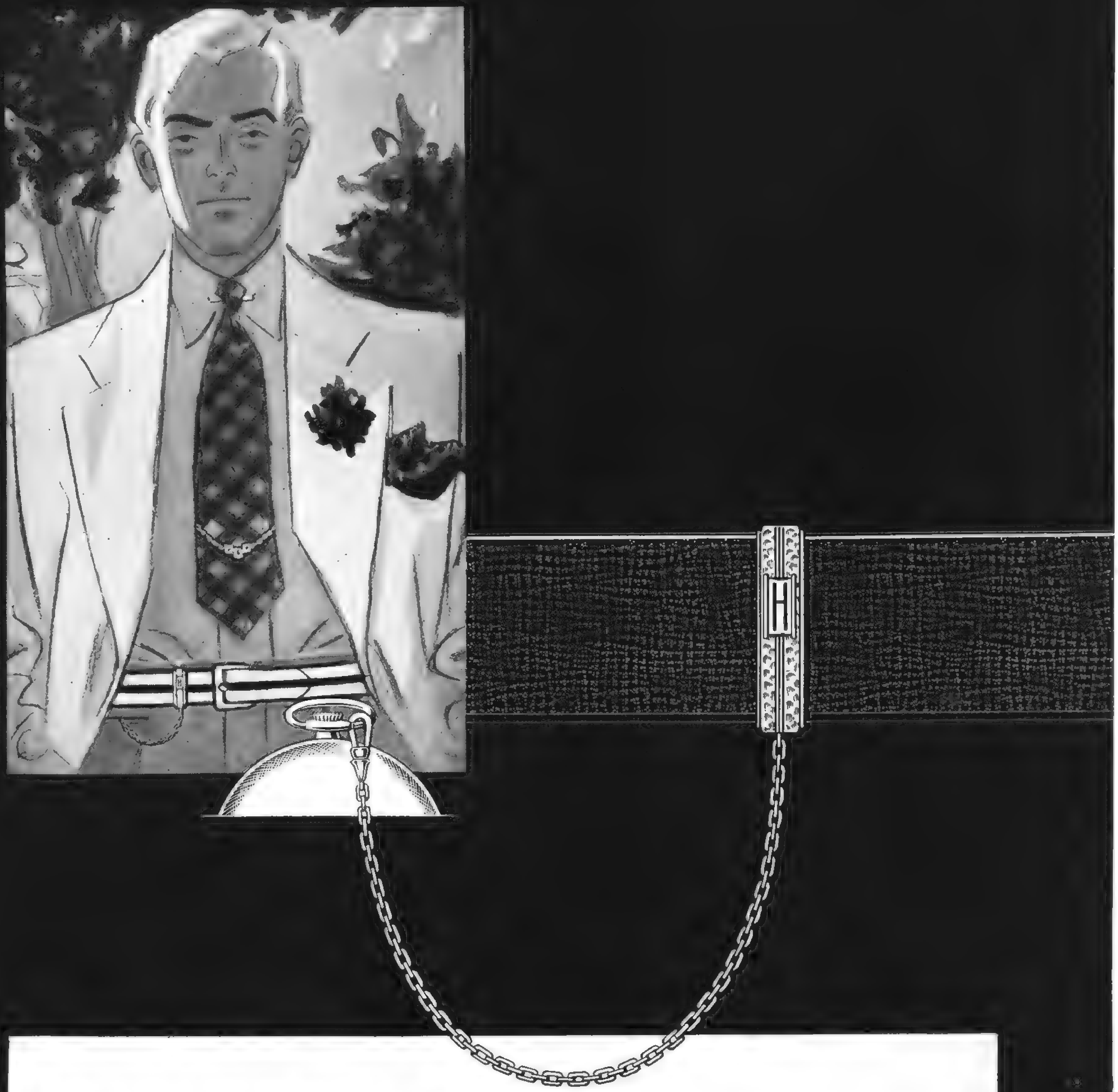
In those days Clabby's was a great place for front rank hustlers of the fight mob, and on a Friday night after a card at the Garden it used to be quite a picture. I don't think I was ever there on a Friday night, standing at the end of the old-time, very long bar and looking down its length at all the big hustlers, that I didn't wish an artist could have come in and made it. The right artist would have spit on his hands: two dozen, thirty of them, their bellies coupled to the bar's edge, their coats too tight under the arms, their pants too snug in the seats and tugging at the buttons, and all their hats a little too small. If it was a hot night the rhinestones winked in their sleeve garters. The faces would have driven Raymond L. Ditmars crazy.

All the regulars at Clabby's were fine story-tellers except the district attorney. It is only natural that such men are fine story-tellers, because most of their lives they have been charming the public against its will, smoothing down its fury, making it come back again and again after it has paid good money for something that either cost too much or was sure in advance to outrage common decency. Or both.

They would gather at Clabby's those Friday nights in the smoke and the reek of the whiskey and take the same pleasure in each other's stories and the lies about the new heavyweights that a good swing trumpeter takes in a jam session.

A promoter would tell how the great manager, Doc Wallace, had kept from starving to death one summer in San Francisco by reversing his collar and marrying hundreds and hundreds of lovers on the Oakland ferry at two bits a pair, colored or Oriental couples fifteen cents. Next Counselor Kornbeutel would give full details of his latest triumphs in the halls of justice. I remember he once got a client's parking ticket changed to homicide and then had the homicide charge thrown out of court. A visiting matchmaker from Chicago would explain his

Continued on page 132



THIS NEW HICKOK BELTOGRAM... distinctly top-flight as the newest jewelry fashion, and it has its practical side, too: Worn on your belt, the Beltogram prevents dropping or losing watch or keys. (There's even a special device to hold a wrist watch—and would your wrist like *that,* come July!) Correct modern styles, made individual by your initial, in golden or white Hickok-Plate or Sterling, $1 to $5.

THE HICKOK LIVE LEATHER BELT: made of real leather that s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s! Gives with every move, snug yet comfortable 'round your waist—hugs ever so gently. $2 and $3.

P. S. Dog-ear this page to remind *Her* of Hickok Beltograms and *Live Leather* Belts when she buys gifts for Father's Day and Graduation.
HICKOK—ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

HICKOK
Style Leadership
BELTS • BUCKLES • BRACES • GARTERS JEWELRY

TAILORED BY
FAULTLESS OF BUFFALO

STYLED for SPORTS

SANFORIZED-SHRUNK
for lasting fit

Sportcraft slacks tailored by Faultless are code among the par hunters and other slack-donning sportsmen for the assurance of "Lasting smart comfort, lasting serviceability, lasting fit." These slacks are built to those specifications.

Every fabric is Sanforized-shrunk so it won't come home from the laundry shy at the ankles or waistband.

Faultless patterns this season are as exclusive as royalty—smart as marines ashore. Don't stop at one pair; they're too practical and regaling to the eye. They launder as easily as a shirt. Ask for Sportcraft Washable Slacks Tailored by Faultless, which bear the All-Guard Guarantee of fabric quality, fast color and Sanforized-shrunk . . $1.95 TO $3.95

See Sportcraft at your dealer's or write to:
BUFFALO FAULTLESS PANTS CO., INC.
Buffalo, New York

Sanforized-Shrunk
40 WORTH STREET NEW YORK CITY

Of Knight Errantry

Continued from pages 92-130

wonderful plan for every school child in the United States and Canada to contribute a dime towards another Battle of the Century and set all hands to scribbling, dazzled, on tablecloths and the backs of envelopes and menus. Then the district attorney would complain that a couple of large boll weevils were trying to frame him and get such terrible horrors Clabby would have to grab him. Everybody kept ordering drinks all around, with each third a house buy, although nobody ever seemed to pay for any but Fugazey. The rare times the other customers remembered they would tell the bartender to scribble it on the custard, Mac.

Frisco's status at Clabby's was peculiar. He ran errands, but he was a social equal of the regulars. Clabby let him sleep in the place and gave him a couple of dollars now and then, but he paid cash for the little he ate and drank. He was kidded, but not ribbed. Nobody cared for the eyes when he got mad, and you could never tell what would make him mad. Besides, there was his past.

At first I thought Frisco was short for Francesco, but I soon learned it was because he was a fugitive from San Francisco justice. He liked to tell it on himself.

Just before the war, Frisco owned a flash place in San Francisco and was head of one of the town's two Italian mobs. Well, there was a sergeant who kept putting the shake on him and bleeding a man to death till he just couldn't stand it no more. So one night right in front of everybody, right in his own place: "I socked that no-good yellow rat copper in the puss, help me Jesus, I socked him good, and I pitched the *sonamabicho* down the hill with these here two hands."

The other Italian mob heard about it and it gave them an idea. They took the sergeant out riding (in a jitney bus, I suppose) and then posed his body in Frisco's front yard.

He would have to stop and choke over the absurdity of it. Listen, friend, listen.

"Right inside of my own fence, right on my own lawn, right up again' my own tree! He was looking out at the street like he was saying, 'Good morning, friend, how do you do, how you feeling today?' The milkman found him. And me, help me Jesus, snoring in my own bed all the time like a pig."

Doc Wallace had been around San Francisco then and he confirmed it. At least he confirmed that Frisco ran a flash place and was head of one of the Italian mobs and that a dead police sergeant had been found on his lawn. There was a good deal of dispute in Clabby's over whether or not Frisco himself had killed the sergeant. Everybody agreed that it would be stupid to kill a police sergeant and leave his body on your own front lawn. Yet there were many who argued that an eccentric like Frisco could have done it under certain conditions.

One theory was that he had got drunk, gone home, found the sergeant loitering on the premises, killed him, propped up the body to spit in its face a few times and then proceeded to bed, forgetting to remove the debris. Another theory was that Frisco had killed him while walking in his sleep.

III

When Toodles tried to thank Frisco for vindicating her womanhood he gave her a terrible toasting, mostly in Italian, and ended with, "Keep away from me or I will kick the bust off of you."

So Toodles kept her bust out of harm's way, and he seemed completely unaware that she was above ground. Just the same, when a new customer named Lou the Florist turned up and started to woo her, everybody knew he was living on borrowed time.

Somebody would turn and look at this Lou leaning hard on the hat check counter and Toodles smelling the flowers; then he would slowly turn back and take in Frisco laughing and making faces at the end of the bar. Breaking Ernie's jaw had toned him up wonderfully.

"That Greek better be good to her," the one who had done the looking would mutter, and everybody would laugh.

On his card in the flossiest penmanship was written *Eleutherios Kanoris*, but none of the hustlers, most of them Irish, could say Eleutherios, so he was always Lou to them. Lou the Greek or Lou the Florist.

Can you remember the gilt-framed, enlarged colored photograph of the Head of the Family that hung on the parlor wall of every respectable American home twenty-five or thirty years ago? Lou's face was an Eastern Mediterranean version of one of those. If you saw him for the first time in the bar mirror and he had his hat on, the feature that would strike you most would be the thick, black 1887 commercial traveler's moustache which he kept stroking with the back of a forefinger as though he had just taken a clove. It wasn't till he stared directly at you that you noticed the large brown eyes were as crossed as Ben Turpin's.

Later, when the cops identified him fully, we learned that he wasn't a Greek, strictly speaking, and he certainly was no florist. He was a Cyprian, a native of Cyprus, therefore a British subject, and an importer of asbestos from that island in a small way. But as he never said anything to us, how were we to know?

I mean he never said anything at all, not even in a mutter or grunt. Don Skene claimed there was one thing he would say when he was playing the hotels and that

Continued on page 135

VISTA DO RIO
AERO CARRIL
COPACABANA PALACE HOTEL
PANAIR
BRASIL nos
ADOS UNIDOS
smo, informacões
mmerciaes e de
oda ordem, no
BRAZILIAN
RMATION BUREAU
630 5a. Avenida
NEW YORK CITY
STERIO DO TRABALHO
STRIA E COMMERCIO

Rendezvous in RIO

"Flying down to Rio," writes C. J. Dant of Idaho, "I found sidewalks actually designed by artists—in mosaic! Then, on the wine card of an Avenida Rio Branco cafe, between 'salgadhinos' and 'laranjinha cocktail', I saw the familiar words—'Canadian Club'. So there I was—a Brazilian masterpiece underfoot, an American one in hand—and enjoying both!"

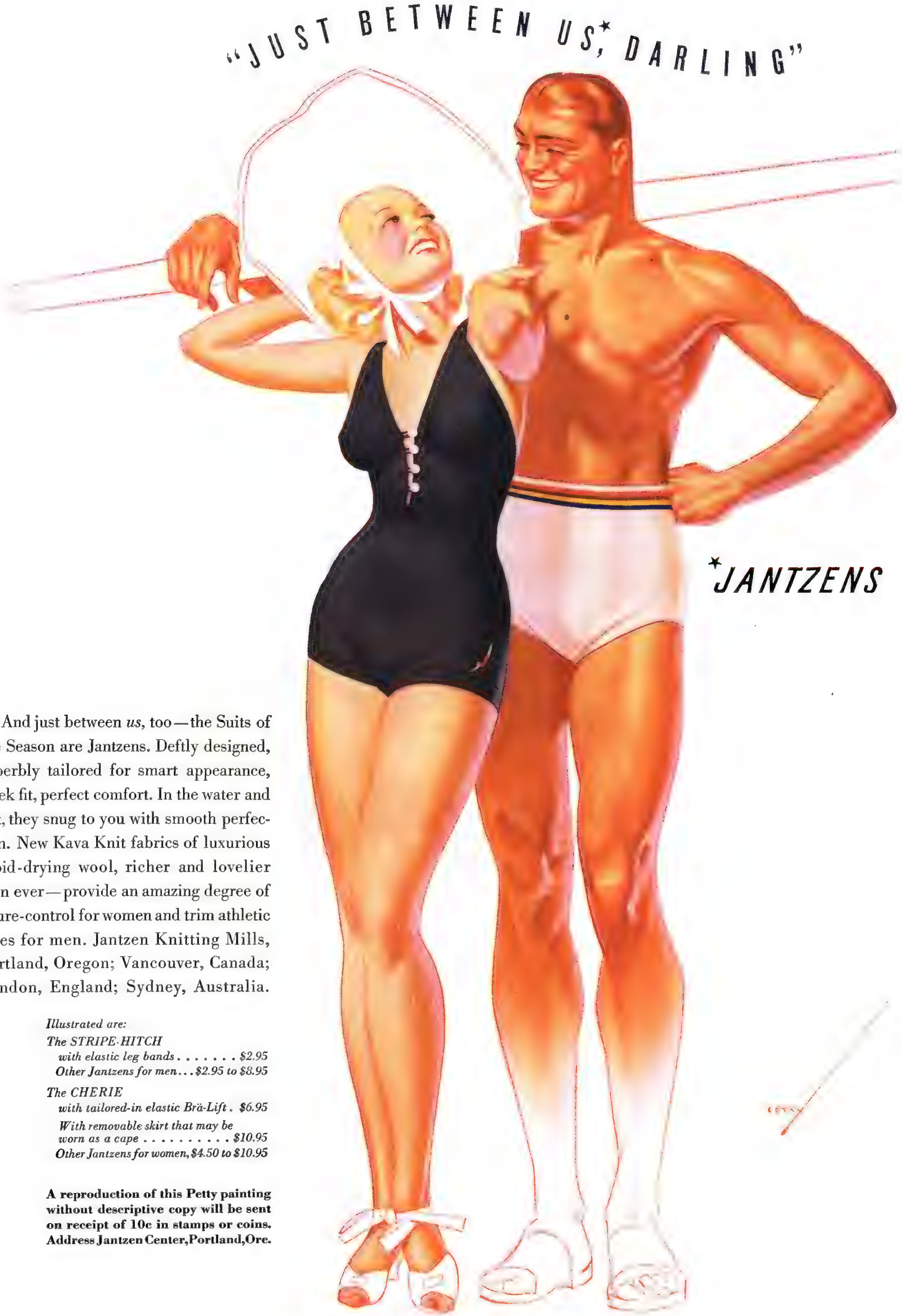
In rye or bourbon—rich, or mild and mellow—there's a Hiram Walker whisky to suit your purse and please your palate. At leading dealers, clubs, bars, hotels.

Hiram Walker & Sons
Peoria, Illinois;
Walkerville, Ontario;
Glasgow, Scotland.

1929
Canadian Club
Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Bottled by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville Ontario Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
90.4 U.S. PROOF

HIRAM WALKER'S "CANADIAN CLUB"
CANADIAN WHISKY
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
90 4 PROOF

Hiram Walker's "CANADIAN CLUB"



● And just between *us*, too—the Suits of the Season are Jantzens. Deftly designed, superbly tailored for smart appearance, sleek fit, perfect comfort. In the water and out, they snug to you with smooth perfection. New Kava Knit fabrics of luxurious rapid-drying wool, richer and lovelier than ever—provide an amazing degree of figure-control for women and trim athletic lines for men. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; London, England; Sydney, Australia.

Illustrated are:
The STRIPE-HITCH
with elastic leg bands $2.95
Other Jantzens for men . . . $2.95 to $8.95
The CHERIE
with tailored-in elastic Brä-Lift . $6.95
With removable skirt that may be worn as a cape $10.95
Other Jantzens for women, $4.50 to $10.95

A reproduction of this Petty painting without descriptive copy will be sent on receipt of 10c in stamps or coins. Address Jantzen Center, Portland, Ore.

Of Knight Errantry

Continued from pages 92-130-132

was, "Flowers for you, madame."

According to Don, Lou would buy a big bouquet and sit in the lobby of a hotel in the Broadway district late at night until he saw a girl who struck his fancy get her key from the desk and head for the elevator. Then he would check his hat and coat and fix it with a bellhop to find out her room number. He would wait a bit and then go up to her room and knock on the door. When she would open it an inch or two he would say, "Flowers for you, madame," and try to push his way in. Don claimed he knew girls who had gone for the bouquets. That was how Lou got the name of the Florist.

Toodles also claimed he talked. I once heard Clabby try to kid her.

"Well, honey, how you getting along with your deaf-and-dumb lessons?"

"Don't fool yourself, Mister Smarty," she snapped. "He talks plenty when he wants to. He talks like a blue streak."

By a strange swift waggling of the right forefinger Lou could convey to a bartender that he wanted a rye highball, not too heavy, with seltzer and without ice. I can't describe it or explain it. All I know is that he had a wonderful gift of gesture, and in spite of being a stout man. His understanding of the language, even of the language spoken around Clabby's, seemed perfect. At first I thought he didn't talk to the other customers because, being citizens of specialized interests, they bored him. That wasn't right, though. Most of the time he spent sparking Toodles, but on the Friday nights he would be at the bar listening to the stories with great relish.

Well, sure enough, it happened. One day when I got there Toodles was crying and Lou was gone and Frisco after him.

Lou had promised her $20 and then palmed off a two dollar bill folded just the right way. She hadn't discovered it till after she arrived for work. The regulars were standing in front of the hat check booth looking down at her like cowboys around a grave in an old Western. This is what the district attorney managed to say before Clabby got a purchase on him:

"God has rubber-stamped the three of them with His cosmic ink. Ah, the airy tracery that is woman's!"

IV

About a month later on a Saturday night I went out to Baldwin with Clabby to spend Sunday with him. It had been snowing all day and it was still snowing when we reached the house. I opened the garage doors and he drove the car in and came out and we shut the doors, and there was Lou standing with his hat off. Light from an upstairs window lit the back yard, and the big flakes were dropping on Lou's bald head and catching on the black moustache. He made a little bow, holding his hat against his chest with both hands.

"Hello, Lou. How they treating you?"

Clabby's voice sounded tired and incurious.

I looked at Lou and began to think how right the district attorney was. Why did guys that romped with Toodles always land in these terrible ten-twenty-thirt' situations? It would have to be snowing, wouldn't it, when the Hunted Man turned up? Hello, Lou, how you off for hissing? This isn't real snow, friends, it's just a little something a stagehand named Gus up in the flies there fixed for us. Nice work, Gus. What makes the best snow, *Times* or *Herald Tribune?* In a minute the drummer is going to shake the sleighbells and a fiddler will slip a mute on his bridge and play *The Flower Song.*

Lou took the crown of his hat in his right hand and with his left brought an envelope from inside his overcoat, holding it just below his eyes. We squinted at it.

"Miss Toodles Sewickley," it said in the same flossy penmanship that was on his cards. With an infinitesimal gesture he made Clabby understand he was to open the envelope.

Clabby opened it and took out $18 in bills, a ten, a five and three ones.

He looked at the bills, a long time, then he put them back in the envelope and handed it to Lou. The flakes had blurred the addressee a good deal.

"No, Lou," he said, "you'll have to give this to her yourself. It's something for you and she to straighten out. I ain't going to get mixed up in it."

Lou put the envelope back inside his coat after carefully brushing and blotting it with his handkerchief. Then he put his hat up in front of his chest for a bow, the snow falling on his pate and moustache, and the ridiculous eyes looking God knows where.

"Wait a minute," I said. "Give it to me. I'll take it to her."

Lou put his hand inside his coat V.

"No," said Clabby. "You won't."

Continued on page 136

Good-looking hair–
A SOCIAL "BUILD-UP" FOR ANY MAN!
use VITALIS and the "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

FIRST impressions are important—that's why men who are properly ambitious for social and business success are ever watchful of their looks. They know that well-groomed hair reflects pride in their appearance. And to give their hair the proper care, they use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

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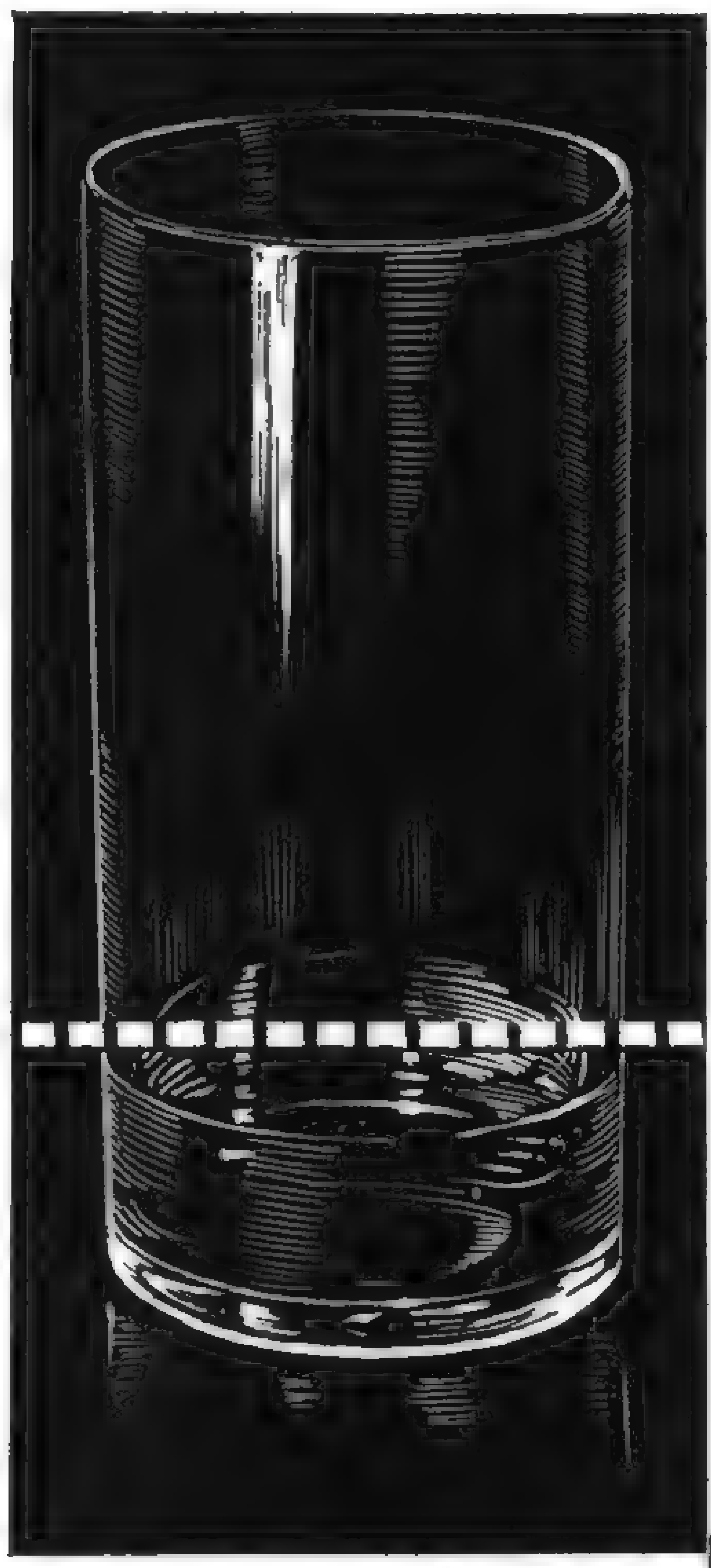

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Seagram Distillers Corp. Offices: New York

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Distilled London Dry Gin made from 100% American Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 proof.

IT'S "SOFT-STILLED"

Of Knight Errantry

Continued from pages 92-130-132-135

Lou took his hand out of his coat and put his hat against his chest again and made his bow. He put on his hat and turned and walked through the snow to the gate and opened it and shut it. I wanted to run after him and take care of him, but I didn't.

We went into the house and sat in front of a fire, Clabby forward in his chair, his elbows on his knees, working at his nails with the Kandy Kid Knail Klipper he had carried in his lower right vest pocket for twenty years. I was doing all the talking. He wasn't drinking, but I was getting as drunk as possible as fast as possible because I felt bad. I really liked Frisco and I liked Clabby very much. Now, though, I found I liked Lou, too; and I certainly didn't like myself for the way things had gone out there in the snow.

Clabby never said anything or lifted his enormous dead pan from his work all the while I was talking; he would just blow at a fingertip or at the nail clipper every so often.

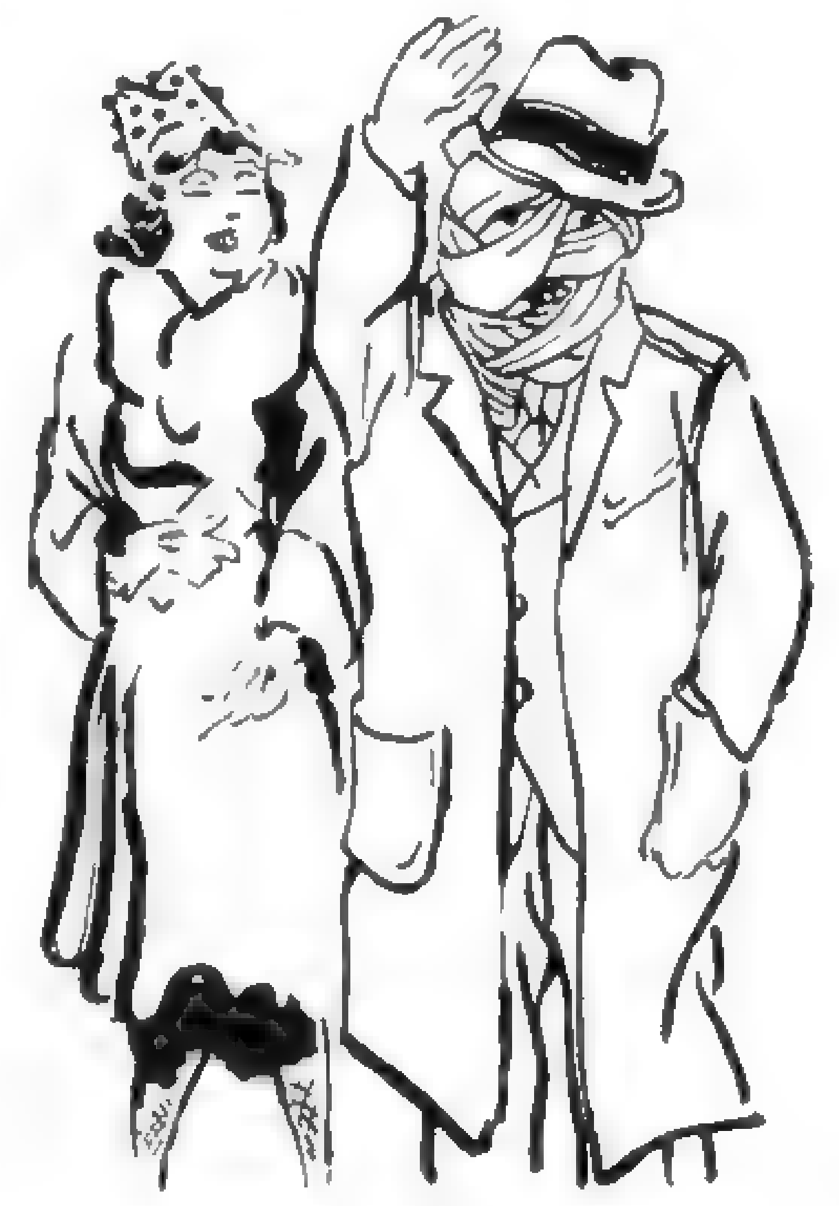
I must have gone over things a great many times.

"Frisco's got a razor and he don't shave himself," he finally said.

The way he said it, you'd have thought he was whittling me a willow whistle.

"It's back here under the coat collar. He wears it like a collar button. When he takes off his hat and starts scratching his head, pretty soon you're dead. Or, if you got any face left, you'll always carry a set of gashes like the tracks in the New York Central yards."

"Very funny," I said. "Ha. ha. Keep right on."



He looked up for the first time, then grinned, then looked down again.

"Oh, it ain't me that's funny. It's Frisco's the funny one. I seen him this afternoon on the West Side. He was rigged out like a messenger boy."

"This Irish whimsy," I said, "is killing me."

I was sore and lumbered off to bed.

V

When he caught up to Lou in a little Greek pitcher-and-bowl hotel in the West Forties, over near the river, Frisco must have been in one of his gay moods. The story didn't last more than a day or two because the Hon. Samuel Seabury was trying to take Tammany Hall apart and everybody was terribly crowded for space. But I remember that one of the tabs headed it

Asbestos King Near Death
in "Telly" Prank Slash

If I hadn't been drunk and sore and half-witted I'd have realized that the stuff about the messenger boy was on the level. Well, it was, all right, and Frisco must have worked it out that the one thing in the world a man in hiding will take the chiffonier away from the door for is a telegram.

I asked Clabby if he thought it had been hard for Frisco to find out where Lou was shacked up.

"When the cops want you bad enough, you leave town," he said. "But when it's only a private citizen wants you, likely you don't. A Greek in a jam would go to other Greeks to hide him. Now, Lou was a pretty high-class Greek, so it's a cinch he ain't shining shoes or pearl diving in a Coffee Pot. That leaves only the gambling joints and the hotels. A man trying to lay low ain't going to hide under no crap table.

"They ain't but two or three of them little Greek hotels. Proba'ly Frisco hangs around for a time out in front, waiting for Lou to get smoked out. They're always setting them on fire for the insurance. Then one day maybe he sees a tray going in from the cafeteria around the corner and gets friendly with the bus boy. Some reason they never cook in them Greek hotels. Anyway, it ain't hard to locate a party once your mind's made up."

Lou was lying in that conventional pool when they found him. To the mirror over the marble-topped commode had been carefully stuck the 1887 commercial traveler's moustache and surrounding it was a finger-daubed oval representing a head. Above the moustache two crossed eyes had been drawn.

There was a tumbler on the commode with a dried brownish substance inside which Dr. Alexander O. Goettler, the City Toxicologist, later identified as the victim's blood.

For a week the police combed and grilled the entire uniformed force of the Western Union Telegraph Company, looking for Frisco.

They are still looking for him.

But Lou didn't die. A couple of months after the prank Toodles walked into Clabby's with a fat zombie on her arm. All you could see through the bandage folds was a pair of brown crossed eyes.

"Meet the new hubby, boys," she said. "And don't think I ain't going to get my $18." ⧺

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Never Had a Lesson

Continued from page 99

until finally, when Minnelli was made art director, things clicked. During his two-year stay in that position, working with the world's largest stage, he designed and directed a new hour-length show every week. Perhaps the most memorable of these were *Madame Butterfly*, his elaborately staged *Scheherazade*, and his own production, *Coast to Coast*, which won the unanimous praise of the critics.

It was during this period of terrific endeavor at the Music Hall that Vincente Minnelli became a personage in the theatre and showed more than a hint of what was to come from his versatile talent. Lester Gaba, the soap sculptor and illustrator, who worked with him at Balaban and Katz in Chicago before they both came to New York, and who remains one of Minnelli's closest friends, knows many artists but he says he's never met a creative person whose mind is so inseparable from his work, and who is so willing to sacrifice everything, amusement, friends, and self, to achieve his ambitions as is Minnelli. Once he and Minnelli took a vacation trip to Bermuda and Gaba says that everything they did and saw on the entire trip was so much fodder for Minnelli's brain, constantly attempting to twist every experience into an idea for a stage show.

Minnelli certainly proved while at Radio City that he had the energy and stamina to produce and at the same time broaden his horizons. He somewhere found time to explore new fields in literature and painting. To his list of painter gods he added Daumier and Rouault, and some of the splashy designs he now fairly explodes, are traceable to his new influences. If more Broadway than Park Avenue for the time being, Minnelli's wardrobe became civilized, and although he lived in dread fear lest they find him out, it was an open secret among his friends that he was going to Arthur Murray's emporium of the dance to "increase his poise." Minnelli, quite handsome in an almost Mongoloid way, developed camera shyness as he found himself more often the target of the news photographers. He now refuses to pose unless he can okay the results before publication and not one in ten pictures of himself gets by him as satisfactory. It was this Minnelli, age twenty-eight in 1933, whom the Shuberts lured from the Rockefellers to build a show around Beatrice Lillie.

For the Shuberts, he not only produced, designed the costumes and sets for, and directed *At Home Abroad*, but wrote much of the best material in that successful revue. Our guess is that this feat is unparalleled on Broadway. "I realized my advantage at once," he says. "As the producer I wasn't under obligation to treat the scenic designer to lunch and charm him into great endeavor. As the costumer I could berate the scenic designer to my heart's content if the backgrounds and costumes showed traces of incompatibility, and as scenic designer, I could shut off the telephone and play not-at-home to the producer and costumer. It seemed a veritable millenium." Minnelli, apparently inexhaustible during the last weeks of rehearsals, lived on cigarettes and chewing gum until the show was successfully opened in New York and then went to bed for two weeks.

This jump, from the world's largest stage and its fairly popular or "family" type of entertainment, onto the revue stage was accomplished with astonishing grace. Where Minnelli had used sequins to divert the masses, he delighted the revue audiences with his simple but strikingly colorful and decorative modern patterns. We recall many touches of "early Minnelli" hung over in his Radio City work; even his immensely popular *Scheherazade* there, skated on very thin artistic ice to gain its effects, but not a trace of this prostitution showed up in *At Home Abroad*.

When he designed last year's revival of the *Follies*, he was bucking the tradition built up by the late great designer, Joseph Urban, who shared with Ziegfeld credit for the success of their long collaboration. With Minnelli's flesh version, the *Follies*, heretofore stalemated at the beautiful "girl show" level, became an advanced experience in the theatre. In his stunning *Words Without Music* number for that show, he was a full year up on the surrealist craze that swept New York last winter.

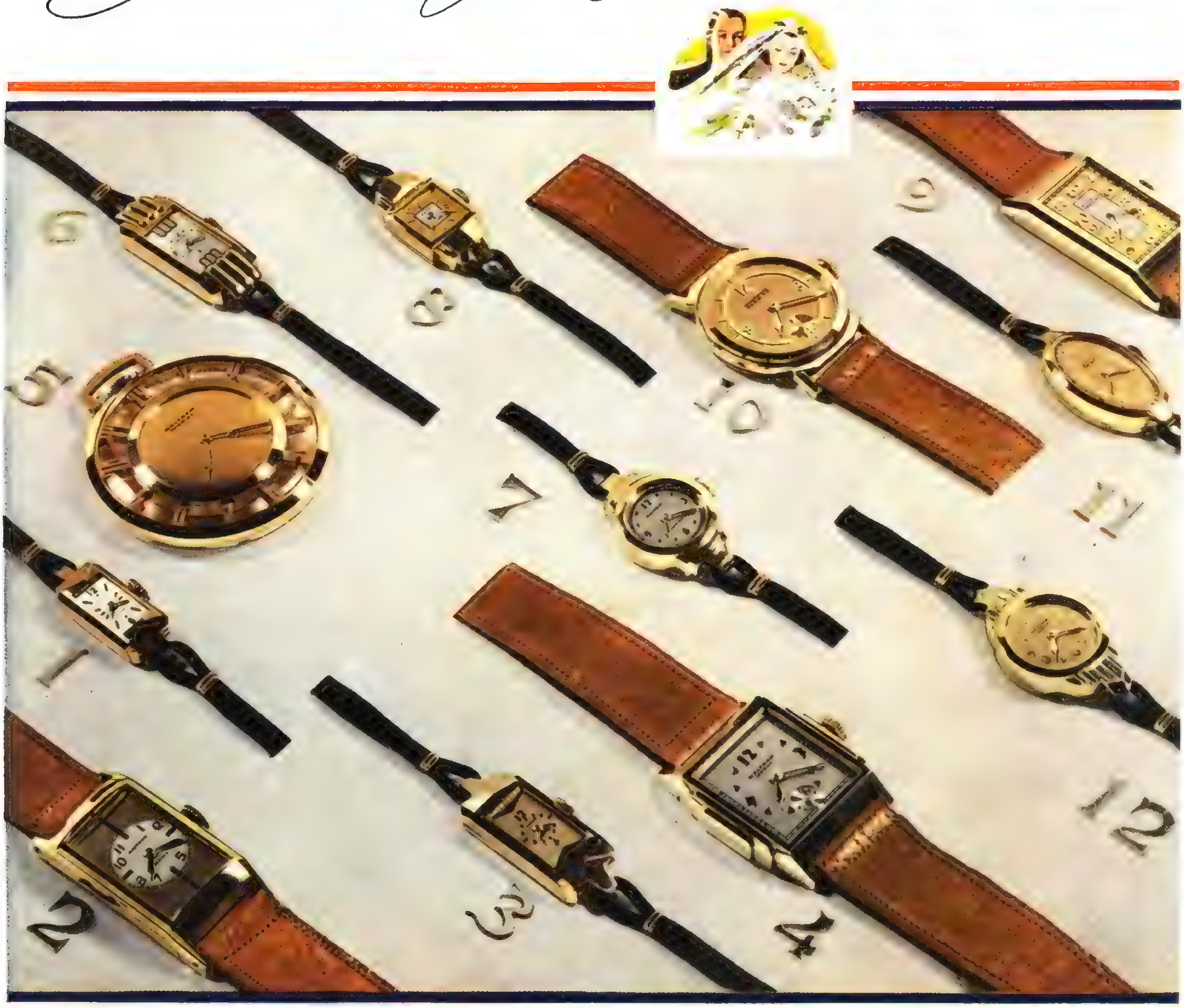
The costumes Minnelli designed for the *Follies* struck the fancy of the stylists, and pages of "Follies adaptations" were published in *Women's Wear Daily*.

Of his methods, Minnelli says the first and most important problem for the designer is to work out a point of view for the show, to set a style for it. All the fantasy, satire, and color running riot in a revue must stem from some common idea or it will lack unity. Minnelli conceived *At Home Abroad*, which has essentially a travelogue theme, as a flat design like a map, filling in the spaces with clear colors. The *Follies* he did in the spirit of fashion photography as epitomized by Cecil Beaton, with its quality of diffusion and unexpected, clear light. In his current *The Show Is On*, which is built around the history of show business in America, he has given the costumes and sets the arresting appeal of a theatrical bill poster.

Working out this style for a revue isn't so much a matter of long hours over a drawing board, says Minnelli, as it is the result of a complete understanding of the material on hand and the

Continued at top of page 141

How to Pick LIFETIME COMPANIONS



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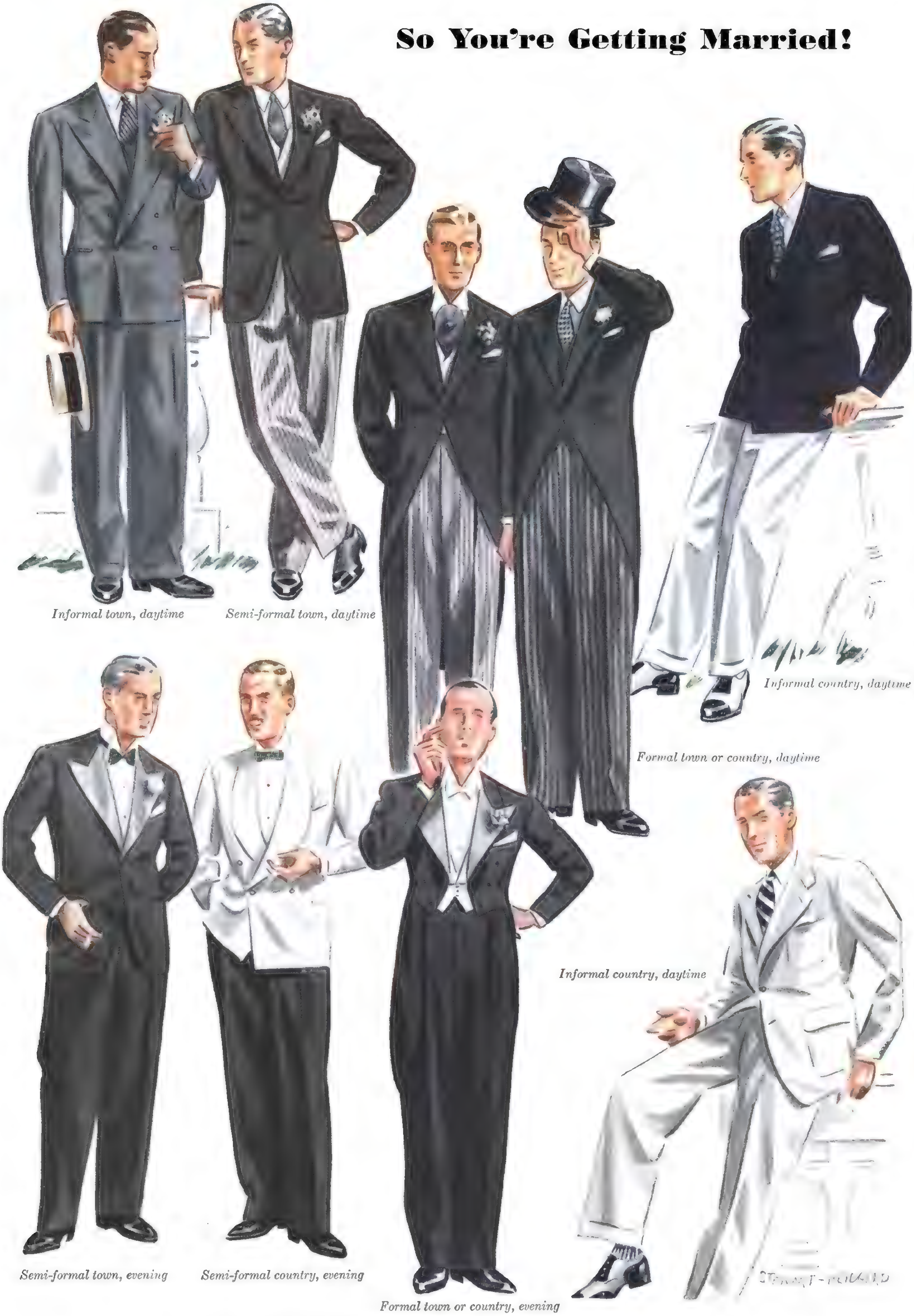

Informal town, daytime

Semi-formal town, daytime

Formal town or country, daytime

Informal country, daytime

Semi-formal town, evening

Semi-formal country, evening

Formal town or country, evening

Informal country, daytime

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Never Had a Lesson

Continued from pages 99-138

particular talents available to interpret it. Minnelli thinks the best thing that's happened to the revue in America is that "stupid glamor" has gone out in favor of "pace," and although naturally he didn't say so himself, Minnelli, who has been through the "glamor," has had as much to do as anyone in bringing about this transition.

Minnelli directs his shows in a calm, unruffled manner quite foreign to the profession. He never raises his voice and when, during a most trying dress rehearsal of the *Follies* that ran until six o'clock in the morning before the first act was done, he was asked how he ever kept his magic poise, his reply was that he never let any one thing that went wrong bother him for fear it would "blow up" the whole production. He just makes a mental note of it and goes on. He has a way of going through the action to show the cast what he wants, and last fall, when *The Show Is On* was in rehearsal, it was two weeks before the chorus discovered he wasn't the leading man. #

Kostia Terechkovitch: Expatriate

Continued from page 79

Cézanne and Renoir. This had become his fixed idea, for the sake of which every difficulty and every pang had to be borne without complaint. Perhaps those very pangs and difficulties sharpened his desire for France, which became desirable not only because it was France, but because it was not Russia. The war between nations had come to an end and Kostia got himself a job helping to repatriate German prisoners. The train had reached the German frontier and Kostia was plotting how he could outwit the sentries when he was rudely hauled back, his train being despatched toward Siberia, where the Red Army was fighting Kolchak. He will never forget his interneship on that hospital train. Those were the days, as he told Jacques Guenne, when, drop by drop, hope ebbed away, when frost and snow held the train on its tracks for days in the middle of a vast, remorseless solitude. The living lay between the dead, and the living themselves were dying, while among these the less weak would hurl themselves upon those bodies whose blood still ran warm and tear in agony at mouths through which food might have passed. Dostoevski survived nothing worse.

When he felt he could bear no more, he fled. Afoot, with no more than the thin clothing on his back, he set his face west and south, toward the Ukraine, where his parents were, more than 3,000 kilometers away. The reunion took place at Alexandrof, on the Dnieper, and in honor of Kostia there was a feast; everybody had a piece of black bread. For a month he rested, replenishing his exhausted energies. Then Denikin invaded that section of the Ukraine; again the Terechkovitches fled. Deserter from the Reds, Kostia had no desire to serve the Whites: he had made another choice. Again he parted from his family and made his way toward the sea, which, he hoped, might open a way to France, for which he struggled no less single-mindedly than did Jacob for his Rachel. He reached the Crimea, he reached the seaport Sebastopol. Without money, he worked at odd jobs until he had earned enough with which to bribe a sailor to stow him into the hold of a ship bound for Batum, in the Caucasus.

For three months after he had reached that city he was little better than a Chinese coolie on a tea plantation, working barefooted, carrying on his head his basket of tea leaves, but watching all the time the ships that docked in port. He was working for sailors' bribes. One suborned seaman hid him so badly that before the ship had raised anchor, he was discovered and put ashore. A second time he seemed more successful and heard the ship's farewell siren from the depths of a case of rope in which he had hidden himself. But out at sea, the Greek sailors who manned the ship discovered him, beat him up and would have thrown him overboard had not the captain appeared and intervened. For twelve days he paid for his passage and his almost starvation rations by working like a galley slave. Thus did the vermin-covered Kostia achieve Constantinople. The year, 1920.

Except that he itched to be an artist, Kostia was of the generation of wild boys who learned about the survival of the fittest by surviving, who roamed the countryside of famine- and war-ridden Russia and made their way by cheating, stealing, robbing, begging, wheedling when they did not commit crimes of brigandage and murder. By the time he reached Constantinople, Kostia had learned that one can always make a living at a port. Only eighteen at the time and undersized to boot, he must have struck anyone who took the trouble to remark him as an underfed gamin not to be trusted too far out of sight. Some English officers—Britain then being in the saddle of defeated Turkey—did notice him, for Kostia was sitting on a pier busily making sketches of them. He had bought his pencils and paper with money that might better have been spent for food. And that is how Kostia Terechkovitch became a soldier in the English army. True, all he did was to take care of the horses,

Continued on page 142

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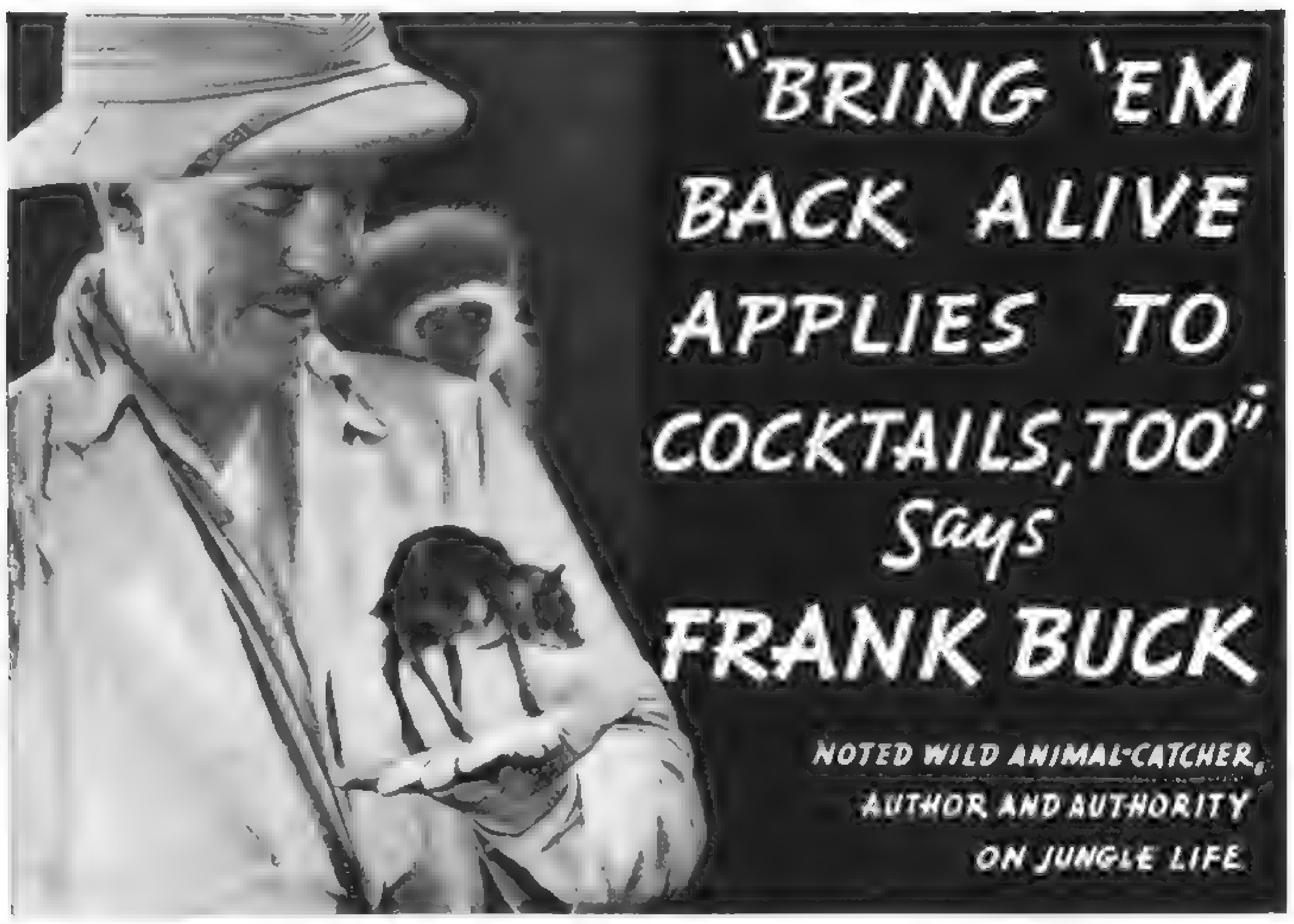
"BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE APPLIES TO COCKTAILS, TOO" Says FRANK BUCK
NOTED WILD ANIMAL-CATCHER, AUTHOR AND AUTHORITY ON JUNGLE LIFE

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★ By HEUBLEIN of HARTFORD ★

Kostia Terechkovitch: Expatriate

Continued from pages 79-141

but eventually, he thought, he would reach England and, in the meantime, he could eat.

But when his enlistment period was ended and the regiment returned to home quarters, Kostia was not taken along. He was a Russian without a passport and, therefore, *persona non grata*. Moreover, it was a time when to be a Russian was to be particularly suspect. But he had saved his money and added to his hoard by selling to the English officers portraits of themselves. He had seven hundred francs, not enough to buy passage to Marseilles, but enough for a bribe. He turned over his money to a Russian sailor who promised him stowaway passage and a sustenance menu. On the appointed day, as Kostia was slinking aboard, he saw his sailor friend, drunk as a lord, being put ashore. His sailor friend had been discharged. Nevertheless, Kostia found himself a convenient nook in a coal bin, resolved to resist hunger as long as possible and not to reveal his presence until the ship was far out at sea.

The boat had not cleared the Dardanelles when he was discovered. The captain was about to put him ashore when Kostia found tongue. He wept, cried, begged, threw himself at the captain's feet. M. le Capitain had heard all that before. It was the captain's lady who was touched and obtained a reprieve for Kostia.

When Kostia Terechkovitch went ashore at Marseilles, in la belle France at last, he himself was anything but a pretty sight. He had no money, he had no language, he had no jacket, he had no shoes. His makeshift pants were thickly coated with coal dust and his body with minute objects that crawled. His face was dirty and bearded, but eloquent with a simple love for the land, a love which those who witnessed could not understand.

He worked at the docks. He saved his money. He learned a little French. He took the train for Paris and arrived at the Lyon station one August morning in 1920, with ten sous in his pocket. He walked for hours, in the direction of the Bastille, arrived at the Halles market place and saw the Byzantine cupola of Sacré-Coeur towards Montmartre. He collapsed on a bench with weariness and when he awoke at dawn, he realized that he was famished. He had not touched food for three days. But he had that ten-sou piece. He entered a bake shop, selected a loaf and put down the coin, only to be halted in his tracks by the indignant baker. Kostia's coin, having been issued by the Chamber of Commerce of Marseilles, was not valid in Paris. Kostia did not eat bread that day. But he found benches to sleep on. Somehow he survived.

A young Russian whom he had known in Moscow got him a job pulling a hand cart. In that way he learned about Paris. He was happy. Out of his one hundred francs a week he bought paper, pencils, colors and at night, in his wretched room, he drew and painted in water color. Then he posed for a living. An Argentinian sculptor made him take a stance as Labor, between the earlier mentioned nudes, Liberty and Democracy. He posed also at the Grande Chaumière and later confessed to stealing canvas from American and Scandinavian students. When he couldn't pay rent for a room, he found shelter in various studios, Soutine's, among others, and most often in the home of Serge Romoff, his first and most loyal patron, first met in 1921.

Romoff not only bought Terechkovitch's pictures, he introduced both the painter and his paintings to critics, galleries, collectors. In the meantime Kostia continued studying and when he found the Beaux-Arts inadequate for his purposes, he moved over to the Louvre, where his observation of the Masters and his attempts to copy their work stood him in better stead. Soon it was going to be really worth while to be young and a painter in Paris. They were beginning to find the young Russian's canvases as distinctive and as engaging as they were finding the artist himself. They liked his authentic youth, his fresh vision of nature, the way in which, so they thought, he made his colors sing. The fact that his sources in art were distinctly French—Pissarro, Bonnard, Utrillo, among others—only added to the attraction which the Russian's pictures had for them.

He first exhibited in the Salon d'Automne of 1925 and has exhibited every year since then while his first one-man show was held in 1927 at the Galerie Girard. His paintings are in the permanent collections of the Luxembourg and of the Petit Palais in Paris, as well as at Grenoble and Strasbourg. Moscow, Prague, Lucerne and Belgrade also have Terechkovitches in their public collections. Many distinguished private collectors, including Jean Cocteau, have his pictures and an impressive number of French critics have made their obeisances and paid their tributes in print to the art of Terechkovitch.

He has not been too proud to do fashion illustrating and the theatre is not unfamiliar with his backdrops and costume designs. The designs for Choreartium, in the repertory of the Russian Ballet, are his. Although, like Toulouse-Lautrec, Terechkovitch spent many hours watching the dancers, vaudeville performers and audiences at the most fashionable and most disreputable of Parisian night spots, he prefers the sunlit outdoors as subject matter for art, not excluding portraiture, in which department of art his work has been perhaps most highly praised. He has painted in the Ile de France, in the Midi, Brittany, Normandy. Nowadays he spends his summers in Normandy and his winters in Switzerland, for he is especially fond of winter sports and he has made many friends in that country, collectors in Geneva, Lausanne and Montreux being among his most loyal admirers.

That heroic and terrible trek from the heart of Siberia to Paris seems to have left no damaging mark on the physique of Terechkovitch. As a schoolboy he was a crack track runner and today he takes part in championship tennis and is an expert swimmer, not to mention his feats in winter sports. He reads much in both Russian and French and calls himself Left, politically. He does not believe in the collective spirit in art, holding that conditions favorable to the production of art must be inside oneself, not outside. Painters in France keep to themselves and he believes that this is right. One evening, he tells me, Van Dongen, Rouault, Dufy and Vlaminck met at dinner. They had not dined together in twenty years and seemed to show no surprise or delight at the meeting. To Terechkovitch this is the right attitude. He does not approve of the American system of grants and projects for the benefit of artists. There are too many bad painters, he says, even in France and they should be discouraged, not encouraged. The living painters he most deeply admires are Utrillo and Soutine and when he has painted a picture the test to which he submits it is to ask what Renoir, what Velasquez would say about it if they could be raised from the dead.

From the brochure by Florent Fels, I translate the statement of a credo which Kostia Terechkovitch has supplied:

"For me, a young Russian student, my gods are Cézanne, Renoir and above all, Pissaro. It is from them that I have received the right to live. Before Velasquez and Rubens, I am deeply moved, but I do not easily grasp the spirit of another age. I approach their work from the decorative side, while I understand the great Frenchmen of the end of the 19th Century as I would my own father. Some have charged me with painting hastily, but these have ignored the fact that I sometimes go over my canvases more than twelve times, always trying to find, in each successive state, tonal relations which seem to me more daring and more correct. In going over a canvas, I never copy the earlier state.

"I seek constantly to overcome greater difficulties, for a creator's eye is subject to correction. I want to give to every canvas the best I have; however, the canvases I paint will always be inferior to those which I see in my mind's eye, for if an artist does not progress he might as well be dead.

"I believe that all real artists have felt the necessity of establishing a center for their work. There is in every canvas a special attribute around which the attention and strength of the creator is concentrated. It is the necessary grammar on the basis of which the development of every work proceeds . . . Invariably, my mind is concentrated on certain noble parts: the face, the hands, which denote the intelligence or stupidity of the models. The drawing in a painting is an intermediate state. Generally I make sketches but I do not concentrate on the drawing for its own sake but as a medium of approach to the painting, in which shall appear the knowledge I have assimilated concerning the model. I believe that the job of a painter is to copy nature. I paint what I see. It is the painter's temperament which puts the special brand, so to speak, on the canvas. If he is a born painter he will find instinctively the form of painting which is most suitable to his temperament. I do not mean by this that one should paint as the bird sings but I believe that when the technical means are assimilated one must look at nature according to one's sentimental attitudes. The painters of my age have received as their first lesson that it is necessary to be aloof from sympathy for the work, from communion with the external world. That's the heritage of Cubism. It is an illusory vanity to expect to find in oneself that which nature shows us. I believe that one should paint with a high palette, avoiding the mixture of colors and glazes and remain simple. Velasquez and Rubens painted simply and when I undertake an important project, I feel their terrible presence behind me and I feel crushed by a sense of impotence. I have, however, made several flower pieces and portraits which I would have been glad to submit to their opinion without blushing.

"For a young, foreign painter the effect of Paris is crushing. Here nothing is without danger and the admirable thing about it is that Paris is not indifferent to an honest effort . . . When one paints one fights against the public's indifference, against hunger and misery. The artist's trade in Paris is dangerous and that is why I like it and why I like Paris . . . What I have always remarked is the healthy state of painting. I admire Modigliani without reservation. But my ideal is to show the happy face of things: a young girl with rounded, glowing cheeks wearing a new dress, the countryside in springtime. People say that Russians have a weakness for the wretched and the morbid. But I love a tree, a beautiful head of hair, a country house gilded by the seasons and it is the happiness of all things that I wish to express." ⧺

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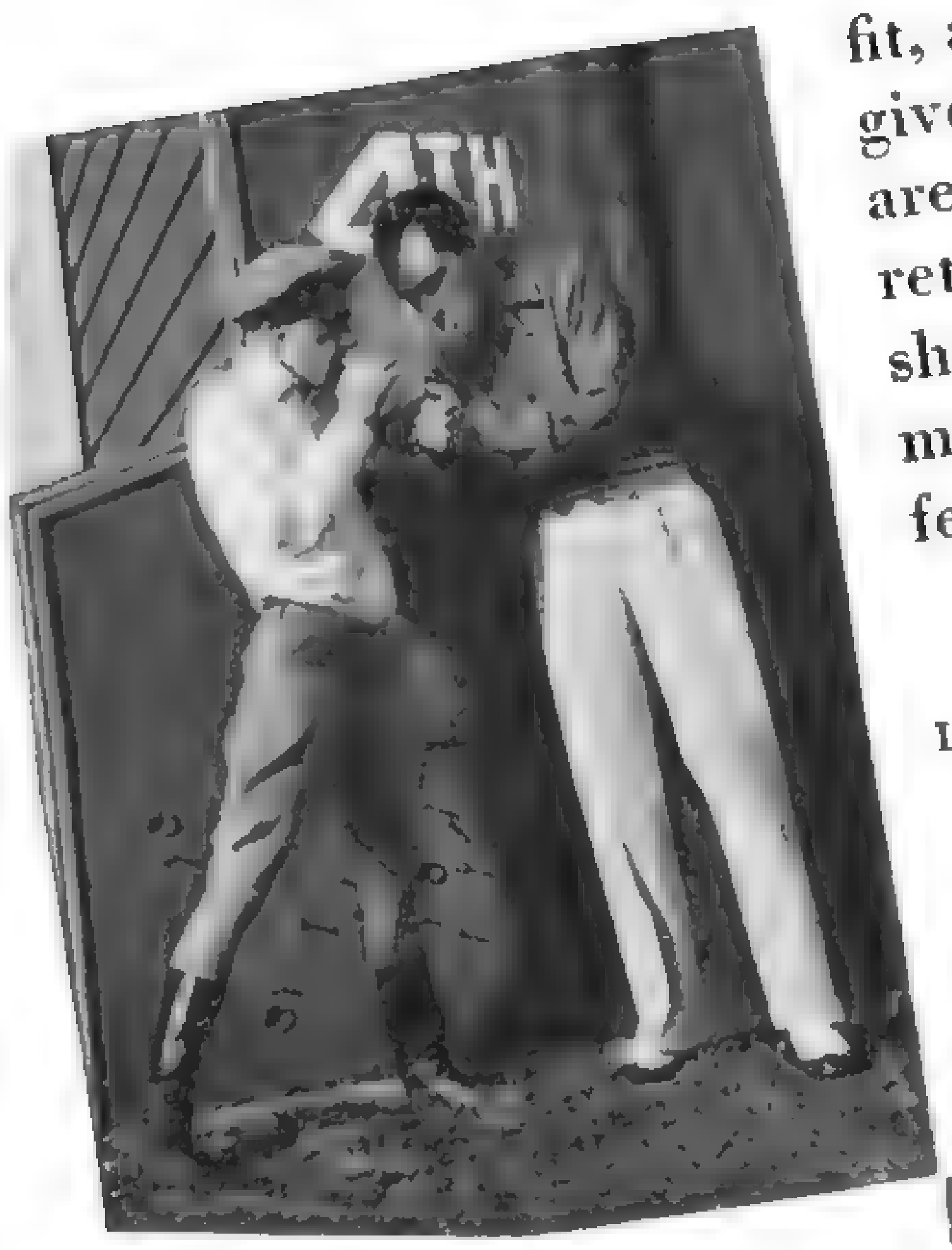


Why Those Golden Bubbles?

Continued from page 106

grapevine ever discovered. It is about the size of the regular dictionary. The champagne thereabouts is made from a stock pressed from the following grapes: Catawba, Delaware, Dutchess, Elvira, Eumelan and Isabella. Few of these are table grapes and so unknown to the layman. Anyway, all that are grown can be sold to the wine makers. Last vintage they brought $125 a ton as compared with $25 a ton paid for the grapes that go into your clarets, burgundies and so on.

During prohibition the state could not allow funds for the experimental station at Geneva. So viniculture came to a standstill. The champagne pioneers clung on tenaciously, hoping for a return to sanity and selling wine for medicinal purposes. But as it takes seven years to develop and test a new grape, you can imagine the setback caused by the Eighteenth Amendment.

The seven-year process is a lesson in present day methods in the wine business. The pollen of two fine grapes are crossed, the resulting seeds planted. Out of this marriage will come about twenty-seven sports. These will be grafted and developed and in two years produce fruit. The varying grapes will be tested for wine properties; it will be two more years before any accurate findings can be made. Then the best strains will be selected and grafted on to old roots. In another two years there will be enough plants of this strain to plant in the commercial vineyards.

A few months ago if you had driven through Pleasant Valley you could have seen the men on the terraced hills pruning the vines. This is the most expert of all the vineyard work. It is something that can not be taught, a sort of instinct. The pruner has to know from the feel of the vine just how many buds to leave. On some vines eight is the proper number, on others eight would be too many and six will give the best yield.

Along in September or October the grapes will be ready and the growers will trek the crop down to the old stone wineries that line the lake.

Another thing that makes champagne expensive is that only the first pressing is used for the first class brands. The Rheims vintners are proud of the fact that they use exactly the same pounds pressure to the ton as is customary in France. This gives the cream of the grape for the champagne. Here the subsequent pressings are used for the wines of the Rhine and Sauterne types. In some unscrupulous vineyards abroad the second and third pressings are sold to wildcat dealers who make champagne of varying value.

If you visit the American champagne country, just drop in on the first winery you come across. The old original stock still runs strong in this section and the native American neighborliness has not been disturbed by business aspects. Wherever you stop, the owner will insist that you visit his competitors' places. It all seems a little odd in this competitive age.

But the vintners know how precious is the stuff they sell and they know there is enough trade for all. As one maker said, "a too rapid increase in champagne drinking would be a bad thing for all of us. Our stocks are limited by the supply of grapes suitable and if there were a great demand—well, some demon would come up from the wicked city and suggest ways of spreading out into more bottles the supply we have."

* * *

Here are some recipes picked up in a recent visit to Rheims:

DIAMOND COCKTAILS
(*For four*)

Juice of one lime, one lemon, one orange, four tablespoons of raspberry syrup, one wine glass of gin. Mix and divide into four tall glasses filled with cracked ice. Then fill to the top with champagne.

CHAMPAGNE PUNCH

Mix well in a punch bowl that has been surrounded with cracked ice: ¼ pound powdered sugar, one glass brandy, one quart curaçao, one glass maraschino, one quart sparkling mineral water, and two quarts champagne. Decorate with fruits in season. The addition of a spiral of cucumber rind gives this punch a unique and distinctive flavor.

PHILADELPHIA COOLER

Fill two large glasses with cracked ice, add mint (small amount) and two lumps of sugar to each. Divide one pint of champagne between the two, pouring the wine on top of the crushed ice.

RHEIMS PUNCH
(*For twelve*)

Combine ½ cup of sugar, three sliced oranges, juice of five lemons, six slices of pineapple (cut in small pieces), maraschino cherries. Pour over this three quarts of chilled champagne, and add one quart orange sherbet which dissolves and cools the punch.

OLD WALDORF CHAMPAGNE PUNCH

Put ice in a punch bowl and add one small glass brandy, one liqueur glass maraschino, one liqueur glass benedictine, one barspoon pulverized sugar, one quart champagne, and one pint aerated water. Use plenty of fruit in season, and mix well.

CHAMPAGNE JULEP

Put one lump of sugar, one sprig of fresh mint, and one lump of ice in a large fancy wine glass. Then pour champagne very slowly, stirring gently all the time, and ornament the top with fruit in season.

CHAMPAGNE PICK-ME-UP

Shake well one liqueur of brandy, one liqueur of French vermouth, and one teaspoonful of gum syrup. Strain into wine glass, and add champagne.

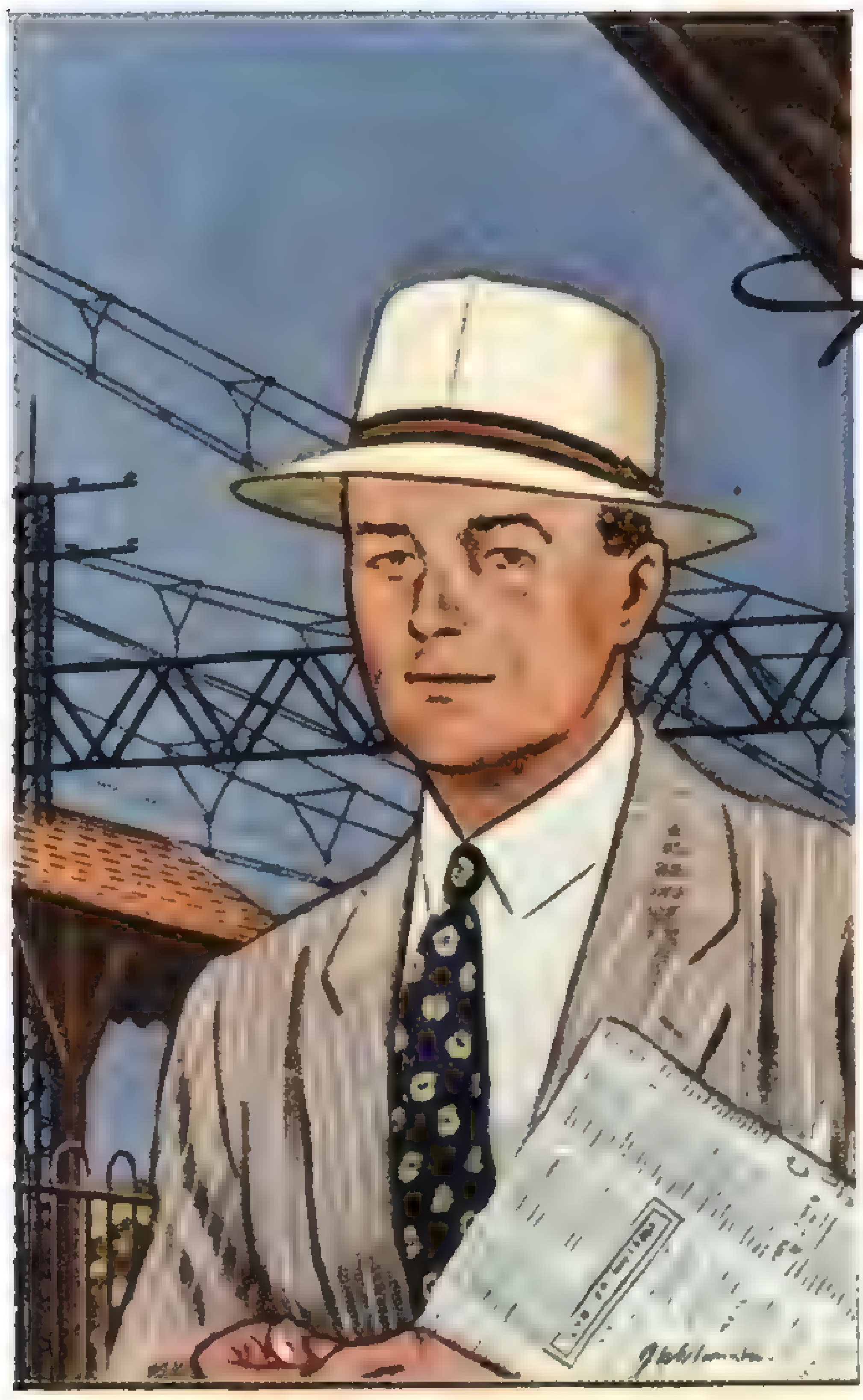
THE ORLENA

Put one lump of sugar in a wine glass. Soak it with absinthe and add one one lump of ice. Fill the glass with champagne, and add a dash of brandy on top with a piece of lemon peel.

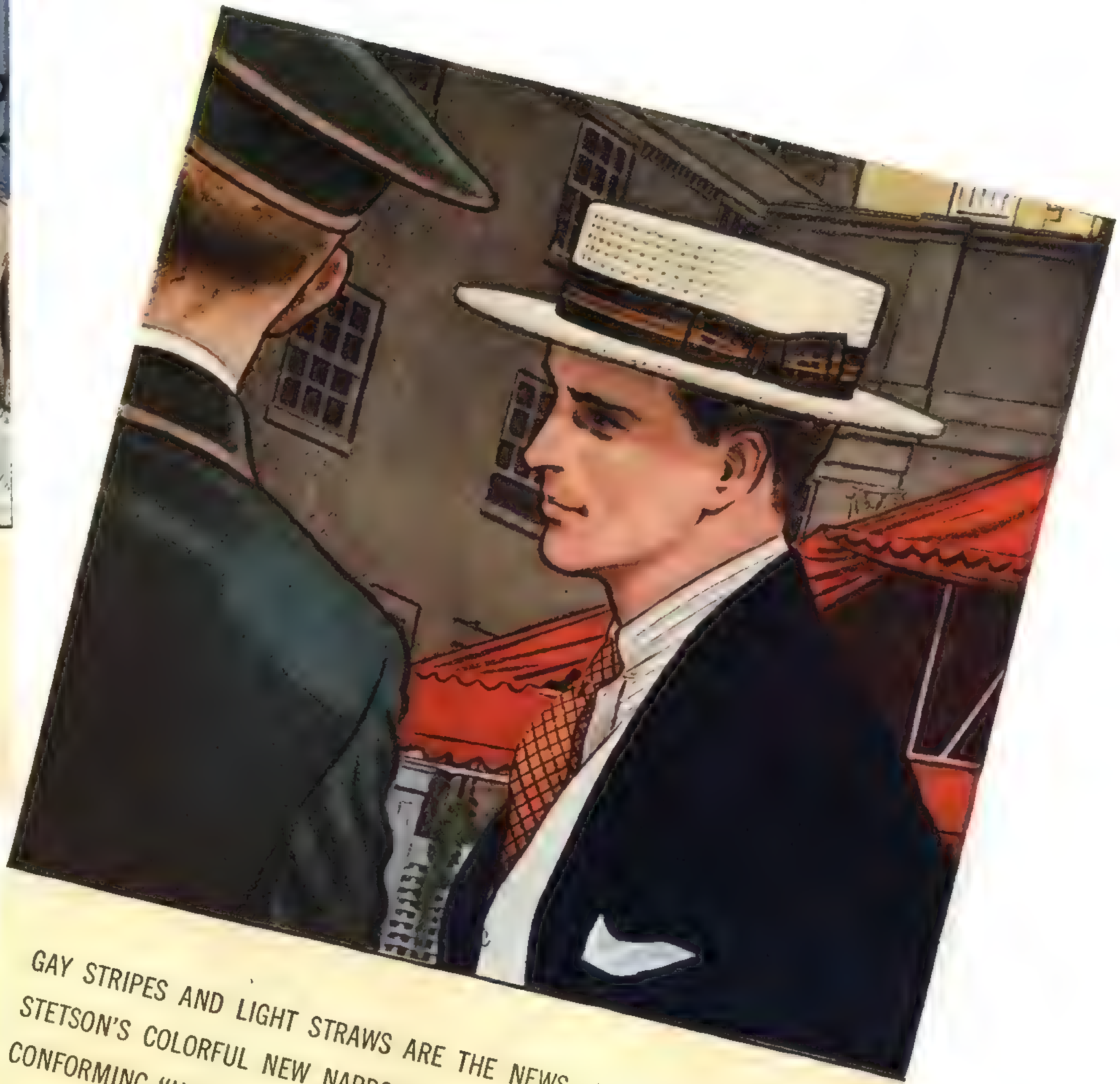
CECIL PICK-ME-UP

Shake well one yolk of egg, one glass of brandy, and one teaspoon of castor sugar. Strain into medium sized wine glass and fill balance with champagne.

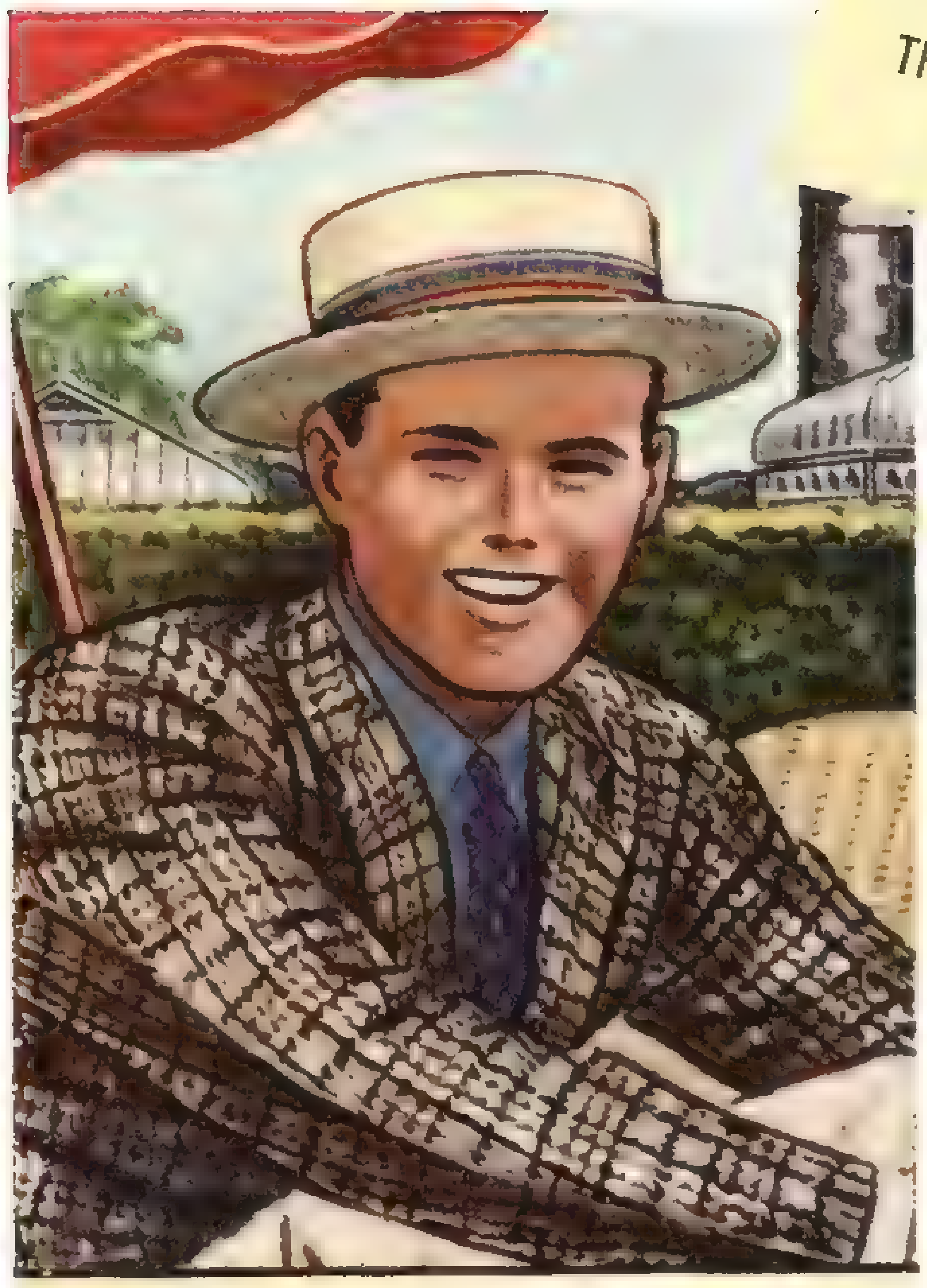
Hail the straws and stripes!



GO GAY, TOO, WITH THE BAND ON YOUR PANAMA. THIS IS STETSON'S "HASTINGS." ITS FULL BRIM, ITS SLIGHTLY TAPERED CROWN, ITS COOL SMARTNESS, ARE PRECISELY RIGHT THIS SUMMER.



GAY STRIPES AND LIGHT STRAWS ARE THE NEWS. CHOOSE ONE OF STETSON'S COLORFUL NEW NARROW BANDS. WEAR IT ON STETSON'S SELF-CONFORMING "HIALEAH," SHOWN ABOVE. IT'S "DEGREES COOLER INSIDE" THIS NEWEST SENNIT. CLEVERLY WOVEN VENTS LET THE BREEZES THROUGH.



COMFORT IS THE NEW KEY TO SUMMER SMARTNESS. LET YOUR SENNIT BE SELF-CONFORMING, VENTILATED, LIGHT AS A WHISPER. AND SHOW YOUR COLORS —OF SCHOOL OR CLUB—ON THE BAND. SHOWN ABOVE: THE "AMHERST" SENNIT.

● Try on these Stetsons. Ask to see the other equally smart Stetson straws that your dealer has in stock. You will find them just as enduring in quality as they are advanced in style. Stetson straws, the product of generations of hat-making experience, are formed throughout from superior braids and bodies. The finest of hand-workmanship goes into every stage of their manufacture. Which means that a Stetson will keep its fashion lines far longer than ordinary straws. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia, New York, London, Paris.

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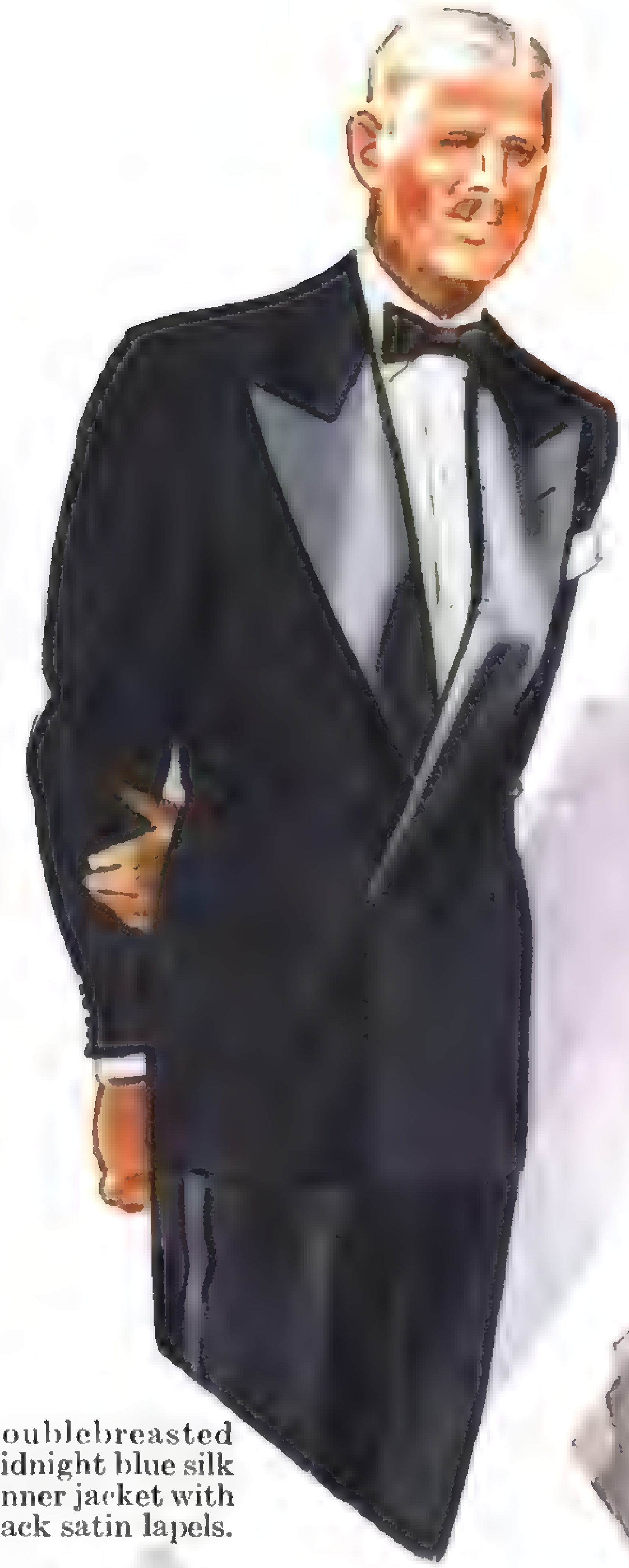
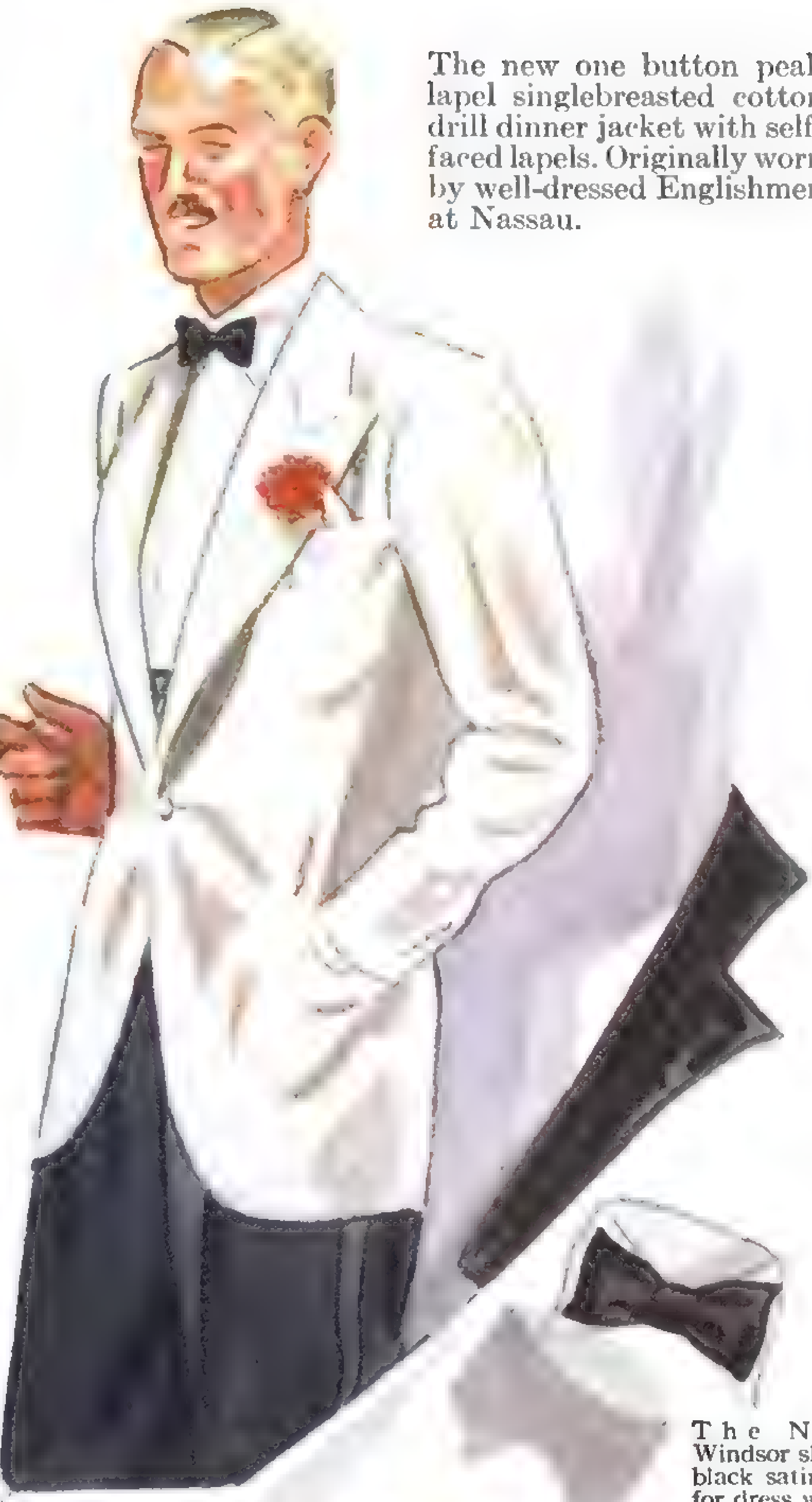
Summer Evening Dress

Dinner jackets for warm weather use are correctly worn at country club dances as well as at large parties in the country and aboard ship. When dressing in town the black or midnight blue dinner jacket is preferable.



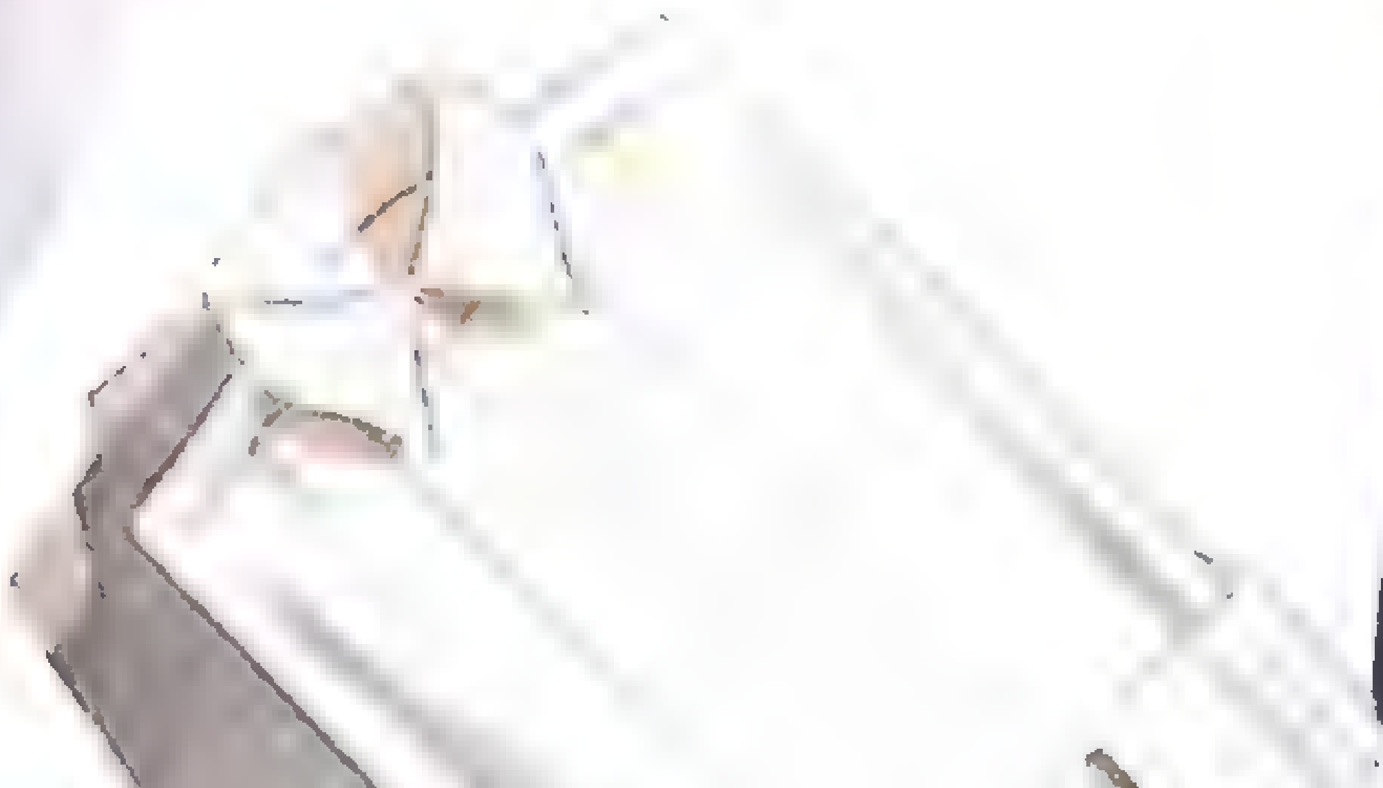
Doublebreasted midnight blue silk dinner jacket with black satin lapels.



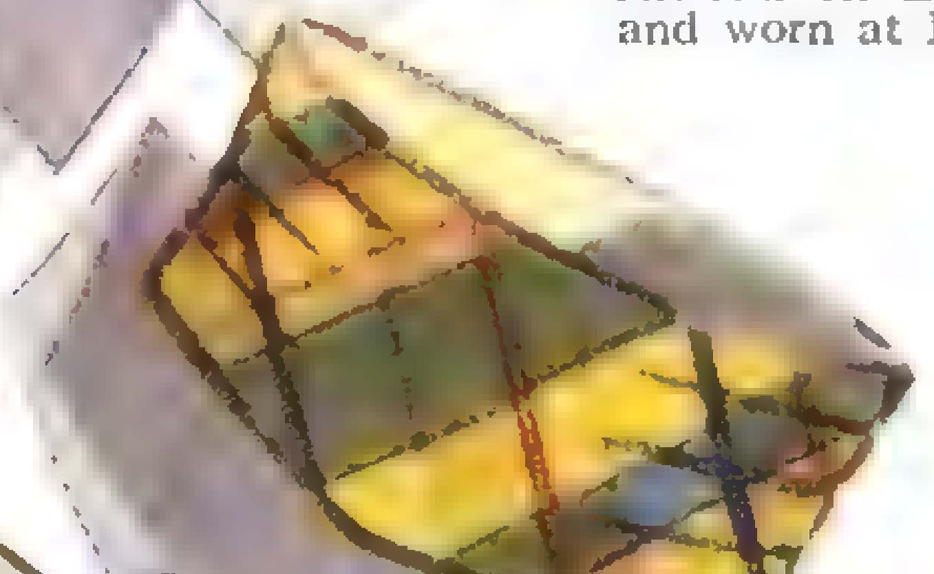
The new one button peak lapel singlebreasted cotton drill dinner jacket with self-faced lapels. Originally worn by well-dressed Englishmen at Nassau.

The New Windsor shape black satin tie for dress wear.

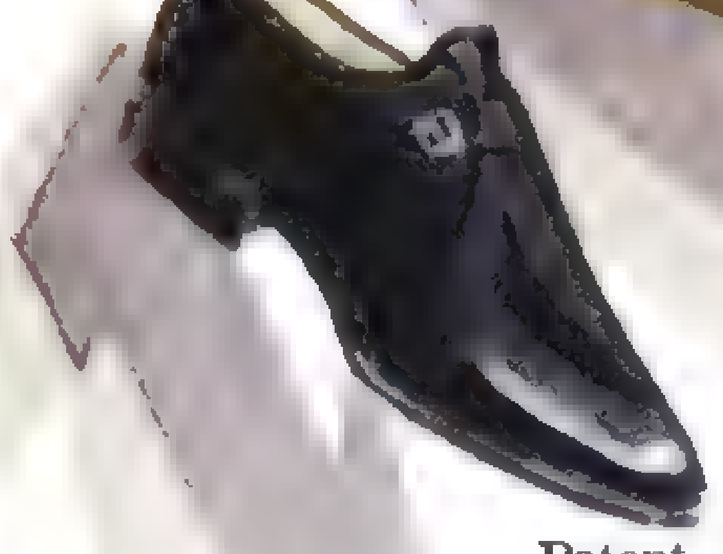
Summer dress shirts of silk or broadcloth with plain, pleated or stiff bosoms are correct. The majority of well-dressed men prefer turn over collars, either starched or soft, to match shirt. The various shape of dress ties shown here are those most popular.



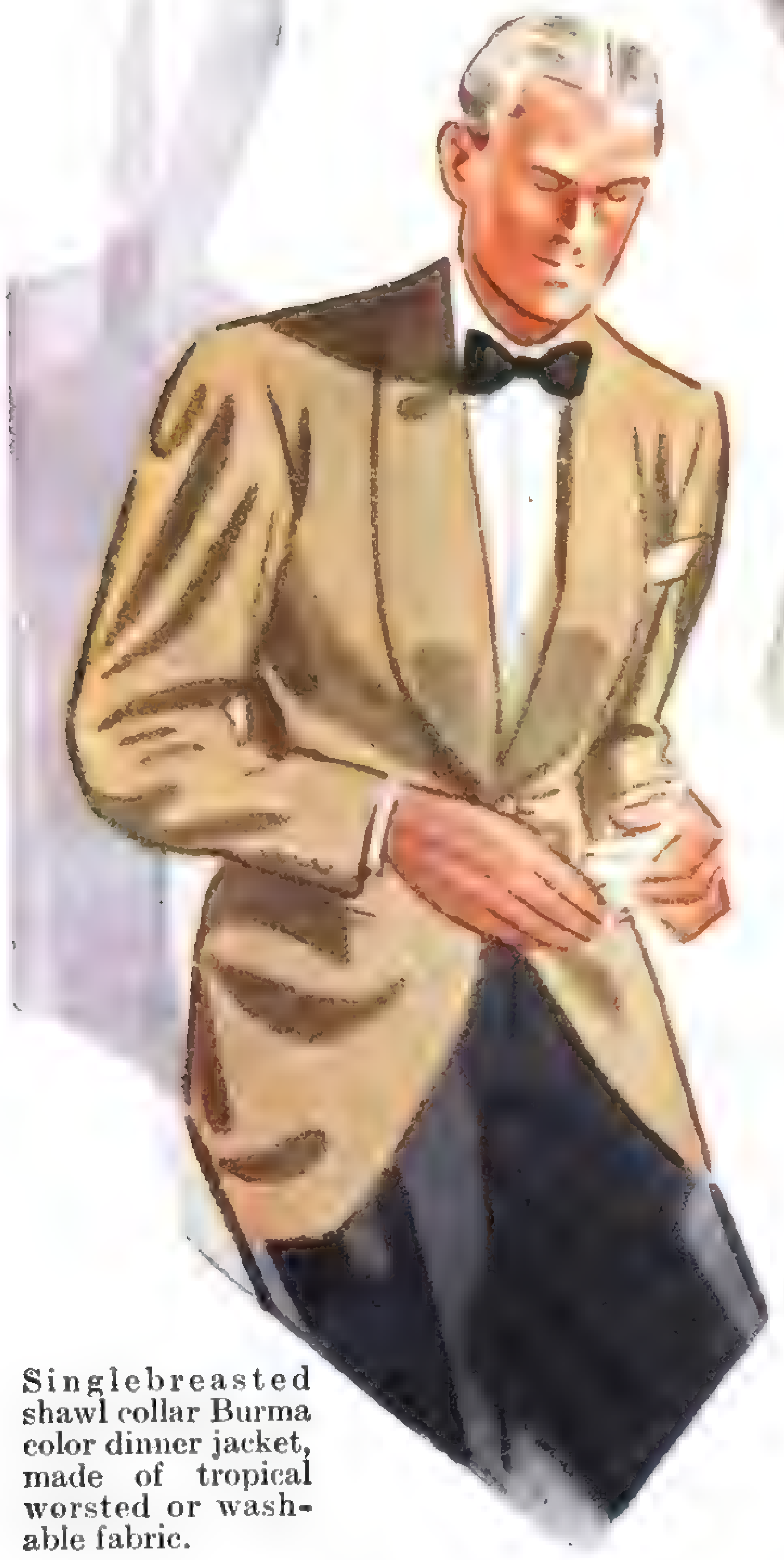
A new silk dress shirt with four inch center box pleat. Originated in London and worn at Nassau.



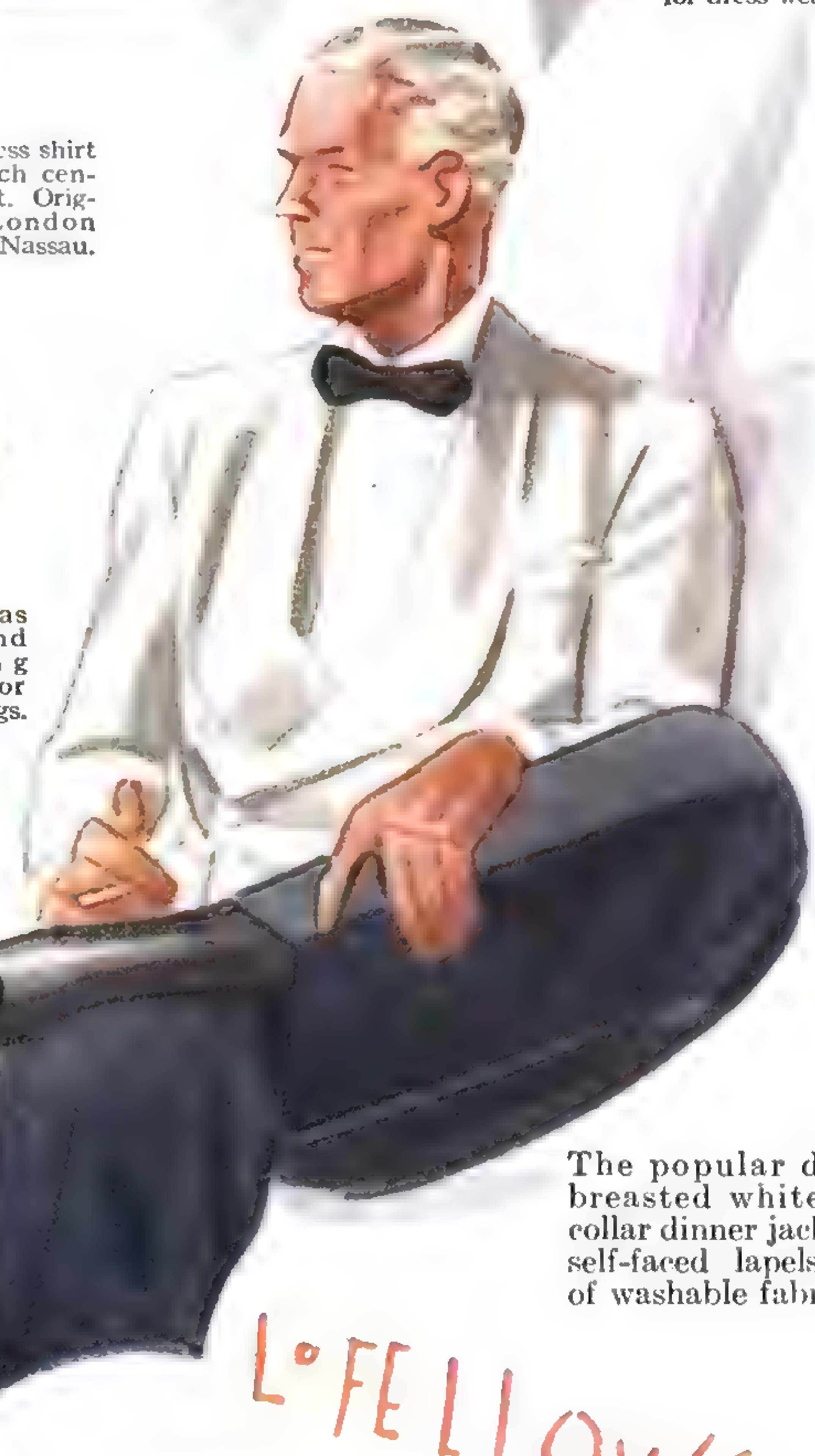
India Madras cummerbund replacing waistcoat for warm evenings.



Patent leather monk front dress shoe favored by Englishmen in the West Indies.



Singlebreasted shawl collar Burma color dinner jacket, made of tropical worsted or washable fabric.



The popular doublebreasted white shawl collar dinner jacket with self-faced lapels, made of washable fabric.

L. FELLOWS

(*For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.*)

Mrs. Morton Buys a Fish

Continued from page 75

said politely in a quiet voice.

"I'm not asking you how much you want for the whole island of El Presidio," she remarked. He did not understand her irony.

"You have said, Señora . . ?"

"I have said that you ought to have sense enough to know that nobody will pay you a peso for one fish."

The man looked at her with darkly glowing eyes and no smile. "But I need the peso, Señora."

"What for? To go to the cantina and get drunk?"

He shook his head. "I must buy some nails and some pitch, to mend my boat. It will not last much longer if I do not mend it. And then I could not catch any more fish. And then I should die. I do not want to die."

She fixed her eyes on him intently, and saw that he was speaking the truth. Her heart was moved. So many of these people lived on the dangerous edge of actual starvation; they had no margin of safety; hunger prowled at their very doors. But what could she do to combat such widespread misery? Nothing. Yet, knowing that she was a fool, she rose.

"Wait here."

She went into the living room and returned carrying her large black handbag. She groped in it, found a silver peso, and handed it to the man. "There," she said. "Now you can take your fish home and eat it yourself. I don't need any fish just now."

"May the Blessed Virgin watch over you forever!" the man said fervently. "Good-night, Señora."

"Wait a minute, wild man," she said. "Sit down there on the step, and keep your fish off the terrace, and tell me a little about yourself."

She seated herself in a wicker chair and peered down at her caller.

"About myself? There is nothing to tell about myself. I fish; that is all."

"But tell me wild man," she persisted, "aren't you afraid to live there way down the lake, with so many other wild men around you?"

"No, Senora, I am not afraid of the wild men; they are just like me. All I am afraid of is the ghosts. There are some very bad ghosts there."

"Indeed? What are they like? Tell me about them."

"Some of them are Spanish ghosts—the ghosts of the first white men who came to Chapala a long, long time ago. They are the worst ghosts. My father saw one once. He was a tall, fierce man; he carried a big sword in one hand and his head in the other hand. The head scowled and cried out terrible curses and rolled its eyes. The head was almost bald and had a long white beard, and the eyes had bright blue lights flashing in them. My father ran for his life, and the ghost ran after him. It was night; but luckily the door of the church was not locked, and my father got inside just in time. Of course the ghost did not dare go into the church. My father lay down in front of the altar and stayed there until dawn. All night he could hear the ghost walking round and round the church, and he could hear the teeth of the head gnashing. He said that the sound of those gnashing teeth was the most awful thing he had ever heard in all his life. But in the morning the ghost went away. My father was so frightened that he had to go right back to the cantina, and he stayed drunk for three days."

"Hump!" said Mrs. Morton. "A good many ghosts come out of the tequilla bottle."

The man shook his head. "No, Señora," he replied seriously. "That is not where they come from. It is well-known that they come from the old graves. You see, they are people who cannot rest because of some terrible evil they have done. There is one very bad Indian ghost—a woman. People say that she killed her father and her mother because they were old and could not work any longer, and were a trouble for her to take care of. Often people hear her howling at night, and where she has passed there is left behind her a smell like a decayed fish. But nobody has ever seen her—only heard her and smelled her."

"But have you never seen a ghost yourself?"

"No, Señora, I carry a charm that protects me." He felt inside the neck of his ragged, clean, white shirt and pulled out a small bronze medal that hung on a piece of fish-line. "When I was a little boy, my father gave the priest a whole peso, and the priest blessed this before the altar; and it has—you see—the picture of the Blessed Virgin on it; and now no bad ghosts can come near me. They know that the Blessed Virgin will not let them harm me."

"Then why are you still afraid of ghosts?"

He hesitated. "Well, Señora, how do I know—the Blessed Virgin has many, many things to attend to—and perhaps she might be busy sometime when a ghost came around; the ghost might know that, and come after me."

"Oh, I don't think that she is ever too busy to look out for good, honest men who believe in her as devoutly as you do."

"You think so, Señora? You think so? That is what the priest says, too. I hope it is so."

"Yes, I am sure you are safe," Mrs. Morton said reassuringly. "Tell me, do you have to work hard as a fisherman?"

He smiled. "Señora, no. I work as many days as I need, in each week, to catch all the fish that I can sell in the market place or that my family can eat. Why should I work longer? Should I catch more fish than people will buy? We wild men do not under-

Continued on page 148

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Mrs. Morton Buys a Fish

Continued from pages 75-147

stand the people who live in the towns, and why they work, work, work all the time as if the devil were chasing them. Why did God make the sunlight if not that we should enjoy it quietly on the beach or in the market place during many of our days?"

Mrs. Morton smiled. "I see you are a philosopher."

He did not understand the word, and went on.—

"You also, Señora—you do not work all the time, do you?"

"I am an idle, worthless old woman," she said, with a touch of bitterness in her voice. "But there was a time when I did my share of the world's work. I bore and brought up and educated four children, and did the cooking. I was once almost as poor as you are."

"You were poor, Señora?" He stared at her, incredulous.

She wished to change the subject. Her own comparative ease and comfort, in these later years, gave her a sense of guilt when she confronted a person whose daily struggle was with the direst poverty.

"Well, wild man, are you afraid of anything else besides ghosts? Are you afraid of storms? Big storms, when you are out on the lake in your boat?"

"No, Señora, I am not afraid of storms. I know how to handle my boat. My grandfather, who died long ago, taught me when I was a boy. I shall not drown. Is a gull afraid of the winds?"

"I suppose not."

He peered at her with melancholy eyes, and suddenly startled her with a question. "Are you, Señora, afraid of death?"

She waited a long moment before she replied. She had not anticipated that so profound a question would emerge from so casual a conversation. The question was not an easy one to answer: it involved one's whole life-attitude toward the Mystery of Mysteries. After reflection, she answered him, with complete sincerity.

"No."

The wild man nodded. "I did not think you were. If I had thought so, I would not have asked you. You do not look like one who would be afraid of death."

She stared at him, and said nothing. But she felt a little glow of pleasure at hearing his impression of her. In her opinion, courage, kindness and honesty were the three greatest human virtues; and she was not sorry to have one of them attributed to her by this simple heart.

"Many people are afraid of death, Señora," he went on. "But that seems to me foolish. Even if one becomes a ghost, one could try to be a good ghost."

"I should think so," she said.

"It would not be necessary to do wicked things, and to smell bad, if one were a ghost. What do you think?"

"I believe you are right."

"My grandfather is a good, kind ghost. He has done many fine things for me. He came to me one night when I was asleep and told me that the Spaniards had buried a treasure of gold on the island of El Presidio, and that I should dig it up and be rich."

"And did you?"

"I have dug many times; but I must be stupid, for I have not found it yet. But some day I shall surely discover the right spot."

"I hope you do," she said, not much interested. This region was full of silly tales of buried treasure and forgotten gold mines. Then, as she observed something she had not noticed before, she began looking at him intently.

"What's the matter with your hand?" She was staring at his right thumb, which was swollen to twice its normal size.

"I tore it with a hook, two days ago."

"Come over here to the light. Let me see it. Wait till I get my glasses."

She inspected the hand. She could see instantly that it was infected, and that it needed immediate attention.

"You sit down!" she said sternly. "Just wait there!"

He obeyed.

She went into the house, climbed the stairs, and went into her bathroom. There on the top shelf of the medicine closet she found a bottle of iodine, a small sharp scalpel and a roll of bandages. She carried them downstairs.

"Now hold out your hand!" she commanded. "And close your eyes!"

With one quick stroke, she plunged the knife into the swollen thumb, and watched with satisfaction as a little blood and a large secretion of pus came to the surface. She wiped the nasty mess away, poured iodine onto the thumb, and rapidly bandaged it.

"Does that hurt much?"

"No, Senora, not as much as it did before. It feels more peaceful."

"I thought so. You wait here."

She went into the house, washed her hands carefully with lysol and then with soap and water, and returned to the man.

"Now, that is all right for tonight. But tomorrow you go and see the doctor. You hear me?"

"I? Go to the doctor? But he charges a peso if you go to see him!"

"You are to go to see him three times! You hear me? Three times! Do you want to have your arm cut off? You are a fool! Wait a minute!"

She took up her black bag and extracted three silver pesos.

"There!" she said. "Now, you go to the doctor three times. If you don't I'll have you arrested as a swindler."

The wild man nodded respectfully and stared at his neatly bandaged thumb with pride. "Yes, Señora. Yes, Señora. But I would

Continued on page 150

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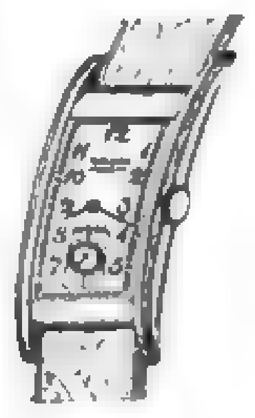

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Mrs. Morton Buys a Fish

Continued from pages 75-147-148

rather use the money for my boy."

"What the dickens about your boy?"

"My boy is crazy," said the wild man dreamily. "He thinks he wants to be a doctor. A doctor!"

"But how can he be a doctor?"

"He cannot. That is why I say he is crazy."

"How old is he?"

"Fourteen years, Señora."

"Has he been to school?"

"For a while, Señora. But now no more."

"Why not? Why not?"

"I have no money to buy him shoes and clothes. I can sell so few fish."

"But the law forces you to send a child to school, doesn't it?"

The man grinned. "The soldiers usually leave us wild men alone. They do not like to come so far down the lake. Certainly not to try to make us do with our children things that are impossible."

Mrs. Morton frowned. She approved of the modern Mexican laws that made school attendance compulsory, yet she saw the point of view of the wild man. She did not know what to say.

After a moment she made her decision. She groped in her black bag, rustled some papers, and finally extracted a bank note of twenty pesos.

"There! Buy that boy some clothes!" she said angrily. "And you send him to school now. You hear? You hear?"

The man looked at the twenty-peso note in silence. He took it and put it into his pocket. Then he turned away from Mrs. Morton, walked to the edge of the terrace, and knelt down. Holding up his hands toward the sky, he began to pray in a low voice. She could see his white bandaged thumb sticking up in the darkness, a grotesque object against the twinkling stars.

Mrs. Morton turned away. She knew that no human eye should observe the wild man at this moment.

When he had finished praying, he came back to her. "My boy shall start school tomorrow, Señora. May the blessing of the Holy God be upon you forever."

Some obscure emotion was tearing her to bits. "Wait!" she said imperiously. She walked into the living room, sat down at her writing table, and wrote a name and address on a piece of paper. "Dr. James Hershey, 9 Avenue Juares, Guadalajara." Then she took two more silver pesos from her bag and returned to the terrace.

"There," she said. "Now, wild man, some day before long, you take this address, and use these pesos to go to Guadalajara on the bus, with your boy. This Dr. Hershey is my great friend. Tell him about your boy. He will know how to advise you, so that your boy can learn to be a doctor. He is a very kind man, and he has many rich friends who like to help nice boys to become good doctors. Doctors are needed in Mexico."

The wild man took the sheet of paper and the two pesos. He put on his straw sombrero, and then took it off again. He departed in silence.

Mrs. Morton sat down in a comfortable chair on her terrace and thought gloomy thoughts. How terrible life was for the poor! How little any individual could do about it! How little honest intention did any government have of doing anything about it! How cruel Nature was to its miserable creatures! She was bitterly glad that she did not believe in a God: it would be the last touch of unbearable agony if one thought that all these miseries were the result of a plan.

She hear quiet steps approaching from the living room. It was Clara.

"Señora, that queer man is gone now."

"Yes, I know, Clara."

"So you bought his fish!"

"Why, no—I forgot all about the fish!"

"But, Señora, you did—for he handed the fish to me as he left, and said that he hoped you would enjoy it!"

"Perhaps I did buy it. I am getting old, Clara, and I do not always remember." There were some of her follies which she desired to conceal from even this good, dear Clara. This was one of them.

Clara gave her a shrewd look, but said nothing except, "Good-night, then, Señora," and departed.

Mrs. Morton was glad that Clara had asked no further questions. She thought to herself: "I have paid twenty-six pesos for a fish—probably the most expensive fish in the world. I shall have to economize on caviare for a while."

Next morning before luncheon, Clara came into the living room with that expression of simulated grief on her face which, as Mrs. Morton knew from experience, indicated that Clara had wonderful gossip to tell.

"Señora, I have sad news for you."

"All right, Clara. What?"

"It is about your wild man."

"Yes?" Mrs. Morton knew that Clara loved to hold her audience in suspense, and that there was no use in trying to hurry her.

"Yes, Señora. He got into difficulties last night, after he left here."

"Ah?"

"Yes, Señora. The stories of what happened are not very clear. Nobody seems to agree with anybody else as to how it all came about. Some people say that he got drunk at the cantina and started a fight. Other people say that two bandits who were at the cantina tried to take some money away from him. I do not know what the real truth is."

"Yes, I see. And what happened?"

"Oh, something very bad!"

"Has he been arrested? Bring me my stick! I shall get him out of jail at once!"

Clara rose to her full height of dramatic triumph. "No, Señora, he is not in jail. He is dead!"

"What?"

"Yes, Señora. Everybody in the cantina got to fighting—and when the soldiers came, there was nobody there except your wild man—and he was lying on the floor, with a knife-stab through his heart—and blood, blood, blood!"

Mrs. Morton felt slightly sick. What had she done? Had she given this simple man so much money that he got dizzy with riches and met his death in a drunken brawl? Had he foolishly displayed his new-found wealth among the rough characters who always infest a cantina, and invited the attack of professional bandits? What had happened?

She did not know. She could never know. She really did not want to know.

"What was his name, Clara?"

"Nobody has any idea, Señora."

"Where did he live?"

"Somewhere down the lake. Nobody knows where."

"He told me he had a boy who wanted to be a doctor. How could I find out where that boy is?"

Clara shook her head. "I do not think you could find out, Señora. This lake is vast, with many small villages on its shores; and there are many boys in Mexico."

"Thank you, Clara."

Mrs. Morton closed her tired eyes. When Clara had gone, she looked out again at the tranquil and beautiful lake, luminous in the noon sunlight. "I must keep my mind on this impersonal beauty," she thought. "The human race does not bear thinking about." ⌗

Belote: The Old French Game

Continued from page 100

much information has been given thereby.

You can go no-trump over your partner's bid as well as over your opponents. It is conventional to do so if you have a minimum of two aces, or one ace with an announcement of fifty or better. Usually a better score will be made this way than if you leave your partner in with his original bid.

The attraction and the risk in a no-trump bid lie in the fact that its *score is doubled.* Since the trump value of jack and nine are out, all four aces being high cards with tens next, the total score without announcements is 130 instead of 162, but the doubling brings this up to 260. The score of all announcements is also doubled. Last trick, being doubled, counts 20, and is usually more important in no-trump hands than in trump hands. In fact the winning or losing of a no-trump bid is very likely to depend upon which side takes the last trick, and careful attention needs to be given to the cards that are out.

One convention in connection with no-trump bidding is worth bearing in mind. It occurs when the exposed card is an ace and, on the first round, all players have declined to name that suit trumps. If, on the second round of bidding, your partner names some other suit trump, that is a command for you to take up the ace on the table and declare no-trump. The presumption is that your partner has at least one strong suit to the ace. Of course, the player between your partner and yourself may go no-trump, and thus relieve you of further responsibility as to the bidding.

BY-LAWS: It is obligatory, in case you cannot follow suit, to trump unless you have no trumps. The only exception to this is that, even though you cannot follow suit, you are not obliged to trump when your partner is master of the trick. Of course, you must play a trump card if trumps have been led; and, even though your partner may be master of the trick, you *must trump over him* if you hold a *higher trump* than the one he has played. It is obligatory to overtrump if possible whenever trumps have been led, or whenever an opponent has become master of a trick in which you cannot follow in the suit that has been led. If you cannot follow in a suit that has been led, and an opponent has trumped it, *you also must trump* even though compelled to play a *trump lower* than his.

A tie score is called a *litige.* In this case, the non-bidders score their points, but the points of the bidders are held in suspense until the next hand has been played, and then awarded to the winners of that hand.

When one side takes all the tricks it is called a *capote.* In that case a bonus of one hundred points is awarded to the winning side, but the ten bonus for the last trick is not counted. A capote in no-trumps scores two hundred points. This capote feature affects the play of the hand. When you see that there is a chance to make a capote, you should play to make it, rather than prudently salvaging cards that risk being trumped. Usually one saves tens, but sometimes one misses a capote by doing so.

In case of capote, the side that has taken no tricks has no claim on the score of the other side even though by virtue of *announcements* it may have a larger score. Nor can a side that has taken no tricks win a game on that hand even though its announcement points carry its total score beyond the goal that has been agreed upon; in such a case, all points count, but an additional hand must be played to determine the winner. In other words, you can-

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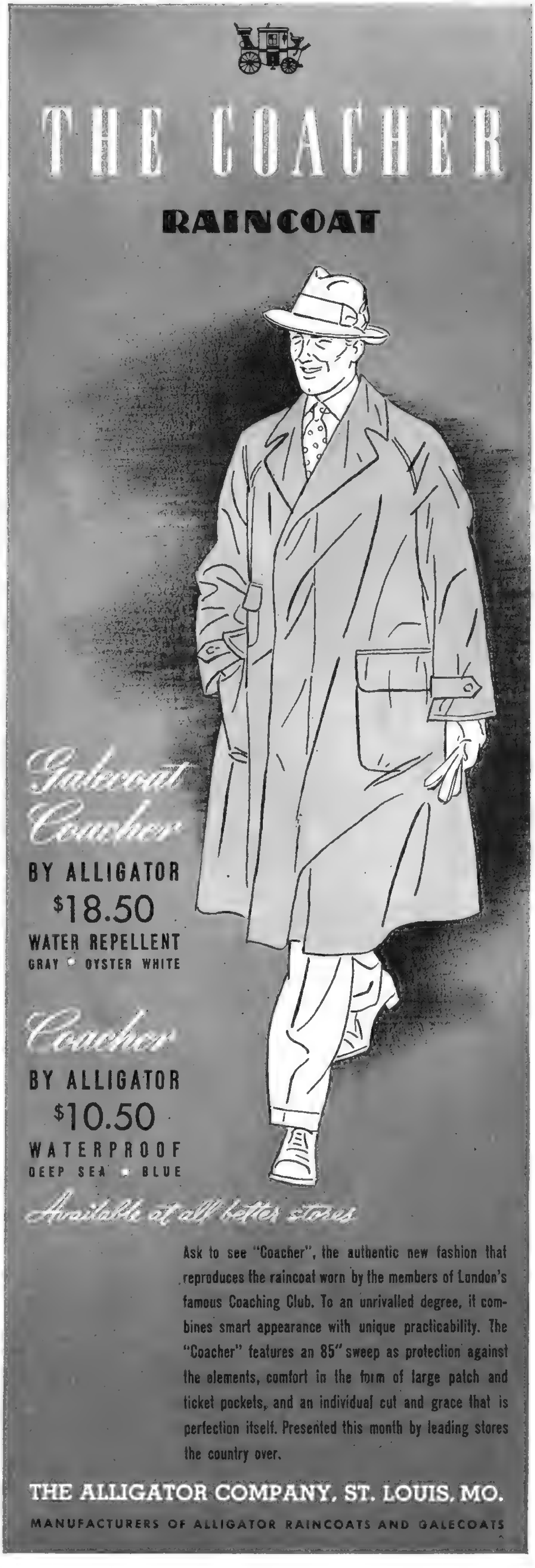
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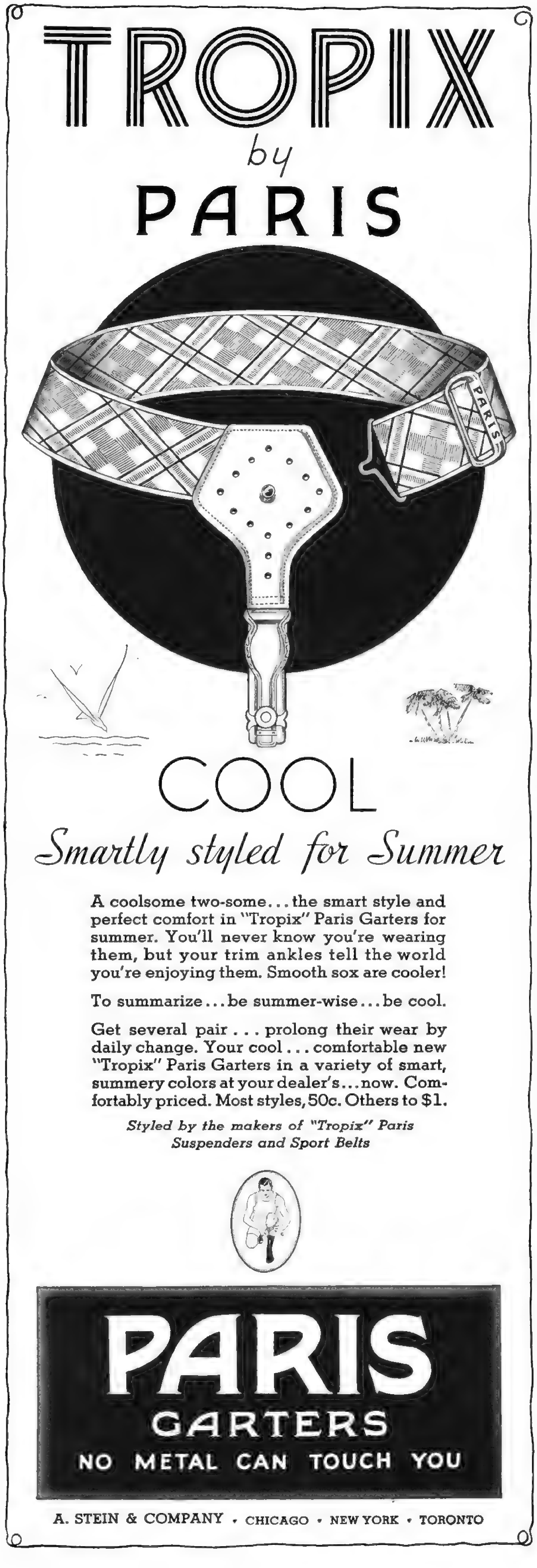
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Belote: The Old French Game

Continued from pages 100-151

not go out when you are capoted.

BELOTE AND REBELOTE: As stated before, the announcement of "belote" is made as the king and queen that compose it are played, belote being called for the first one played, and rebelote for the second. Since belote is not scored unless it is properly announced, the bidding side, if it sees that it is going to be set, and if one of that side holds the belote, that player may prefer not to say "rebelote," thus avoiding the risk of giving twenty additional points to the opponents. On the other hand, announcement of "rebelote" may just save being set. In such case one needs to know how the points are running. In case of a decision not to announce "rebelote" it is better, in order to avoid possible misunderstanding, to make the statement: "I am not announcing rebelote" as the second card (king or queen) is played.

The "arrete" is a feature that often has dramatic value at the end of a close game. Suppose the play is for 1200 points. One side has 1160, the other 1170. Play starts. As soon as either side has taken in enough game points (not announcement points) to make a total of 1200, a player of that side may say "j'arrete." That ends the game, even in the middle of the play of a hand, unless the side that says "j'arrete" is the side that has bid, in which case the hand must be played out to make sure whether the contract is fulfilled or not. This "arrete" feature may enable the side that has the weaker cards on the last hand to nose out a victory by reaching the goal before their opponents pass it. On such a hand it is, of course, a great advantage to have the first play and to make all possible scores as quickly as can be done.

SCORING: The game is usually for twelve hundred points. The score may be written down, but it is more convenient to score with counters having value of 10, 50, and 100. Score is to the nearest ten, and five gets the benefit. Thus 64 would score 60, but 65 would score 70. Count only the lower scoring one, and, to find the other, subtract that score from the known total of game points plus announcement points.

WHEN PLAYED BY THREE

In the three-handed game each player is for himself. The contract is to make more points than either, but not both, of the other players. In case of failure to do so, the contractor's points go to that player who has the highest score. In case of capote, the player who takes no tricks scores no game points and each of the other players scores an additional fifty points; but the player who is capoted is entitled to his announcement points unless he is the one who has made the contract. In the event that two players are capote, the player who has taken all the tricks scores one hundred extra points.

Six cards are dealt, three at a time, to each player before the bidding starts, and three afterwards. Thus the play is with nine cards in each hand instead of eight.

The exposed card does not go automatically into the hand of the bidder, as in the four-handed game, but, in case the suit of that card has been named as trump, the exposed card can be "bought" by any player who has the seven of that suit, the seven being laid down when the exposed card is taken up. This may be done either before or after the last cards are dealt, but it must be done before play starts. After the last cards are dealt, the bottom card is also exposed. This is merely to reduce the number of unknown and undealt cards to three.

After each hand has been played, each player's score must be counted separately on account of the cards that are not in play.

WHEN PLAYED BY TWO

The two-handed game observes the same rules as the three-handed game except that there are twelve unknown and undealt cards. In case of capote, one hundred additional points are taken by the winner. To deal is a slight disadvantage since the non-dealer has first bid. For that reason it is a rule that the deal goes to or remains with the winner of the preceding hand. In case of no bidding, the deal changes hands.

Since there are twelve undealt cards, the two-handed game invites the taking of greater risks than the three or four-handed game.

WHEN PLAYED BY FIVE

This is a highly sociable form of belote. The dealer sits out. This involves a shift in partnerships on each hand, and individual scores are kept. More chips are needed. A game is not completed, no matter what the score, until each player has been the dealer as often as any other player.

Nothing has been said, or almost nothing, about how to play the hands. There is a reason for this. May belote escape the literary fate that has befallen bridge! May it remain a game of exploration and adventure, and not become a standardized, conventionalized, mechanized feat of memory. So far as I know, nothing has been published in France on the technique of belote play. And yet the French play the game more than any other. They would not care for a publication on how to play belote any more than they care for canned soup. How to play is the player's business, and in France all kibitzers are shot at sunrise. Find out for yourself. Develop your own technique and strategy. Use such gray matter as God has given you. BELOTE is a game for you to play. It is not a book for you to read. Don't let the Old Master tell you how to do it. Do it yourself. ⌗

Bernard Lamotte

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And Fly with Safety

Continued from page 73

last speed officially established by this remarkable ship was 440 miles per hour, and though the record was made in 1934, the fastest landplane is still over 70 miles per hour behind. When a standard landplane is changed from wheels to floats, however, there is usually a drop of approximately five per cent in top speed. This is due to the fact that production floats offer more resistance to the air than the wheel landing gear. On the surface the sacrifice appears rather unfortunate in this day of rush and hurry, but closer analysis will show that instead of an increase as might be expected, in the time required to get from here to there, there is frequently a decided decrease. For example, a seaplane capable of 150 miles per hour would take a passenger from New York City to Albany in much less time than would a landplane capable of 200 miles per hour. Paradoxical? Seemingly, but it isn't done with mirrors. Let us assume that we have two passengers at the Grand Central Station in New York who wish to go to the Capitol Building in Albany, approximately 150 miles away. Mr. A chooses the two-hundred mile airliner, Mr. B, the fifty-mile slower seaplane. Mr. A rides from the airline office to the airport, spending forty-five minutes in so doing. He takes the transport and is landed at Albany airport three-quarters of an hour later. A half-hour motor ride takes him to the heart of the city. Total time—two hours.

Mr. B, on the other hand, elects to go via seaplane. Ten minutes is ample time to reach the seaplane base in the East River at Thirty-first Street. The seaplane slides off the ramp and just an hour later the keels of its floats slice smoothly into the Hudson at Albany. Another ten minutes for a taxi ride—and Mr. B is at the Capitol. Total time—one hour and twenty minutes. The landplane, though thirty-three per cent *faster*, has taken forty extra minutes or one-third *longer* to accomplish its purpose, namely, to get you or me from where we are to where we want to be. But more important than that is the fact that at no time during the trip was Mr. B, the seaplane exponent, in any danger from fog, engine trouble, or mountain sides. Why? Because his pilot could always "set down" in the river. He needed no radio, no elaborate instruments, no twin-engine security. But more about this anon.

Return now to our commuter friend first mentioned. The airplane he bought could step out at a good hundred and fifty-five with the wheel landing gear. When the floats replaced the wheels, the top speed dropped to a mere hundred and forty-seven. When the wheels were used, and consequently an airport, there was involved a twenty-minute drive from his home to the nearest suitable landing place, a twenty-five minute flight, and another drive, this time a good half-hour if he was lucky with the traffic lights. Total: One hour, fifteen minutes. With floats, two minutes to the landing stage, thirty in the air (he did it once in seventeen, with a tail wind) and ten more to his office. Total—forty-two minutes, only a little more than half as long as the car-landplane-car method. And again, in the seaplane he was perfectly safe all the time. In fact, he often remarked that the most dangerous part of his daily run was the ten-minute trip from the Wall Street ramp to his office, during which he had to dodge automobiles and lay himself open to all the hazards of the unhappy pedestrian. Such comparisons in the matter of time saving could be drawn indefinitely, but the two given should serve to illustrate that very often the shortest distance between two points is—a seaplane.

From the standpoint of pleasure and comfort, again the water "job" takes the lead. No hot, dusty airports for your float-equipped ship. If you want a swim away from the crowded beaches, climb aboard and we'll land in some otherwise inaccessible and quiet cove where the water is clean. If it's fifty miles away, what of it? Twenty or thirty minutes is all the time needed. If a day's fishing is the object, we need no boats except the one we're riding in. The mountain lakes, hours or days away by rail or car, may be reached after the office closes and in time for dinner. For those who crave the thrill of speed, to skim a few feet about the surface, flashing by startled waterfowl in a twinkling, never having to worry about running into a fence or a tree, never concerned as to whether the engine quits or not, is sport indeed.

Or to those lovers of beauty who have never seen the clouds mirrored in a placid bayou, and traveling right along with the plane; who have never watched the sun turn the water to gold, to brass, or to silver; who have never broken up through the ceiling and passed from a dead, drab, gray world into one of brilliance and fleecy white and infinite blue—let me say to them that until they have flown, they have never seen the ultimate in beauty.

The seaplane pilot is often asked, "Which is the easier to fly, a landplane or a seaplane?" When everything is taken into consideration, the answer is, by all means the seaplane, for many reasons:—the ordinarily unlimited take-off and landing area; the freedom from such obstructions as trees, buildings, wires and the like; the much less finished technique required for landing (for a seaplane is "landed" even though it alights upon the water); and the by no means least important point that the air over the water is seldom

Continued on page 157

The Last Word in Pipes
FLAME GRAIN
KAYWOODIE

Shape Illustrated: No. 08

$10

Sooner or later, you'll own a Flame Grain Kaywoodie—even if you have to give it to yourself for your birthday or for Christmas. It's something to be unusually proud of—something to boast about. For Flame Grain Kaywoodie is the finest of all pipes. Like the perfect Oriental pearl, it is *found*—not made. And it can't be imitated.

Among five thousand picked pieces of briar, there are only *eight* or *nine* Flame Grain—a dozen, if the luck is good. Only the very old briar roots produce the deep, exquisite "grain patterns" that are Flame Grain. These old roots grow to massive proportions. Many of them are four hundred years old. They represent—in Briar—the survival of the fittest.

Kaywoodie uses immense quantities of briar yearly—about 11 million pieces. That is why we can offer you Flame Grain Kaywoodie for $10. It's a rare and fine product of Mother Nature—the most beautiful thing in wood—"The Last Word in Pipes."

We will supply names of dealers near you who have Flame Grain Kaywoodies for your inspection. Write our New York office, International Bldg., Rockefeller Center.

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
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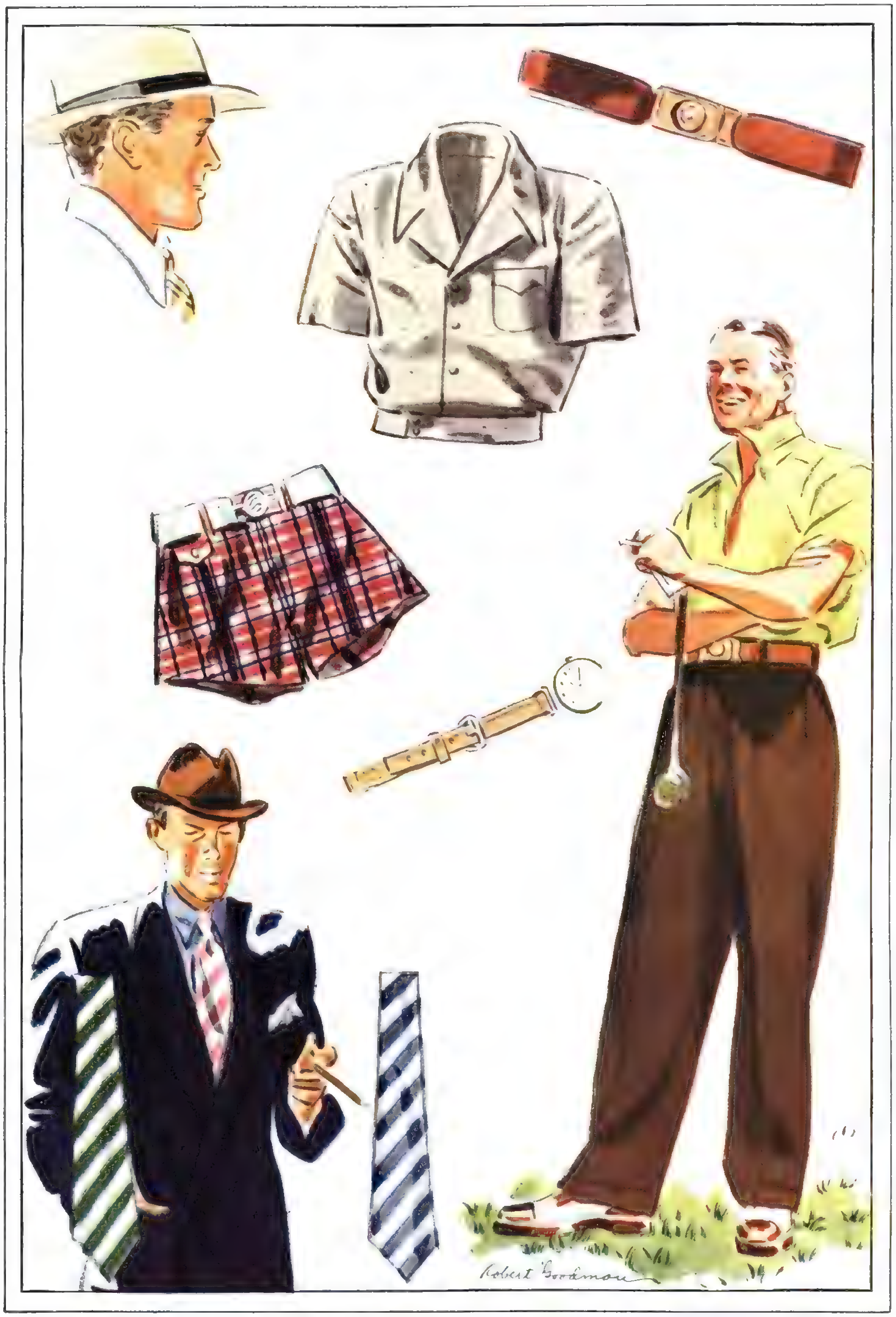

NEW IDEAS FROM PALM BEACH AND NASSAU

At the present pace of fashion dissemination it is axiomatic to say that what was seen worn by scores of well dressed men at Palm Beach and Nassau in February and March will be seen worn by hundreds of well dressed men throughout the country in June and July and by thousands in August and September. In the upper left hand corner the new planter's shape Panama hat. Upper right, the new suede belt, one and one-half inches wide, with leather buckle; below is the linen beach jacket with colored slubs (seen at Palm Beach and Nassau but originating from Monte Carlo). Another new beach note is the use of India madras for swim trunks. Center, tan linen wristwatch strap. Lower left, light-weight cavalier felt hat worn by Londoners and wide shape boating color ties for weekends. Right, rhum flannel trousers with wide belt and half sleeve alpaca sport shirt, crepe soled sport shoes.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

And Fly with Safety

Continued from pages 73-154

cluttered up with airplanes. Around an airport these are a constant source of worry and hazard to the beginner—and he to them.

"Do you have to be a transport pilot to fly a seaplane?" No, nor to fly a landplane either unless you are carrying pay passengers. After twenty-five hours of solo flying you may take an examination for an amateur license which permits you to fly anywhere alone, and after fifty solo hours you may obtain a private license which gives you the privilege of carrying passengers as long as they are not charged for the ride. With respect to these requirements, there is no difference between landplane and seaplane.

The cost of the seaplane is usually approximately twenty per cent higher than that of the same ship on wheels. The floats and their bracing involve quite a bit more in the way of construction than the landing gear, and furthermore, they are built in much smaller quantities, thus losing the cost advantage of large production. The amphibious float will run at least fifty per cent higher than the ordinary float. This does not mean that the price of a whole plane when equipped as an amphibian will be half again as much as the seaplane, but simply that the portion of its price for which the floats are responsible will be so increased. The amphibian boat is the most expensive of all but chiefly because production of this type is not yet under way. Airplanes, including seaplanes, may be financed much in the same way as a car. Also, like a car, accessories may be added, special color schemes supplied, and, in most cases, various engines. At the present time only one or two companies build both planes and engines, and the price of the plane naturally varies with the engine selected.

Returning to the most important matter of safety, few people realize the tremendous margin of the seaplane over the landplane in this respect, not only when flying over a river, lake or bay, but even when flying across country. Assuming proper ability on the part of the pilot and proper maintenance and inspection of the airplane, factors which are entirely controllable, the two chief—and almost only—hazards of flying are engine failure and the weather. A mechanically complex thing like an aircraft engine can probably never be one hundred per cent perfect, and in spite of the fact that the modern engine is an extremely reliable and highly developed piece of mechanism, in spite of the utmost care and the most painstaking inspection, it will sometimes cease to function, as often as not from an entirely unpredictable and minor reason. Also, in the hands of a green pilot, the "heart of the airplane" is frequently unmercifully abused. Most people have become sufficiently air-wise to know that when the engine stops, the plane does not "fall," and that the power must be shut off when a landing is to be made. Obviously, however, after the motor "conks," the ship must come down. In the case of a seaplane, flying over the water, this means nothing but an inconvenience. In the case of a landplane flying over the mountains, it may, and often does, mean disaster. Anyone who has done much flying must surely have noticed that, except in a very few sections of the country, there is nearly always some body of water, a lake, bay or river within gliding distance—gliding distance for the average plane being about eight times it height or altitude. Hence, in cross-country flying, the seaplane is usually well within reach of its landing medium. If there is no water available and the terrain is soft and marshy, or covered with high grass or similar vegetation, the seaplane can land on it safely while the landplane will sink its wheels into the mud or grass and nose over. If the country is smooth and level, the landplane will land normally, of course. But the seaplane will also get down without damage. It's been done many times. After all, the first airplane had nothing but a pair of skids under it, and the keels of the floats make an admirable substitute. Admittedly the landplane can take off from the smooth field and the seaplane can't, but it is no great job to removes the floats and put the wheels on again. In mountainous and wooded country where engine failure means an inevitable crash, the seaplane once more is likely to fare better, as the floats will take the brunt of the shock and often spare the rest of the ship and its occupants, where the wheel landing gear would not afford such protection.

As for the weather, in case of fog or storm, the seaplane, if following the waterways, can always land. And, as a matter of fact, many times it can get away with the situation without landing. The landplane requires a ceiling (height from ground to cloud or fog) of at least several hundred feet to fly at all, and even then it is by no means safe. The seaplane can get along nicely if there is ten feet between the water and the clouds. And if there isn't any ceiling at all, the ship can still proceed on the surface of the water at speeds up to fifty miles per hour. That is why our air commuter can continue to fly without concern when the airports announce "all ships grounded."

The natural question arises, if all this is true, why are seaplanes so much less common than landplanes? The answer is threefold and part of it dates back to the post-war period, when commercial aviation really began. The Army had large numbers of planes which, while by no means ideal for the

Continued at top of page 158

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A style hit! A luxurious white genuine shell cordovan belt that stays white—stays bright—a damp cloth restores its original polished lustre. Smartest belt of the season—an exclusive Paris creation. We're proud to ask you to go "White Horse." A good bet on the nose—$1.50.

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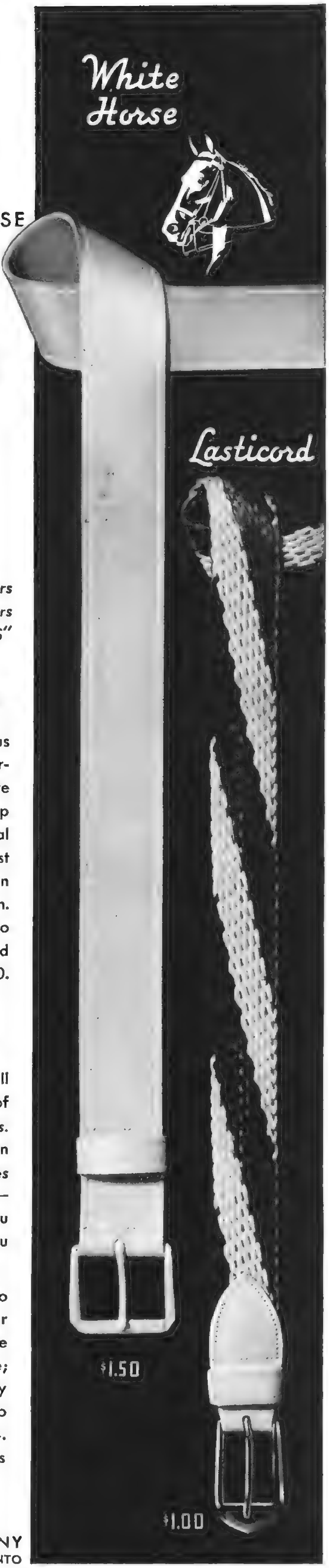

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Sanforized-Shrunk
40 WORTH STREET NEW YORK CITY

And Fly with Safety

Continued from pages 73-154-157

purpose, could nevertheless be adapted to commercial uses, and they were sold cheap. The Navy had few excess seaplanes and what few there were, proved to be of little or no value for civilian flying. Hence, aviation developed primarily along landplane lines. Furthermore, and because of this, there were practically no seaplane bases developed, and if one owned a seaplane or boat he also had to build or provide his own operating facilities. And because of these two factors, though many small companies sprang up and started turning out landplanes, few had the courage or the engineering talent to develop a suitable type of float or boat for commercial flying.

Taking up these points in reverse order, a few companies and one in particular, *did* have the courage, and after expensive research and experiment *did* develop flying boats and standardize floats. Through the efforts of such companies and the seaplane owners, bases have been and are being developed.

The Aeronautics Branch of the U. S. Department of Commerce now has a special section for just such development and will arrange W. P. A. assistance for any worthy company or municipality which wishes to establish a seaplane base. With the fulfillment of the two important requirements of satisfactory ships and satisfactory bases the flying public is leaning more and more toward the seaplane.

So if you feel the lure of distant lakes, if sparkling waters call you, if you would like to get away from the annoying trivialities, the pettiness and puny troubles of the earthbound, if you want to feel your worries drop away like autumn leaves, if the glamor and the majesty of far-flung cloud horizons fill your soul with awe and ecstasy, you can climb into your seaplane and fly—with safety. ⧺

Stepan and Natasha

Continued from page 80

the loft ladder. His body stiffened and grew heavier, as if an electric charge had entered it.

"Come down!" he bawled. "Come down, wench, or must I come up?"

He waited; when he heard a slow hesitant stirring, he smiled: planted his feet wide and clasped his red-hairy hands behind him.

Natasha climbed down the ladder. The man appraised her strong legs, her supple waist, the warm bare neck flanked by two braids of hemplike hair.

She turned and faced him; he saw the tears and the dawn in her eyes.

"So you were making love up there? So you couldn't wait till God joined you?"

"That's not true."

"Ho! You were knitting socks together, I suppose?"

"That's not true." She saw him, a heavy threatening hulk, black beard, red eyes of a boar.

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"Do you love him? Will you be true to him? Will you miss him?"

Natasha's face, in which childhood lingered and dimpled the flesh above her eyes, grew stern. Making fists of her hands, she walked to the barn door.

"Wait," said Falsch. "Maybe I can do something for you."

She turned; her hands opened and instinctively moved forward.

"What do I get, if I leave him with you?"

"I have ten rubles. They are for the bridal veil. But my Aunt—"

"Aren't you ashamed! Why, I could be your father! What does a little girl give her father, when he has made her happy?"

"I don't know. My father's dead."

"A kiss, goose!"

"And you'll let Stepan go? Oh, won't I kiss you!"

She sprang to him. But as his thick mouth and his breath and his hard eyes were suddenly close, she tried to withdraw. She was too near; his arms held her. One hand crushed her breast, the other groped for her mouth to stifle its cry.

"I've got you, plump pigeon. Don't struggle. Don't you want Stepan? Should he waste his whole life in the Army? . . ."

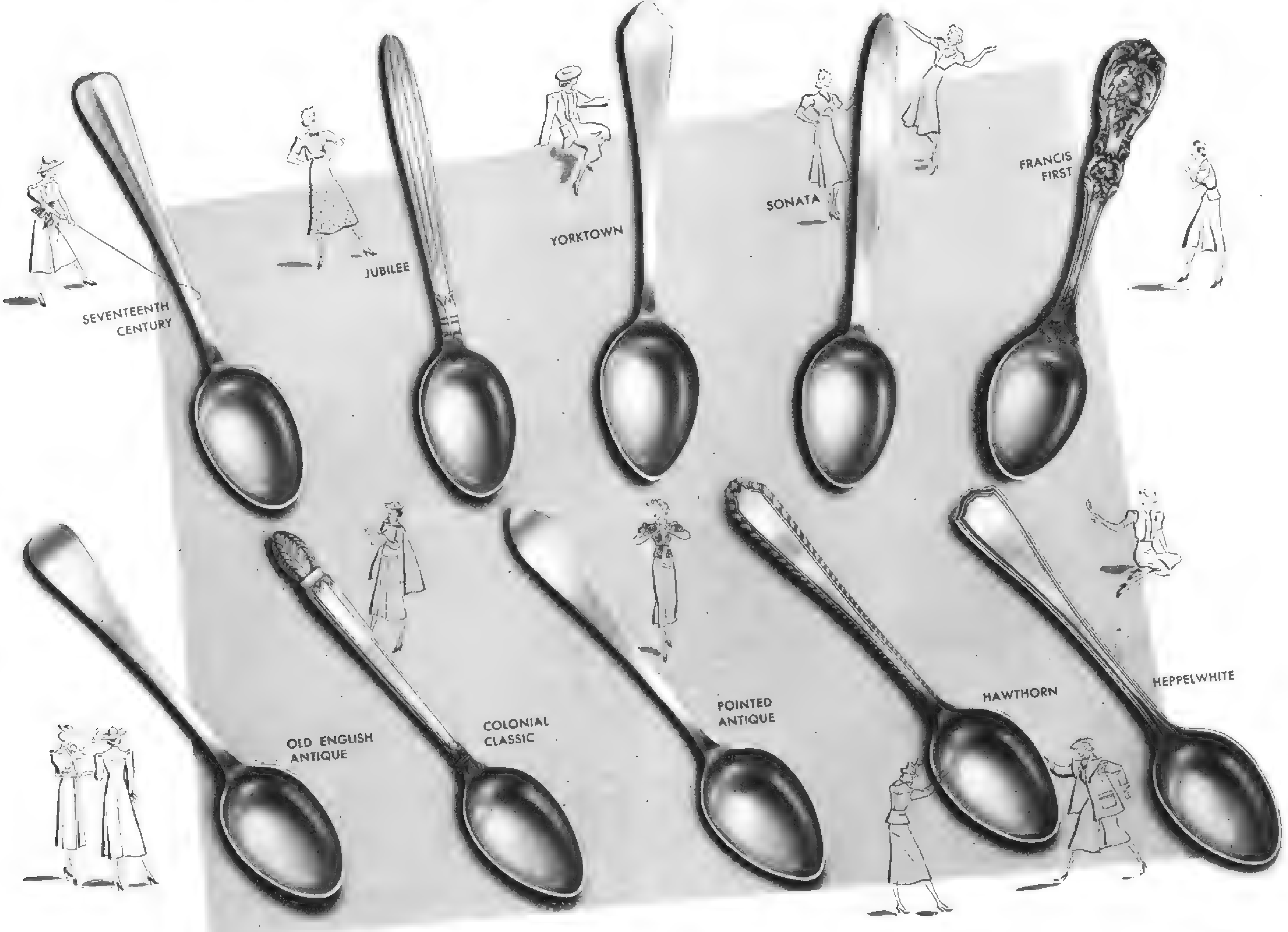
At the kizba kneeled Stepan, and his mother before the pope swinging his gilt crucifix and praying. Within his cope and mitre, he was a scrawny man with stringy grey beard and sticky eyes.

As the wafer-thin lips muttered Christ and Tsar and Nation, and a soldier's duty, the old woman on her knees swallowed hard; each recognized word was a caress to flesh weary and no longer sweet. As the wafer-dry lips prayed for her boy's return safe and swift, her wrinkled face grew smooth for she was sure Christ heard. As the lips muttered words she could not understand, she was proud and felt blessed by Mystery. Stepan on his knees stared seeing nothing, his mind rigid and numb with hate, his heart sick with tenderness turned bitter.

In the barn, Natasha was alone. Her hand tried to smooth her skirt, tried to draw together the torn bodice. Her hand was firm, her body trembled. She clasped her palm on her breast; still all her body trembled. Save her eyes that stared rigid before her, pregnant with a hate so huge that it must blind her from seeing, forever. ⧺

STILL TIME TO ENTER

REED & BARTON'S *Table Trousseau Contest*



$1100 SILVER-LADEN PRIZE CAN BE YOURS *Free*

YOU haven't yet tried for this glorious Table Trousseau? Then you'll want to enter the contest today. . . . Think of winning first prize and being able to entertain with exquisite Syracuse China, radiant Orrefors Glass, Quaker Lace Table Coverings, Charak Danbury Table with matching Silver Chest, and a beautiful Reed & Barton solid silver service for twelve in the pattern of the contest winner's choice. There is nothing you need buy. Simply choose, from the ten lovely Reed & Barton patterns shown on this page, the one you like best. Then tell in a letter of 50 words or less, why this is so. . . . The Table Trousseau awaits the writer of the smartest letter. There are twenty other enticing prizes of Reed & Barton sterling silver (duplicate prizes in all cases of ties). Also a copy of the exciting new book, "How to Become a Successful Hostess," for *every* woman who enters.

Whatever Reed & Barton pattern you may select, it will take its place gracefully beside fine china, delicate lace, and beautifully-wrought glass. . . . For many years, such distinguished patterns as Pointed Antique and Francis First have lent graciousness to dining *en famille,* smartness and distinction to entertaining . . . will continue to do so for generations to come. In like manner, Reed & Barton's newest patterns, Jubilee, Sonata and Colonial Classic, thoroughly modern in design but of ageless beauty, will never become dated.

HOW TO WIN THE TABLE TROUSSEAU!

First, study carefully the ten patterns shown on this page. It will help to examine the actual designs at your jeweler's, and secure from him a free Table Trousseau Contest Folder showing each pattern in detail. When you have made your selection, write your contest letter, of not more than 50 words, explaining carefully the personal reasons for your choice. Then fill in the coupon below, attach to your letter, and mail. Time is getting short, so do this today. All letters must be postmarked before midnight May 31, 1937.

REED & BARTON, Box 990, Taunton, Mass.

I herewith enter my letter of not more than 50 words in the Reed & Barton Table Trousseau Contest, granting you permission to use it as desired. I agree to accept the judges' decision as final.

Signed ____________________

Street ____________________

City ____________ *State* ________

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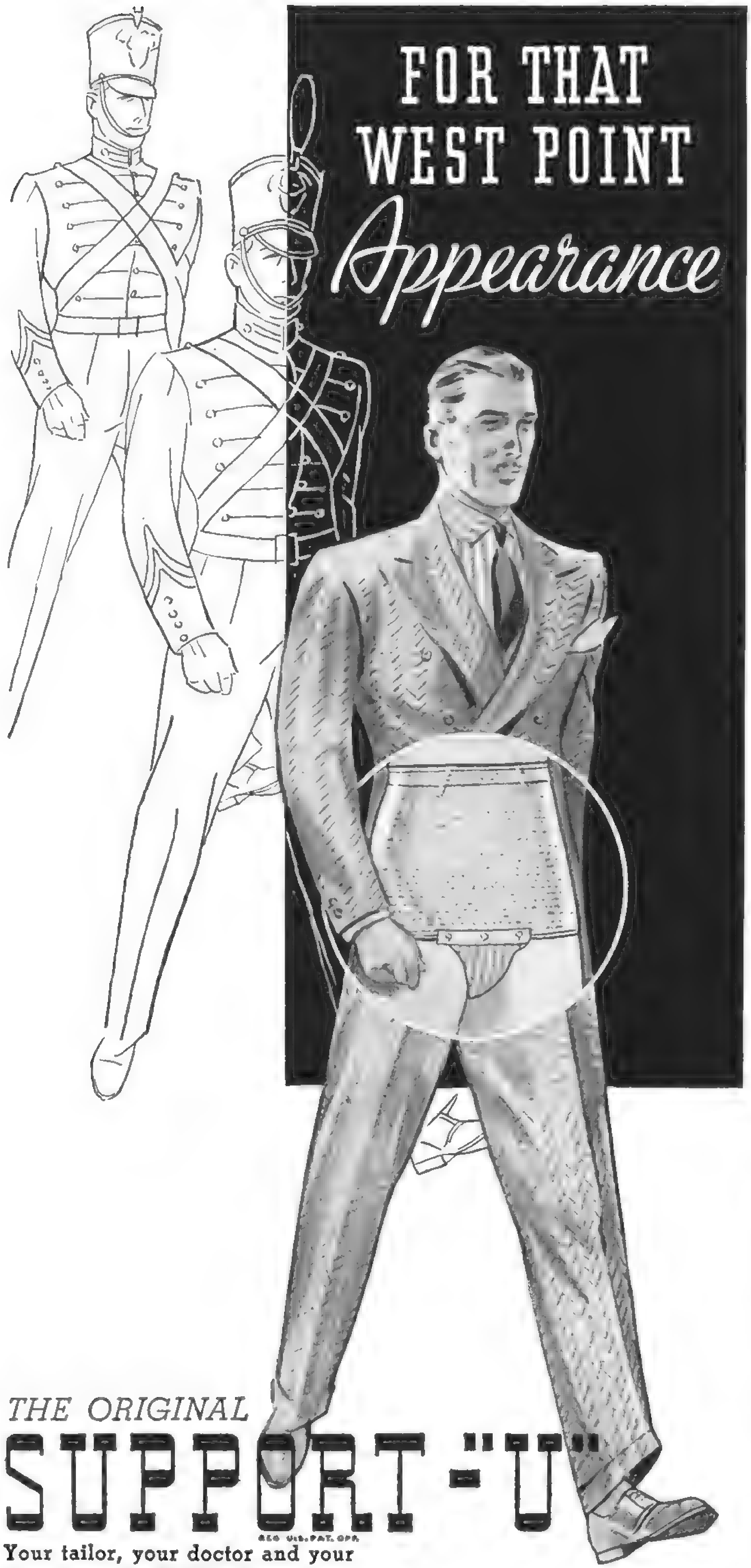

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The Other Side of Trout Fishing

Continued from page 90

Here again lies a threat of danger, danger to one's amateur standing. It is so easy to become a professional fly-fisherman, and thereby to lose the whole point of the sport. If a man safely passes the tacklemania stage he may yet fall into the trap of trout stream theory. The symptoms are first manifested in an avid reading of everything that has been written on the subject; and that is plenty! His mind laden with the controversial writings of ten volumes dealing with the natural imitation theory, the question of whether or not trout are colorblind and the exact distance at which they can distinguish sound, the victim now finds himself in much the same position as the centipede that didn't know which leg came after which. Doubt and confusion creep in to ruin what should be a corking day, regardless of the outcome in creel results. When a man starts dashing about from pool to eddy with a thermometer, testing the water temperature to see if it checks with the advice of, say, His Grace, the Duke of Penningworth of Shropshire (who has done a 1200-page volume on the subject) the case is rapidly becoming grave. It would be a real blessing to find the poor chap's books and burn them, while there is yet time!

If what has been written sounds hard and over-critical let me say that my intentions are only of the kindest. Having experienced the various phases of nuttism discussed, and having passed through them with at least a measure of sanity remaining, I offer some suggestions which I hope may prove of value in obtaining the fullest enjoyment from a day spent along the river.

Every angler should be a collector of trout streams and the moods which overhang them. He should be an observer of beauty in a definite and conscious way. As he wades along and casts his flies he need not be so intent on the possibility of a rise that he misses the leap of white water, charging and singing over ledge rock.

One can well spare time out to listen to the song of a white-throated sparrow; and where the river opens out around a bend to reveal a broad valley, whose enclosing hills are bathed with enchanting light, there should the angler sit for a while and drink it in. These things give meaning to Izaak Walton's thought that angling is a contemplative sport.

It is impossible to spend a day along a trout stream without absorbing something of the atmosphere of Nature. But the point I make is that it is too often done in a subconscious and half-hearted manner. Zest for the sport itself may easily overwhelm a man. What fly to use? How to overcome drag in casting to that far bank? Is a 3x leader light enough? Problems, problems! After all, are these things *really* so important?

Of course we want to catch fish when we put on our waders and string up our rods. But at best a few will suffice. And under anything like normal conditions we need not be so terribly serious in order to take those few. It seems to me that a sensible division of the time spent during a day's fishing might read like this: attention to tackle and casting problems, 20 per cent; consideration of stream conditions and fish habits, 30 per cent. That is half of the time devoted to actual angling, leaving the other half to leisure for the pure enjoyment of the out-of-doors. Once this attitude is adopted it is possible to return from a trip empty-handed, yet perfectly content.

In other words, one need not always break 80 in order to have a good time.

An outstanding experience occurred several years ago, when in company with two companions I fished a lonely, half-forgotten mountain lake in the Catskills, over three thousand feet above sea level. To get there we drove up a rutted and rocky wood road with barely enough bedding to entitle it to the name. Most of the journey was accomplished by the use of low and second gears. At the end of a mile or so the alleged road petered out to an abandoned hay meadow, which through neglect had largely grown up to brush. There we tethered the car and took to the trail afoot. A steady climb of two more miles through a lonely and beautiful forested area brought us to a sparkling gem of a little lake.

Our fishing was done from an ancient boat, which had to be bailed constantly by one member of the trio. This left another to paddle while the third was free to fish. By taking turns we all had a chance. Like the road over which we had driven, the lake itself had gone to seed and trout were scarce and hard to rise. I don't recall accurately how many we did catch, perhaps in the neighborhood of a half-dozen. What I shall never forget, though, is the rare and unique charm of that little lake, nestled up there among the mountain ridges. From the deep woods great horned owls sent out their challenging calls; pileated woodpeckers, shy and retiring birds which have become rare in recent years, drummed a steady tattoo; and at evening a swimming mink crossed the calm water in the sunset, breaking its surface into bars of gold, burnished copper and purple.

Trout streams are like people. Each has a definite personality. Some are tricky and inclined to be mean. On such waters one must watch his step constantly to avoid trouble. I know one such spiteful little devil in Westchester County, New York. It drops a matter of seven hundred feet in a few miles, and for turbulence and tempestuousness it resembles nothing so much as an irascible old landlord. Yet, even as the latter may have his occasional soft moments, so this stream has given me some rare hours of fun—plus, I must admit, several cold baths.

The opposite conditions are found on the calmer and serener rivers of Michigan, of which the Pine and Little Manistee are good examples. They are open and frank. There one may fish through the long summer days, treading the even sand and gravel bottom as unconcernedly as one walks the city streets. A dry-fly floats beautifully on much of this water, and there are some whopping browns and rainbows to be risen and hooked. Except where the rivers flow through swamps the fishing is easy and restful.

For brilliance of temperament, plus grandeur of surroundings, the fly-fisher is referred to the rivers of the West. Such streams as the Gunnison in Colorado, the Madison in Montana and the Rogue and Deschutes on the Pacific Slope offer the angler not scenic beauty alone, but unique problems as well. For there is no denying that the snow-fed waters of the mountain rivers influence the fighting qualities of the trout. But the sport is strenuous.

My taste runs more to a pastoral setting in a country of smaller mountains and hills. I like the patterned slopes that rise gently from the bottomlands, crisscrossed by rambling and weed-grown stone fences. I like mountain laurel and wild roses, fields of daisies, paint brush and Joe Pye weed. I even like poison ivy, because it thinks of the most decorative ways of draping itself around things. And cows. There should be cows somewhere near a trout stream. Of course one doesn't want them to be eternally wading in front of one's cast, but barring that, cows are undoubtedly an asset. The clanking ring of cowbells adds an indefinable quality to a day astream, and the varied tone of a herd seen against the soft green of pasture land is something to add to your list of impressions, which you are steadily collecting as you go about your fishing.

In the cool of evening, as you hopefully await the insect hatch, it is comforting to look far above to a hillside farm and see the thin blue curl of woodsmoke arising from the red brick chimney of a neatly kept farmhouse. You feel that the simple people who dwell there aren't too greatly concerned about what the stock market is doing.

And for the final touch there should be a covered bridge. Where the water swirls against the moss-clothed, rocky abutment you are sure to find a fern-draped pool. If you place your fly carefully you are pretty apt to coax up a good trout.

Mention of the covered bridge reveals the place at once, for the few surviving examples of fine ones are to be found in New England and New York State, particularly in the Catskills. And the rivers that flow through this rugged but intimate land are the answer to the questing angler's doubts. Let the collector of trout streams wander as he will; if he has first tasted the delights of Catskill waters all is lost. He may think for a time that on such rivers as the Margaree (the upper reaches, where good trout are to be had) and the Cheticamp on Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, he has found the ideal; the waters of the lower province, with the possible exception of the upper St. Mary's River, will not hold him long. They are for the most part wilderness streams, grand in their way, but scarcely intimate or inviting. This also applies to most of the New Brunswick waters and many of the streams of Maine. Sport of a superb order is undoubtedly to be had there; trout average large in size, but wet-fly fishing from a canoe is the rule. The angler who likes to wade and prefers the dry-fly method will find something lacking.

To wet one's waders in such streams as the Beaverkill, the Willowemoc, the Neversink and the Mongaup in the Catskills is like returning home from China.

In my personal collection of trout streams the Beaverkill has come to represent the standard by which all waters are judged. If I were asked to give the reasons, they would probably sound silly. In the first place, all of us who know this grand stream will admit that trout are not nearly as plentiful as they were a dozen or more years ago. Again, the Beaverkill is no bed of roses to wade, particularly when there is a good head of water running. Erosion, too, due to the overcutting of forest land has all but ruined many of the finest pools. Finally, there is the question of competition, which grows yearly at an alarming rate. Whereas in the past a handful of anglers visited the river in May and June they now literally swarm from the Forks Pool to Beaverkill Post Office on the small river and down to below Cook's Falls on the big water.

But there is much left, those intangible things which are a part of the old river and which, happily, escape the current of a changing era. There are the pools, for one thing, all named and each with its own individuality, its records of triumph and defeat: The Forks, Barnhart's, Hendrickson's, Horse Run, Cairns, School House, Lockwood's, Mountain and so on down the river to Baxter's and beyond. Horse Run has a heavy rip, where rainbows may sometimes be caught, and Mountain Pool is fine to fish during the May-fly hatch, because of its currents. I suspect, though, that the biggest attraction of Mountain Pool for

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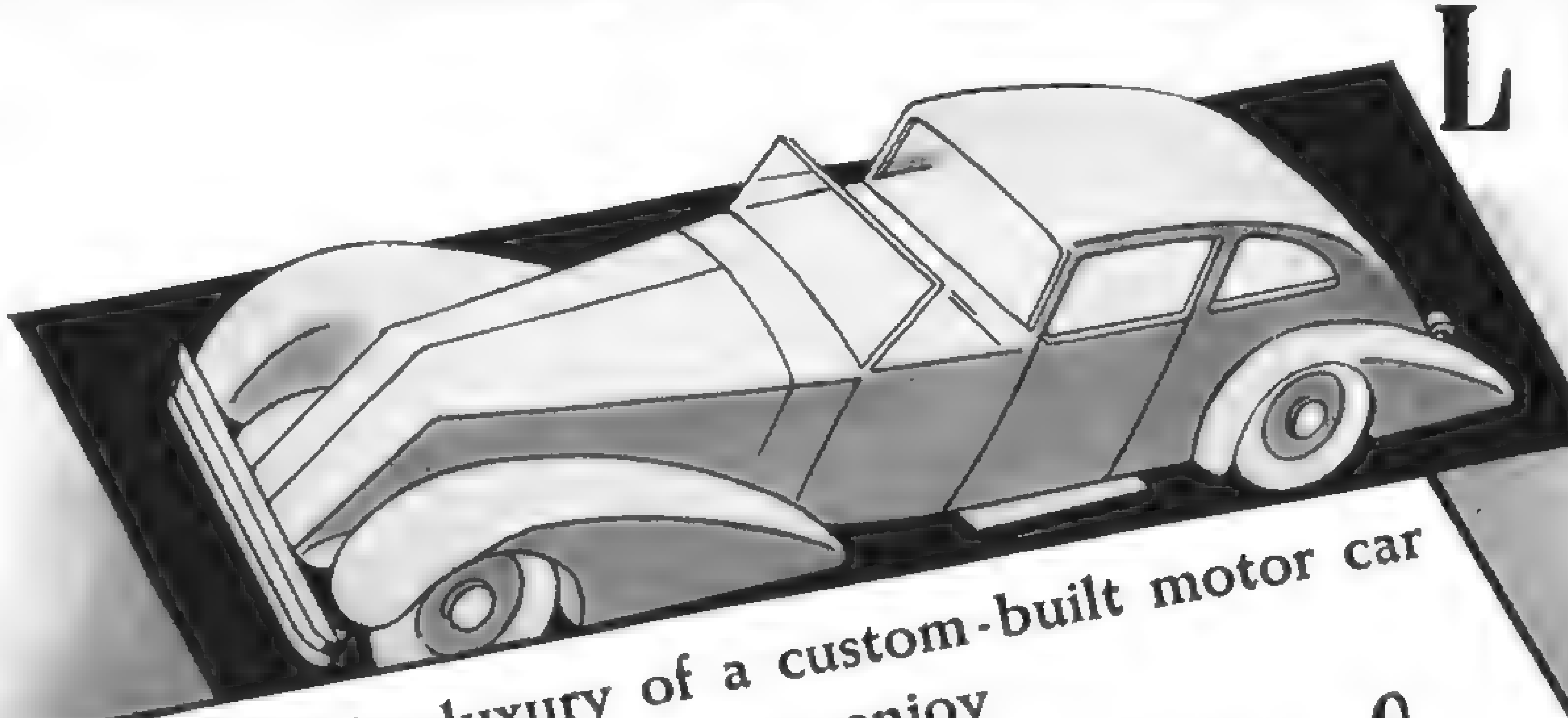

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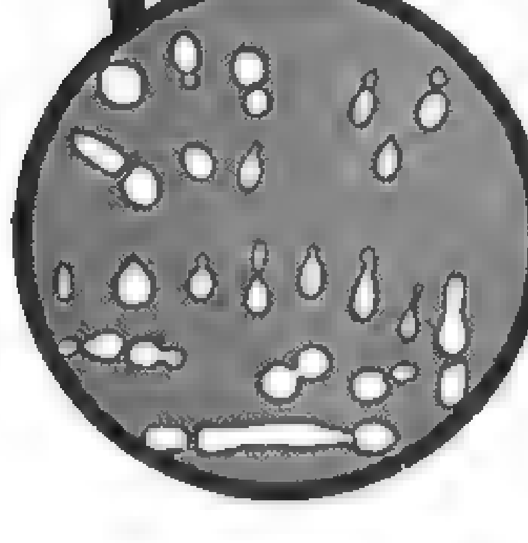
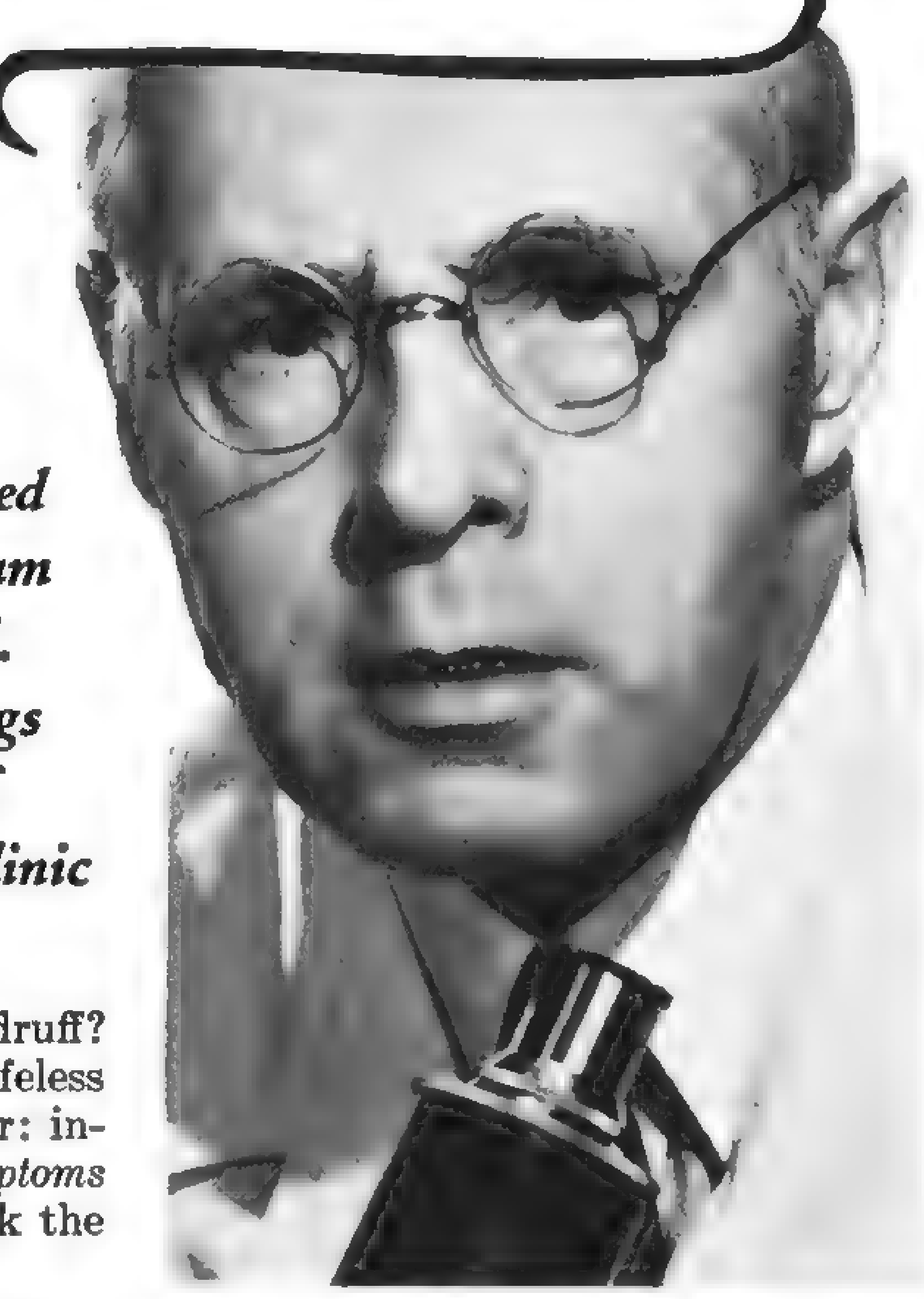


Pityrosporum ovale, which causes dandruff, magnified many times.



Ten years' research shows queer bottle-shaped germ, called Pityrosporum ovale, causes dandruff. Listerine treatment brings quick relief to 76% of patients in New Jersey clinic

ARE you troubled with dandruff? Itching, burning scalp? Lifeless or falling hair? If so, remember: instead of merely treating the *symptoms* of dandruff, you can now attack the *cause* with Listerine Antiseptic.

Instead of momentarily ridding scalp surfaces of dandruff accumulations, you may now look for quick and more lasting relief and, in many cases, complete cure.

These benefits are now possible following one of the most searching studies ever undertaken on the subject of dandruff. It revealed the true cause of dandruff and a successful method of treating it.*

Pityrosporum Ovale Causes Dandruff

In this study, test tube and microscope proved that a savage little bottle-shaped germ, called Pityrosporum ovale, caused dandruff. It is always present on the scalp, in hair follicles, and dandruff scales.

No less important to you than this startling discovery are the results of prolonged clinical research on the treatment for dandruff. First, rabbits suffering from dandruff were treated on one side only with Listerine Antiseptic. Within an average of 14 days, there was *complete cure* of dandruff on the sides treated with Listerine. On the sides not thus treated, dandruff was in evidence *nearly a month later.*

76% Got Relief

In a midwestern and an eastern skin clinic, definitely satisfactory results were obtained on men and women suffering from dandruff. In the midwestern clinic, a substantial number of those using Listerine once a day, obtained marked relief in the first two weeks. In some cases a complete cure was noted in from three to eight weeks.

In the eastern clinic, 76% of the patients who had used Listerine twice a day showed marked improvement in or complete disappearance of the symptoms of dandruff within three weeks.

Be Patient, It's Deep-Seated

If you have any evidence of a dandruff condition, start today with full-strength Listerine once or twice a day. After applying Listerine, massage the scalp and hair vigorously.

Listerine surrounds each hair, penetrates infected hair follicles, attacking Pityrosporum ovale. As Listerine spreads its soothing medication over the troubled scalp, note how wonderfully fresh and clean, how healthy, vigorous and full of life both hair and scalp feel. See how quickly unsightly scales and flakes are removed.

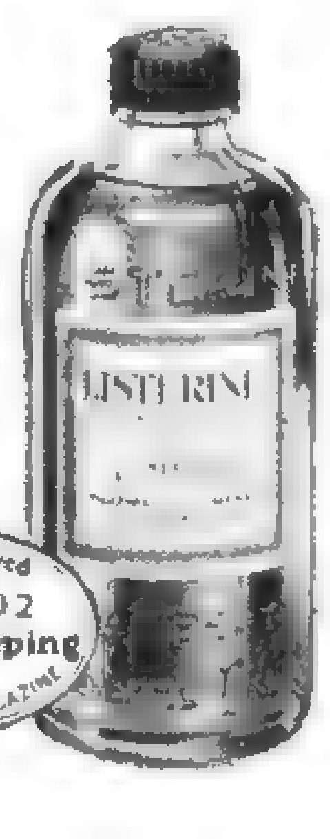
Do not expect the overnight miracles promised by remedies which have never been put to clinical test. Dandruff is a germ disease and requires persistent treatment. Listerine's marked curative properties are due to certain ingredients in a unique combination shared by no other antiseptic.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

* For many years an odd bottle-shaped germ, Pityrosporum ovale, had been suspected of causing dandruff. No bacteriologist, however, had been able to isolate it and keep it sufficiently alive for dandruff experiments. Where older men had failed, modern technicians succeeded. Pityrosporum ovale was not only isolated and kept alive, but produced dandruff, by inoculation, in rabbits, guinea pigs, and man. From the dandruff thus artificially created, Pityrosporum ovale was re-isolated and again, by inoculation, produced dandruff. This sounds like a simple accomplishment, but actually it required years of application.

LISTERINE
Once a day . . . for Dandruff

Tested and Approved 4602 Good Housekeeping Bureau Good Housekeeping Magazine



The Other Side of Trout Fishing

Continued from pages 90-161

many of us is the way in which its far bank rises up straight from the water, in a series of mossy ledges, covered with ferns and accented by clumps of rhododendron. Looking across Barnhart's Pool one sees the finest light effects about seven in the evening, as the sun glows behind a mountain.

On lowery days mist wraiths hover about and obscure the ridges so the landscape looks like the old engraving of the Highlands of Scotland that used to hang in Grandma's parlor. But when the sun shines brightly the atmosphere has an unbelievably brilliant quality. The water, too, in this region is so crystal-clear that it is possible to toss a dime into a ten-foot pool and note accurately whether it lands heads or tails.

During the past five years I can recall no really big catches, nor exceptionally large trout having been taken either by my friends or myself. Competition has increased and difficulties have multiplied. Yet we return to wade and cast our flies year after year. Perhaps we are just sentimentalists, but on one point I am certain we would all agree: If the Beaverkill does not yield us the sport it formerly did it still affords a full fifty per cent of those abstract things which should be a part of the fly-fisher's day—beauty, charm and mood.

And if we do not take our sport too seriously, these things are sufficient. They represent the other side of trout-fishing. ###

The Romance of the Gands

Continued from page 89

"I can't stand by and see her have him," one of Merg's mouths said. "I must kill her."

"Yes, she must be killed," the other mouth answered. "But it won't solve the problem. It won't make him, a normal man, love me, a monster."

Merg stopped going every night to the home of Winton Babcock. She went instead to observe the habits of Judith Freeman and at the same time Frang took to haunting the garden of Winton Babcock's house. He hid in the shrubbery and watched through the lighted windows. He studied closely Babcock's changing expressions and envied him his mouth, and hands that weren't marred by loathsome, misplaced mouths.

"You could never conceal the size of your arms," one of his mouths whispered, "even if you could get suits to fit you as his do."

"If only I could cut off my arms!"

"Then how could you eat? Your arms have to be large because they contain part of your digestive tract."

"I know! I know!"

"Then there's nothing you can do! You can't grow a mouth where one should be!"

"I know. All I can do is to kill him. At best if I can't have her no one else will!"

While Frang was watching Babcock, Merg was in Frang's old place watching Judith. She saw her dress and prepare to go out with her lover. She was fascinated by the ritual of the rows of bottles and lotions on Judith's dressing table.

And the incalculable number of dresses in her closets aroused incongruous female cravings in her breast. At last she could stand it no longer and broke into a department store and stole huge quantities of dresses and perfume and a full-length mirror so that she too might pose this way and that as Judith did.

But it was of no use. As lenient an opinion as she could summon up for her conduct and appearance was expressed by one of her mouths when it exclaimed disgustedly: "You damned abortion! No matter how you dress yourself no normal man could love you. You'll never be anything but an abortion no matter what clothes you wear and how much scent you spray on yourself!"

"You may never have him," said her other mouth, "but you can't stand by and see another woman get him!"

The newspapers became full of romantic allusions to the way Judith Freeman and Winton Babcock were going around together. There were rumors of an early marriage. They were together every evening and worked together at the same studio. And simultaneously Frang and Merg decided to act. There was a highly advertised première coming up and as they would both be going to this and would undoubtedly not return till late, Frang and Merg, by coincidence, hit upon this time as best.

"I will kill him as he gets out of the car to open the door for her," Frang said to himself.

"Her driveway's lighted at night, I'll have to be careful that she doesn't see me," his other mouth pointed out.

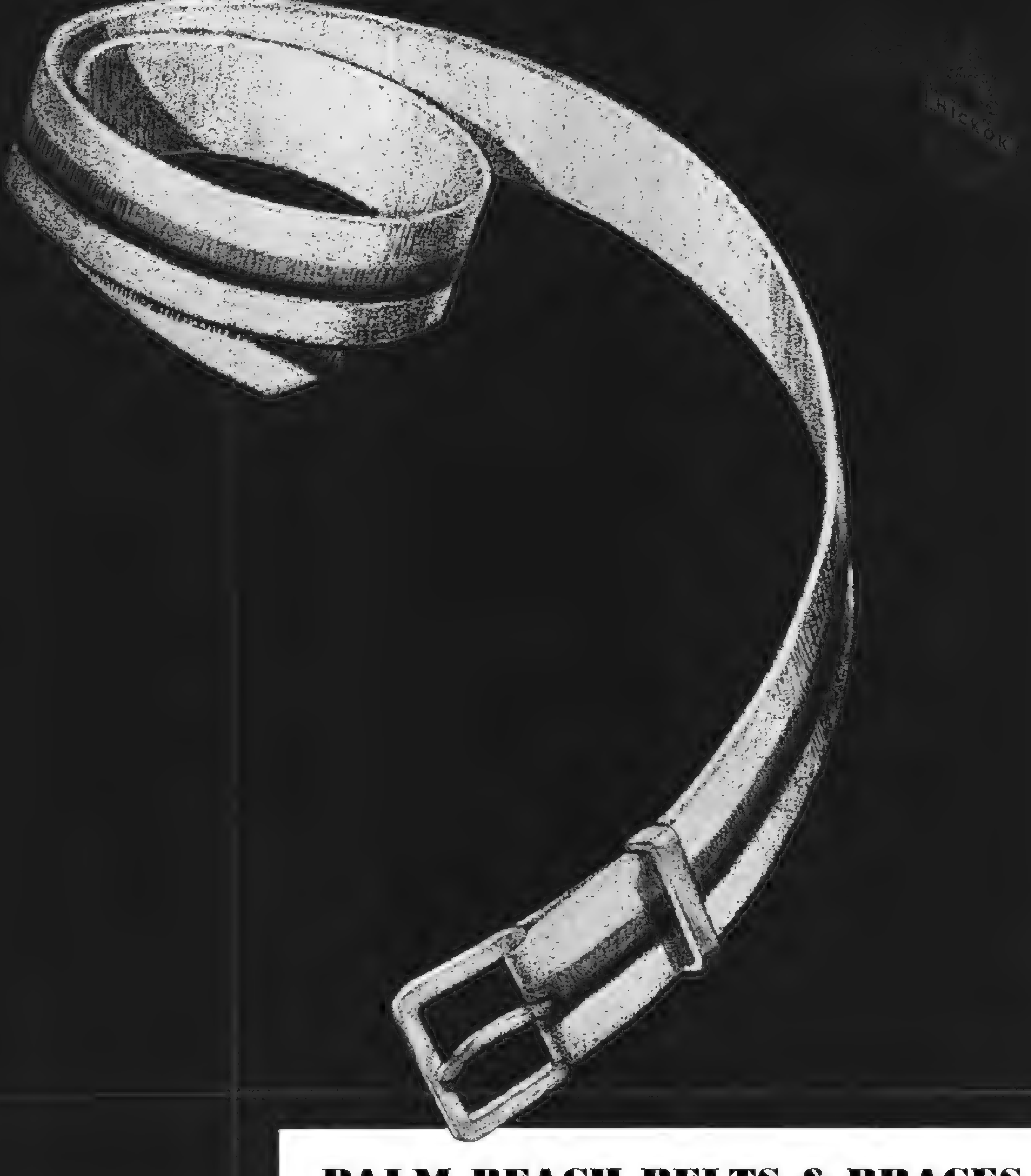
"And I'll have to be careful not to hit her."

And Merg spoke to herself: "I'll have to get into the house someway because he'll see me sure if I try to shoot her in the lighted driveway. I'll have to get into the house and kill the maid and wait for them in the dark."

"If he sees you . . ." Her heart almost stopped beating at the thought. She would have to be careful.

When the night arrived Frang and Merg, in ignorance of each other's existence, set out for Judith Freeman's house. They each carried revolvers to destroy what the other loved. In the hundreds of years they'd roamed the earth they'd seen many things but neither had seen a creature like

Continued on page 164



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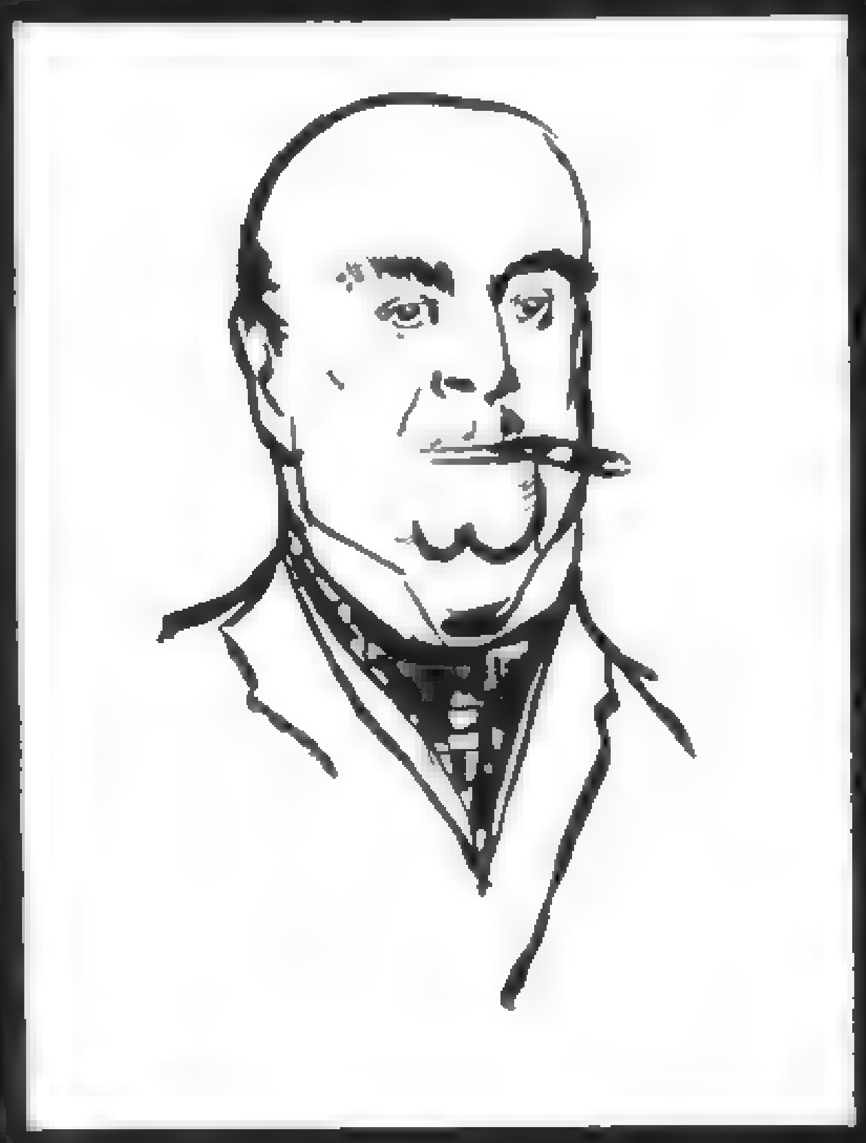
TYPICAL "DADS"
and what to do about them on Father's Day

● John K .... (type A). Prefers staying at home to going places. Would rather putter around in the basement, making a recreation room out of the old coal bin, or digging dandelions out of the front lawn.
Treatment Indicated: monthly exposure to the brilliance of ESQUIRE, the lively magazine for men, which will soon have him "first nighting" like Diamond Jim Brady, looking like Clark Gable, dressing like Anthony Eden.

● Henry M.......... (moderately prosperous). Too busy doing things for you to do much for himself. Enjoys life, but probably gets less than his share of fun. This type expects the usual Father's Day tokens.
Treatment Indicated: Why not give him a surprise this year? A barrel of fun, and enough thoughtful articles each month to give him a balanced ration of solid entertainment—in a gift subscription to ESQUIRE.



● J. Mortimer S .... (Rich). Been everywhere, knows everybody. Interested in sports, art, books, stage, movies, opera. Can't give him the usual Father's Day gift, because he has everything.
Treatment Indicated: This father is an ideal subject for ESQUIRE. A subscription from you will give him a big package of intelligent entertainment every month, about the things he knows and likes the best.

● Today's father is as young as he feels—and he feels mighty young, so here's your chance to give him a gift that no one else thought of—one that will put new sparkle into his conversation and appearance, and keep him in good humor for an entire year.
Show "Dad" how smart a wife, son or daughter you are by giving him a subscription to ESQUIRE. Your gift will be announced by an appropriate card and the July issue will be sent to him in a handsome gift carton. WIVES, SONS, DAUGHTERS! Settle your Father's Day problems here and now.

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The Romance of the Gands

Continued from pages 89-162

himself . . . a Gand. Forced as they were to live isolated from all sources of learning it was only with difficulty that they'd learned to read.

Only in the last hundred years had they been able to, so it was not strange that they'd not run across any mention of creatures like themselves. As a matter of fact there are many anthropologists who have never heard of Gands, the literature on them being very limited and inadequate. If more were known about them no doubt their existence could be made more pleasant. It is only ignorance and their rarity that cause normal people to wound these sensitive beings by staring at them and acting as though they were repulsive and disgusting. They really are not and if their good points were more generally known and there were more of them, eugenists would undoubtedly encourage them to mate for the improvement of the race. But beyond knowing that two were born several hundred years ago and that, due to Gands' long lives they were probably still alive, nothing more was known of Frang and Merg

Frang arrived at Judith Freeman's house a little later than he had expected. He took his accustomed place in the garden to await the return of the two lovers. Several lights in the house, besides those that lighted the driveway, were on and he could look inside and see the cook and the maid moving around. Soon the kitchen light was extinguished and the cook, dressed to go home, appeared at the rear door and drove away in his car. The main driveway was hung with a string of lights that made its entire length as light as it was in the daytime. Especially was the porte-cochère brilliant and Frang, looking over the situation, gave up all thought of shooting Babcock there. He could put the lights out but that would arouse their suspicions. The only way was to go into the house where he could turn the lights off after they had already driven in.

Upstairs two lights were still on. It was the maid. Frang's mind worked with the possibility of going into the house. He could have the house lights jimmied so they couldn't be turned on and when they entered the house he could switch off the driveway lights leaving everything in complete darkness. At such close quarters he could seize Babcock if necessary and hold the gun against him while he pulled the trigger so there would be no chance of hitting Judith by mistake.

He would wait till the maid retired, then break into the house and fix both her and the lights.

Frang swung himself up into a tree to wait. From that elevation he could see directly into the maid's room. Why didn't she get to bed! She was just puttering around! In his nervousness his hands that held him in the tree chewed off large strips of bark which he spit to the ground below. Once he thought he saw something moving around the end of the house and sniffed the air. His keen nose picked up a strange odor, one he had never smelled before, but he sat where he was, thinking it was an animal of some sort. If only that maid would go to bed!

He held one of his hands close to his ear and whispered: "If she doesn't hurry they'll be back from the show!"

"There she's undressing now!" his other mouth exclaimed.

Frang watched her intently. He might as well choose the window he was going to enter, then when her lights were off he could get in without delay.

He started to leap to the ground when there was a grating noise from the other side of the house. His head jerked up toward the maid who was standing rigid in the middle of her bedroom. From her attitude Frang could tell that she too was listening. Frang stayed where he was. The noise was not repeated and the maid became satisfied that nothing was wrong. She got into bed and turned off the light.

"Now!" breathed Frang. He slipped to the ground and keeping to the deeper shadows, made his way through the shrubbery. In spite of his care the long shadow he cast, due to the driveway lights, flickered across the garden.

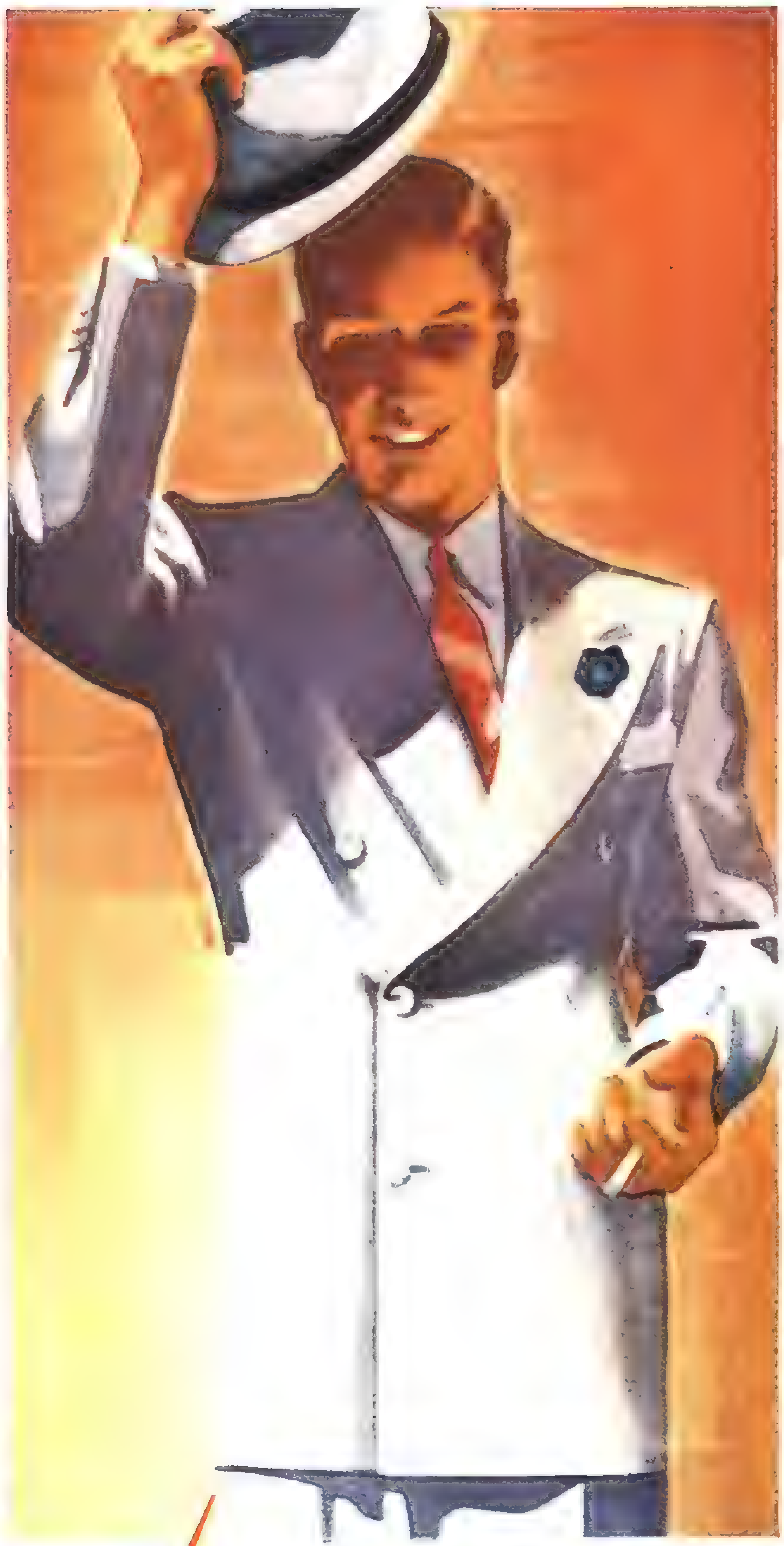
"There's no one to see," he said softly holding his palm close to his ear.

"Nothing must go wrong!" warned his other hand

Near the house it was dark. High shrubs hid the driveway lights. Slowly he went from one window to another, selecting the best one to enter. They were high French windows and the catches of the one he chose gave quietly to his strength. Inside he listened for indications that his presence was suspected. There were none. On the many other occasions that it had been necessary for him to break into homes or buildings he'd found that he had a weapon more deadly than any that was apt to confront him in the hands of one who should challenge him: his appearance. If a night watchman heard him and began foolhardy investigations he invariably stood still and allowed the investigation to proceed. When the watchman turned on the lights he was paralyzed at the sight he saw and Frang struck, leaving a crushed and bloody body behind that would never tell the sight it had seen.

A gentle breeze bellied the curtains inward. Their waving folds caressed Frang's motionless, listening figure. There was no sound to arouse him but directly across from him he saw another open window and its curtains were likewise blowing in the breeze!

Continued at top of page 167



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(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Romance of the Gands

Continued from pages 89-162-164

"A burglar!"

"That's what that grating noise was!"

Both of Frang's hands were pressed close to his head. As he whispered he could feel the motion of his lips on his ears.

"You can't stop now!"

He crept toward the door where the light-switch would be. When the burglar moved he would turn on the light.

He reached for the switch so there would be no fumbling at the right instant.

A stifled scream from upstairs froze his hand in mid-air.

Then silence.

Frang's mouths twisted into a pair of horrible grins. How nice it was of the burglar to do his work for him! When he came back downstairs what a surprise he would get!

Frang crouched under the light-switch and waited.

In a few seconds there was the sound of incautious footsteps descending the stairs. One mouth whispered in Frang's ear: "The maid's out of the way or he wouldn't be walking like that!" And his nose caught the same odor he'd smelled outside. "What kind of man is that!" he wondered. "I've never smelled anything like that before!"

Merg's descent slowed. She too was sensing a peculiar odor. The hand that had been sliding down the bannister tightened and she stopped. Her teeth dug into the wood.

"What is that!" her other mouth whispered. She held both mouths open wide in the direction of the room where Frang was crouching and listened. There was no sound. Slowly, all senses alert, she continued her descent.

The odor got stronger. It had not been there when she came in, what was it!

Merg put her head in the doorway and saw the open window by which Frang had come in. There was someone besides herself here!

She stooped low and entered the room. As she did so she heard a slight noise and the brilliant chandelier overhead flashed on.

At sight of each other both Gands leapt backwards upsetting furniture.

"Another Gand!" both Merg's mouths gasped.

"A Gand!" exclaimed Frang.

Silently they stared for a long moment. Here were duplicates, in all but sex, of each other. Their eyes examined minutely every detail of the other's body and slowly their expressions changed from astonishment to . . . horror and disgust. They were seeing Gands for the first time and their reactions were the same as normal people's.

Simultaneously they reached for the guns they'd brought to kill their rivals, and two shots fired as one.

Before their bodies hit the floor they had vanished and all that remained of the romance of the Gands were two bundles of large size clothes and two once-fired revolvers. #

Do Women Hate Work?

Continued from page 86

guests might find something interesting to read."

One might reasonably expect that any such heavy-handed rot would be met with silence or at least a tolerantly sarcastic: "Aren't you funny?" Not a bit of it. Even if the offending male has demonstrated for years by his actions that he is a level-headed sensible fellow, even if he has performed these self-same tasks innumerable times, his every sally, however inane, is taken at its face value, and met with a frantic, deadly earnest: "Don't you dare!" Accordingly I do not think that when men attempt to introduce a note of levity into the proceedings, they should be blamed for resorting to comic-strip humor. Since even that is taken as a serious suggestion, why bother to think up something subtle?

But mere man, however strong his determination not to let the job get his spirits down, eventually succumbs to the invincible pessimism of his consort. He finally takes to sulking, even though he knows perfectly well—as a woman never knows—that the most efficient work is done in a cheerful frame of mind. He feels that he is being imposed upon, and so he takes to co-operating as poorly as he can, or even walks out on the job altogether. He is even further embittered by the realization—if he has had much experience—that he is just as apt to be put on the carpet if he has volunteered to help as if he had been drafted into the job. And finally—as I have warned you—he blossoms out into a dreadful diatribe.

Women, in rebuttal, will, no doubt, claim that household is the most boring of all types of work. With this I am unable to agree, but let us admit that this is so for the sake of argument. Why, if it is boring, should it be approached with such surly suspicion, such militant truculence? If women really think it is boring, why don't they face it as men do—with a decent nonchalance and lightheartedness, with minds open to more interesting, more engaging stimuli?

No, I am forced to conclude that the trouble is that women don't properly understand their work. What they don't understand, they fear. And what a woman fears, she hates. I think that sews it all up pretty nicely. #

Author's Note: *I have shown this to my wife and various other women, and they all agree absolutely with every word of it.*

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Apology to Crooners

Continued from page 103

look at Martha Raye who flings her person around and makes grotesque faces, but never lets you imagine that she thinks herself of the slightest importance. A long time ago there was a trio called Clayton, Jackson, and Durante and the one in the team who had obviously the most talent and the sharpest personal characteristics (excluding the facial, at that) hardly ever drew attention to himself. When Jimmy Durante was on a stage or nightclub floor he was totally de-personalized; he might have been an imp or a demon from another (probably better) world for all the private Personality he threw about. He was an energy which had got loose and found its way into a human body. And he mugged less in a year than a Ritz brother in a yard of film.

There's no use pretending I haven't laughed at the Ritz Brothers. About one-third of the time I laugh. But Edmund Wilson long ago made a distinction in such things when he spoke of a comedian who made you laugh without making you sick. Any sort of surprise may make you laugh; it is almost impossible *not* to laugh when you hear of the vagaries of the slightly insane. (Come up against these vagaries yourself and you will see that they aren't inherently funny.) But the satisfaction you get when you laugh at the Marx Brothers is of quite a different order. Different and, if the Ritz Brothers will pardon the word, superior. The Marx Brothers, incidentally, do everything as rapidly as possible; they never prepare their gags in front of you, as if to say, Watch us, this is going to be good. They make you laugh by what they do and say, not by their personalities; and they have created characters which are almost legendary.

In all of these matters, I suggest the memory test. You may laugh your idiotic head off, but if you can't laugh tomorrow at what you have seen today, the man who made you laugh is not a comedian; he is a comic personality.

Clowns and W. C. Fields and Chaplin and Donald Duck and Bert Lahr and Jimmie Savo are a perpetual source of laughter to me—months after I have seen them. I can't make my friends laugh by describing what they did, and I have stopped trying; but when I used to try, I laughed at what I remembered. The essential thing, I am pretty sure, was the character behind the work.

I'm told that Einstein hopes some day to reduce pretty nearly everything to one formula. That's monotheism carried pretty far and I am not so devout. But I suspect that there is a link between crooners and comedians, as there is between all of those who appear in public to amuse and entertain. Far in the past, the entertainer should have taken the trouble to be an interesting human being and then have taken the additional trouble of learning how to project the elements of his interest. But at the moment of appearing before microphone or camera or footlights, comes the hardest job: of deciding which is more important, the entertainer or the material he uses to entertain. The boys and girls who make the wrong choice can get by for years, which is a bad break for the few who make the right one. The right ones have the consolation of knowing that years later somebody like myself will pay them a tribute. ⇉

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 115

ergastula on Irish fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers." (His use, by the way, of *ergastula*, which is the plural of the Latin word for "a dungeon for slaves and convicts" and not to be found in ordinary dictionaries, is typical of his resounding and unusual vocabulary which yields nowhere to the reader's ignorance.)

Gogart's pet aversion was Lady Gregory; he said that by putting on so many of her own plays she ruined the Abbey Theatre. He lists Yeats among the greatest of poets; and yet hinting that most of Lady Gregory's plays were written in the main by Yeats, he calls them namby-pamby. He tells of how O'Leary Curtis lost his Faith one night through listening to "AE," only to find it again next morning when he tried to explain to Father Paddy exactly what he had heard; and he quotes the quip, "How many gods does your friend, AE, disbelieve in?" And yet of AE's eloquent and moving monologues which seemed so marvelous as one listened and so elusive of any meaning when one tried to recall them, he can write: "He is an artist. He teaches nothing. He communicates himself and the best in himself, which consists of poetry, loving kindness and a passion of beauty more than anything else."

Like all Dubliners, Gogarty is gregarious and he loves conversation if it is learned, witty and stimulating. He explained to guests, "I want you to think of this house of mine as a house for artists, and not for lecturers, readers, preachers, teachers or people with points." For that very reason he could the more safely shelter the gallant and realistic Michael Collins, leader of the revolution, (who was so prosaic he could interrupt "AE" to ask, "And what is your point, Mr. Russell?") when Collins was sought by informers and Black-and-Tans, because Gogarty's house was the last house to be suspected of harboring "traitors." He adored Arthur Griffith who was killed, he says, by ingratitude; and he is contemp-

Continued on page 170

VAT 69

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 115-168

tuous of De Valera. Joyce he pictures perfectly in one detailed episode and in a sharp aside he refers to Joyce's habit of turning upon anyone who ever stood him a drink or did him a favor. There is one gorgeous chapter written in mock humility in which the irony is so subtle that the reader's leg may be pulled into believing that Gogarty "dearly loves a lord" of the British aristocracy; and no host has ever been pilloried by a literary guest so savagely, so bitterly as is Talbot Clifton, millionaire and sportsman, laird of a Scots castle and of a wide domain, in an account of a shoot as Clifton's guest in which Gogarty pretends to regard Clifton as a Homeric hero born out of time and place. . . . Gogarty drove thirty miles out from Dublin to visit his friend, Lord Dunsany. When he got there, Maunder, Dunsany's butler, told Gogarty that Dunsany was not only not at home but also wasn't in (Gogarty knew the difference); Dunsany had been arrested by the Black-and-Tans—in his bog, shooting snipes. Dunsany had paid no attention to the order prohibiting the Irish the use or possession of firearms under penalty of death; he had been sending Meath snipe, with breasts like wood-pigeons, to fellow members in the Kildare Street Club and one of them had snitched; hence the order for Dunsany's arrest. He was in the hoosegow, afraid of hanging, when Gogarty interrogated Maunder. The Black-and-Tans when *they* had called had also been told by Maunder that his lordship was not at home; they raided the house and found Maunder was correct. Maunder retained his poise. As the raiders left the house, he asked, "Who shall I say called?" Gogarty was arrested too on his way back from Dunsany's, searched and released after they reached Dublin, because the Black-and-Tans found no incriminating documents on him. Dunsany was just emerging from jail. He had been freed, the judge probably thinking him a harmless madman. Dunsany had mistaken the nature of the charge against him and proferred a receipt. "I paid for it this morning," he had yelled at the court, "and I hold a receipt. I am arrested for illegal possession in the afternoon. What sort of business is this of arresting a man for claiming his own property?" The receipt was a grocer's for a ham.

In the morning he had seen a ham hanging outside a shop; he had paid for it and had taken a receipt to call for it in the afternoon; he had returned with a cutlass and had just demonstrated to a crowd of onlookers how to sabre a ham when he was apprehended by the Black-and-Tans.

Gogarty's book is rich in stuff like that—about people who seem charmingly mad; and Gogarty himself seems a little "touched" at times by the Celtic twilight and by a poet's revulsion against the prosaic stupidity of the English governing class. His book is to be read and re-read—with perhaps a wondering relief that he has escaped libel, duels and assassination.

Branch Cabell's *Smire* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is the third of a trilogy collectively called *The Nightmare Has Triplets*. The previous published volumes are *Smirt* and *Smire*. *Smire* is complete in itself, however, and is rather easier for the uninitiated to follow than either of the others. These are dream romances in which the logic of dreams (which have their own logic) is adhered to as well as the incongruous pattern of dreams. Only one other writer in English, Lewis Carroll, has hitherto written a romance of the suspended senses in sleep, if we except the coincident "work in progress" by James Joyce which is, as I understand it, the night of the day in *Ulysses* and contains the blurred language as well as the logic of dreams.

Cabell in these dream romances concedes almost as little to his reader's run-and-read habits as Gogarty does but the attentive reader will be rewarded with many a chuckle over cosmic and auctorial jokes, neat ironies and passages of nobility, truth and tenderness. There is no tribute to a woman anywhere more touching and more true to enduring love than the one *Smire* pays to his aging, adoring wife Jane—nor is there any passage that gets more surely at the heart of the matter than this bitter-sweet reflection upon the imponderables of life which hold couples in a deep abiding loyalty even when they fret and stew and quarrel over the prosaic realities of living together, realities from which neither can escape except in dream.

In *Smire* Cabell touches upon contemporeity in an analogue of his own career. Smirt, the romancer and poet, sought to transcend a prosaic, naturalistic, "vital" age by contriving beautiful happenings; he sought to dwell as a king in a land beyond common sense; then he relinquished heaven to fall into the low estate of a mere local deity where his name was Smith; thereafter (in *Smire*) he roams the centuries, talks with Dido, Queen of Carthage, while smoking a cigarette, discusses with Virgil the literary merits of Thackeray, interviews and confounds Gabriel at the gates of Heaven with proposals for a really enticing Heaven to take the place of the bungled one provided by the theologians only to become aware himself that his proposals are impractical, talks to himself in the guise of Count Smirt of Poictesme who reminds him that he is not native to Poictesme and will not be comfortable there because Smirt has heard that Poictesme is now "pastische," "old hat," "sophomoric" "pseudo this and pseudo that" and "moreover there is no class struggle in Poictesme." After adventuring in the land of dream, Smire crosses the Styx into that disagreeable hell where people live on solid earth and the matters of real and grave importance are: "Worried Mother Slays Son & Self. Banker Flayed Under Second Day's Grilling. Noted Painter Predicts End of Marriage. Bishop Raps Modern Tendencies. Congress Meets in Heated Session. The shipments over the Allegheny River during the past five years have been valued at $54,942,309, the principal commodities involved being naval ordnance and supplies, gasoline and kerosene, sand and gravel and other building materials."

As in his other books Cabell uses Smire for oblique and pointed satire upon current manifestations of mass stupidity and against man's incurable belief that fads are important and permanent in spite of the analogous histories of mahjong, paper-bag cooking, bimetalism, Fletcherism, the Gold Standard, and rhythmic breathing.

I suppose that upon evidence offered by the publishers we must accept Mark Benney for what he says he is and his *Angels in Undress* (Random House, $2.50) as an authentic account, in Benney's own style, of his career as a son of a prostitute, burglar and proud associate of the Wide People, who educated himself in reform school and has only recently completed a three-year sentence in an English prison for burglary. But if it is what is claimed for it and not a hoax, it is one of the most astonishing freaks in the history of literature. What is more, it is the most insulting challenge to decency, order, thrift and responsibility that has found its way into print. Despite his excessive literariness, his polysyllabic exercises in criticism of literature, penology, music, poetry, mysticism, Freud, Beauty, Love, Friendship, State and Politics and other affairs of the toffs (*i.e.*, the people who have no better sense than to try to earn a living honestly, live temperately and obey the rules of society) the author of this book remains proudly one of the Wide People (*i.e.*, those who live dangerously and outside the law, carousing, thieving, brawling, cheating and foxing the toffs) and he holds that the free life of the Wide People, even with its hazards, is more natural, more admirable than the life lived in obedience to the rules of organized society.

Indeed, in some of Benney's often quite tedious displays of profundity and erudition, it would seem that he had deliberately equipped himself with the vocabulary, the jargon, the catchphrases, the clichés of aesthetes, philosophers, and Oxford intellectuals in order, by seeming to be quite at home in them and approving of them, to make them ridiculous. We are asked to believe, by the author, that he had only an elementary and reform school education, that his life thereafter (he is twenty-three) has been almost entirely occupied in burglary and serving jail sentences; that he did not begin to read books until he was already an old hand at burglary and yet, in three or four brief years, could write as allusively as this:

"I found myself doubting whether the conventional attitude toward ugliness is anything more than a mean product of our civilization. The most integrated artists have never possessed it. Shakespeare, for instance, had not recoiled from Caliban, but rather developed his creation with a sort of fascinated gusto. And one may recall the zestful fidelity with which Spenser describes the disrobing of Duessa, and some of Chaucer's descriptions. These men, possessed of singular vision, seemed to have looked on all things, ugly and beautiful, with the same uncritical wonder."

But, let's see, there are other phenomenal things about this Benney. He says he is now twenty-three years old. And in his book he entered elementary school in 1915. That would make him one or at most two years old. In the book he had already gone to kindergarten before he entered elementary school. True, he says in the beginning that he was born in 1910; but he soon loses sight of this fact; for when he was eight years old, according to this, he was already reflective enough to observe what changes the war had wrought in the educational system as he had known it. After this there were burglar apprenticeships and burglaries, adaptations to the ways of the life of the Wide People whom he depicts for 230 pages when, suddenly, after absorbing Ibsen, Shaw, Wilde, Yeats, Kipling, Santayana, Masefield, Bridges, the new realism burst forth with the publication of *Sinister Street* and Benney devoured it, delighting to find it was the Soho he knew *Sinister Street* was published in 1913. So this Benney read it, according to his own chronology, when he was three years old, and already had behind him a career of crime and learning.

But for all its dubious and puzzling aspects, *Angels in Undress* has some interesting stuff in it. There is a first love affair treated with tenderness and truth to the non-sexual idealizations of youth. And the author dislikes intensely Aldous Huxley and the literary and artistic crowd of London. In fact, it is my suspicion that this book was written largely in revolt against and in hatred of these people and their writings and pretentions.

Not otherwise would he picture the Wide People so sympathetically and these toffs so maliciously.

Continued at top of page 172

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(Above)
DUNKIRK — Genuine white buck trimmed with tan calf.

(At right)
BERKSHIRE — A new lightweight Arnold Authentic.

ARNOLDEAGLE — The shoe good golfers wear In white and tan, with spiked soles.

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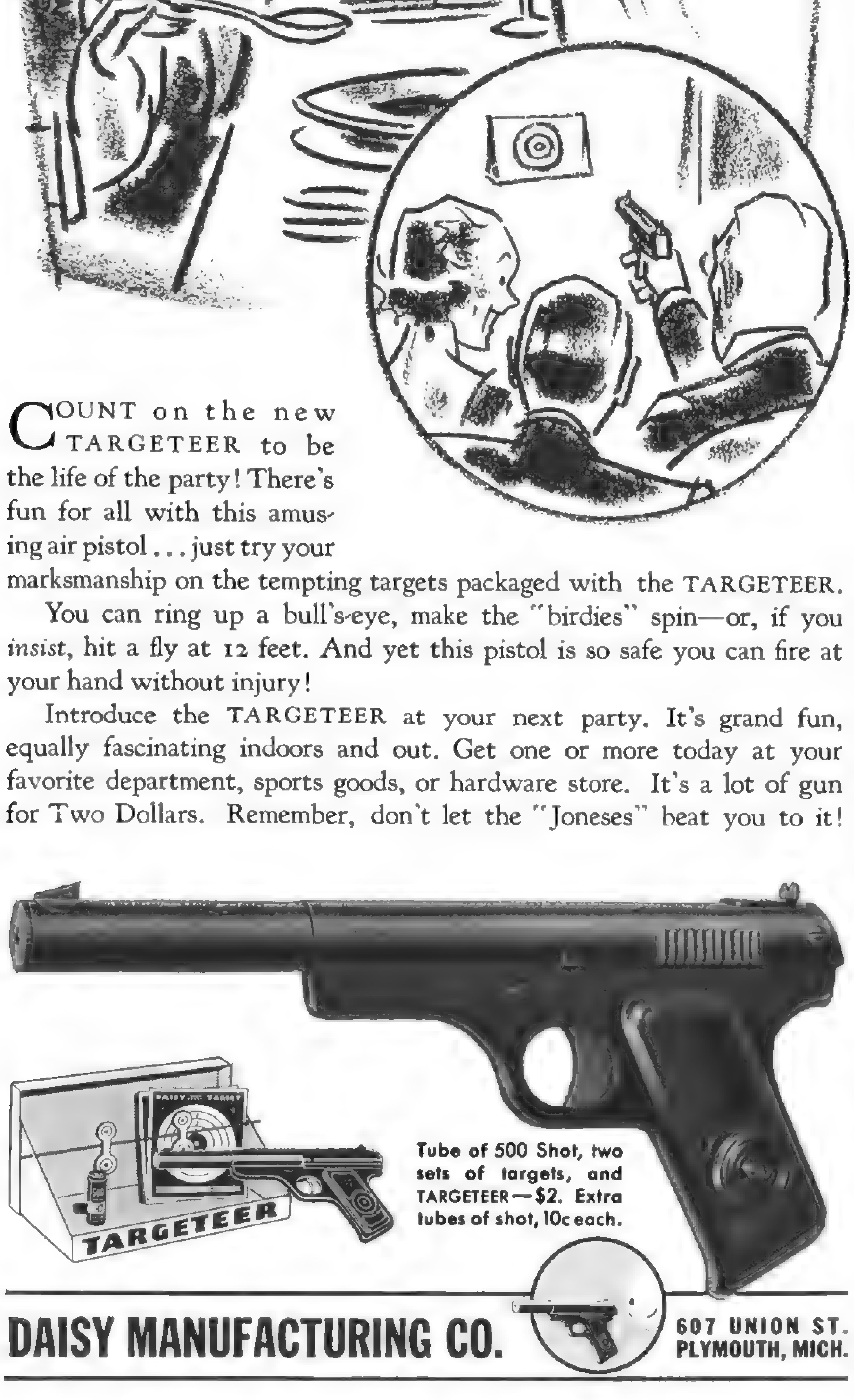

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 115-168-171

These same toffs, by the way, are satirized amusingly in Noel Langley's *So Unlike the English* (Morrow, $2). A much more convincing book than *Angels in Undress* and therefore a more touching one is *Nights of an Old Child* (Lippincott, $2.50) translated from the German of Heinz Liepmann. This is an autobiographical story of a boy starved physically and spiritually by the privations and despair in defeated Germany after the war, of his pitiful efforts at all kinds of menial ways to earn a living, of his stowing away on a ship bound for America and his escape in Hoboken, of his bewildered experiences as a waiter and porter on the waterfront and of his studies and his return to Germany to become a newspaper-man, playwright and novelist.

I recommend to you *The Gods Arrive* (Lippincott, $2.50) by Grant Lewi for its fascinating depiction of the way in which a great department store is run, a microcosm minutely studied and exposed, less than for the social and economic thesis Mr. Lewi invests his story with; *The Besieged* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) by Gerald Breckenridge, a fine and honest story (by a "discovery" of this magazine) of the effects of the depression both upon those who were able to cling to jobs and those who could find none, the former believing their luck was owing to superior character and capabilities and the latter losing faith in themselves for precisely the same fallacy in reasoning. This is a novel, too, of courage and character in youth to fight through disaster. This fast-moving, deeply felt, carefully integrated novel is the fulfillment of the promise of the author's *Brief Kingdom* and establishes him as a new writer whose star is ascending; *Peruvina Pageant* (Bobbs, Merrill, $3.50) by Blair Niles—A mixture of history, traveler's impressions and experiences, observations and reflections on the past and present of Peru, enthrallingly woven together. *Suns Go Down* (Macmillan, $2.) by Flannery Lewis—The magnificent story of the rise of Virginia City of the wild gold mining days and its decline and fall, told through the experiences and seen through the eyes of the author's redoubtable and adorable grandmother. #

Smudge on a Chinese Rug

Continued from page 96

it," the words burst forth explosively.

"Prisons, they are in every land, your Russia has the concentration camps. We are just here, weren't those Communists freed? Only the idiot died."

"The Russians, they don't kick men in the belly, and, and punch—"

"Laura—"

"I am sorry, Madame, what dress, the satin hostess pajamas would be nice, I think, no?"

"Pajamas? But I couldn't go to the opera in them, whatever made you suggest them?"

"But Joseph, Herr Gottlieb is coming."

"Oh," Clara picked up a nail-file to work over her fingers, quite unnecessary with the weekly visits to the manicurist. "But Fritz has a box for the opera, the first night, *Tannhäuser*, the Leader will be there; certainly Joseph would be the last one to ask me to stay home. Besides, it wouldn't look right."

Laura was incredulous, her bovine eyes wide, the large loose mouth open. "I waited four hours in that awful rain."

A suggestion of a frown, "But that was different, don't you see? Carl had to go away immediately."

"Only, only he didn't go quick enough," she sniffled into a large handkerchief.

"Don't brood about it, Laura, it only makes things worse. I think that wine colored chiffon velvet dinner gown would be nice. Fritz hasn't seen it yet."

"Yes, Madame."

She couldn't be there to see Joseph just as he came from the prison. Marriage had to keep its glamor. Laura naturally didn't have her sensitiveness to smells and sights. Of course Joseph had also come from terribly poor people, she remembered her shudder when she met his folks still reeking of manure from their farm. But he had been a mutation, a brilliant student winning all those scholarships at Bonn, later a protégé of Streseman. Without question that awful man had perverted her husband, brought on Joseph's eloquent denunciation of the Nazis for the Reichstag fire, his Reichstag; about time they tore down the old stuffy building. It was so much like a barn.

She smiled at herself in the mirror, revealing her perfect white teeth and dimples at the witty thought: part of his heritage to love a barn. The knocker on the door sounded.

"Will you see who that is, Laura?"

Now her people, Junkers from Silesia, great landowners, had never visited the barn. The livery men brought the curried horses for them to ride each morning after breakfast. Although she was a Von Blomberg, none could deny her democracy in marrying a peasant, didn't Fritz say she was too democratic? Laura, of all people, couldn't say it was snobbishness—she only wanted to see Joseph at his best. She threw the nail-file down as she strode across the Chinese rug to the small night table for another cigarette.

The servant came in with the corsage of orchids and Captain Frederich Lieber's card.

Continued on page 174

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Smudge on a Chinese Rug

Continued from pages 96-172

Madame rose to smell them. "Aren't they lovely, Fritz is always so punctual about the little things." She placed them carefully on the chaise longue, then removed her chartreuse satin dressing gown. The maid adjusted the form uplift brassiere as her mistress drew up the satin step-ins. A careful diet, outdoor sports and daily massages made them the only necessary underclothes. She then slipped on the wine colored chiffon velvet dinner gown before the full length mirror, turning right and left as she pinned on the corsage.

She vindicated her affair with Fritz as a necessity in freeing Joseph, that was her sacrifice. Women could only be important. through sacrifice and suffering. So it had been with Isolde and Juliet. Laura couldn't accuse her of venality since the domestic lacked the appeal to attract men like Fritz. To free her husband from that horrible hole—she shuddered at the memory, Fritz had managed the visit early in their friendship—no sacrifice was too great, no weapon too sacred to use, not even her charms. She viewed her attractiveness as Laura just touched the back of her ear lobes with Chanel perfume; nobody thought her more than twenty-five, the number-three feet in brocaded sandals, a figure capable of taking its rightful place in the chorus of an American musical cinema, still plenty of fire in those large brown limpid eyes; her heavy blonde tresses braided about her head revealing her tiny ears were the toast of Berlin, oil washes, shampoos and scalp treatments kept their lustre. She glanced at the huge French chime clock above the fireplace as she adjusted her diamond and emerald studded cuff bracelet on the left wrist.

Again the knocker sounded and Laura soon returned with a modest bouquet of blood red roses, handing her mistress the accompanying card silently.

Frau Gottlieb read the inscription, "I would have sent you a century plant to betoken my eternal love, but the few marks they returned to me were insufficient. I am in a Turkish bath removing the stench. God keep you for your help . . . Love . . . Joseph."

"A lovely sentiment, *nicht wahr?*"

"He will be clean, anyhow," then in a bitter tone, "so clean as possible after the camp."

Her mistress tapped the card against her right hand as she first opened, then closed the French windows. "Yes, he will be clean, but how composed? And I on such short notice. It would be too taut a scene. Perhaps too great a strain on him. Your Carl, wasn't he tired, Laura? Didn't you tell me how weak and hungry he was?"

"But in my arms he rested . . . and cried."

Clara sat down trying to visualize the scene, impetuous Joseph striding in—he took such long steps she had never been able to keep up with him—crushing her to him, spoiling her coiffure and wrinkling her gown . . . or pajamas. Then she went over the Chinese rug for another cigarette and picked up Fritz's card, comparing it with her husband's as she hesitated before the French phone, puffing incessantly away at the cigarette without inhaling until there seemed to be an aura of smoke about her.

Laura's round, blotchy face brightened perceptibly. "Maybe I make excuses for you, yes?"

"No, Fritz would be too hurt. That would give you a lot of satisfaction, wouldn't it?" She dialed Herr Lieber's apartment.

To remain meant to comfort Joseph and she was certainly in no mood for his caresses. Yes, she had to admit Fritz had definitely taken his place.

Then she began to think of those stories again: they had sterilized—but not Joseph, that couldn't be, not in a million years could that virile character be changed, not by a million laboratories, not by the sharpest knives, not by the greatest surgeons . . . Still . . . "What? Yes, Herr Lieber, please."

But when she heard his "Heil Hitler," she returned the phone to the holder. "I can't, Laura, I can't see him so soon; it's too violent a break, give me time, the opera to soothe me, to help me make up my mind. We aren't the same types, I must have time, lots of it." A vision of Joseph with rouge on his cheeks, but the card, the inscription. "Everything is so muddled. Give me the wrap, yes the wrap, please don't look at me that way, give me that wrap."

She snatched the sable wrap and started out hurriedly, tossing her husband's card to the floor, "Call Herr Lieber, say I am waiting for him at the Kaiserhof."

Laura couldn't hide the disappointment in her flat, listless voice, "What should I tell your husband?"

"Anything, you hear, anything; only don't, don't let him sleep in this room; the guest's, he'll understand, he must." An afterthought at the open door, "Prepare a good hot supper for him, you know the things he likes, he'll probably be famished." #

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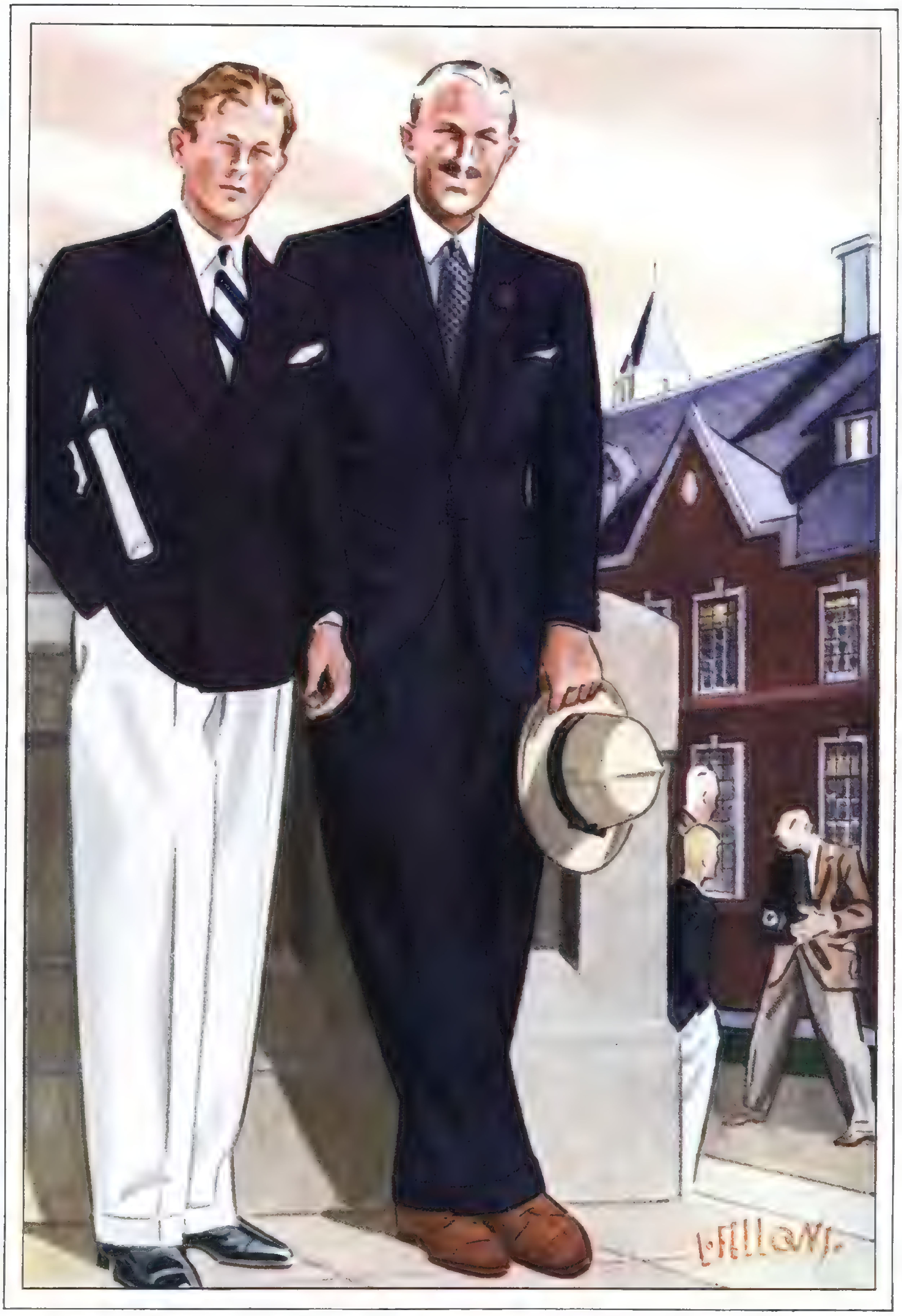

LOOKING PLEASANT ON COMMENCEMENT DAY

Posing for the inevitable graduation day picture, Papa looks more pleased (or perhaps relieved) than Junior over the prep-school sheepskin tucked under the latter's arm. Wait'll he gets the expense account for the four long years ahead. The typical graduate's costume is a double-breasted blue jacket, white trousers, plain black shoes, white shirt and striped rep tie in boating (or school or class) colors. The man's dress is ideal for warm weather wear in town, comprising a single-breasted suit of either Palm Beach or tropical worsted, with patch pockets and plain back, worn without a waistcoat, a shirt of blue broadcloth with a white laundered stiff collar (which many men find more comfortable, because less clinging, than a soft collar), a tie of light-weight silk foulard in a check pattern, a Panama hat in natural optimo shape (usually worn with the brim up all around), and reverse calf shoes on a town last.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Turn About Is Foul Play

Continued from page 76

ing of Cagney. After the belch of Henry VIII, the belch of Wallace Beery . . . and we began to fear that with such sound effects as these in vogue, it would not be long before the one sound effect not yet printed on film or wax would insult our ears in the cinema palaces, and not in its euphemistic form of a Bronx lip-serenade.

Now, unrefinement can be a cult, or an affectation, like any other. Was it an accident that, at the same time these magnified royal burps were sounding from behind the screen, the ladies began to come in for some pretty rough handling in the films? Now, rough treatment for the ladies is as old, in life, as sex itself. Being pinched in the rear is something to which even the nicest ladies have long been accustomed. It's all part of being a woman. The first time we saw a slinky, sinister female slapped in the pants by a worm-of-a-male who had turned, there was something satisfying in the spectacle—and the sound. The first time that female was *kicked* in the pants there was something more: it was soul-satisfying. After that, when Cagney merely thumped his molls in the jaw, the effect was anti-climactic.

It looked, and it still looks, as if the "proletarian" parts of the body had at last arisen and demanded their rights to representation in mass art.

This is healthy. It has its place, and that place is by no means an unimportant one. This sort of "unrefinement" is the best possible criticism of hollow dignity. But—and here, at last, I return to *Red, Hot and Blue*, and a type of entertainment that it symbolizes—it can overstep the mark. The human buttocks, in this musical comedy, became the plot itself! This was what Mr. Kaufman had been paving the way for with bathroom tiling! And it wasn't only Kaufman's bathroom tiling that figured here; it was his political malice, too, liberally diluted with toilet water. One hadn't thought that an entire musical comedy could be made to revolve around the behind of a girl that had been, in early childhood, imprinted with the design of a hot waffle iron, and that these finger prints (let us call them such) would be made the object of a nationwide search to establish the identity of the lass with the beautiful, if somewhat damaged, aspect.

It was Brooks Atkinson, I believe, who—in the columns of the New York *Times*, of all places!—first used the phrase "tap and tokus" art. How many *Times* readers except those of Jewish extraction, knew that "tokus" was an imperfect transliteration of the Yiddish word for one's behind? (Menken, in his *American Language*, has it "dokus," which is even more imperfect. Properly, the word is "tochus," with the *ch* sounded as in German. But let that pass.) The word had been brought into American English long before Atkinson used it; it may yet become a naturalized citizen, for, in *Red, Hot and Blue*, it is finally pronounced at a climactic moment, by a member of the United States government.

Now, in the interests of keeping the stage aphrodisiac, is it worth the trouble to elaborate such plots as these? Is this a face—I beg your pardon—to launch a thousand ships?

That the callipygian plot gets a loud laugh now and then is really beside the point. As I have hinted, we do not always really like what we laugh at. I am not concerned with what people call decency. I am thinking of getting the most fun out of a movie or a show. I am willing to guffaw at the sudden exposure of "dignity"; I am willing to see a girl spanked horizontally; I am willing to see her do a strip-tease vertically, or in any other direction; for all I care, she may come out in the altogether or in the all-apart. In the very interest of the pleasure or titillation that such sights may afford, I can't imagine myself enjoying an entire night at the theatre given over to nothing but this. Too much is more than plenty. A night devoted to the less attractive aspects of sex, not to speak of indigestive and excremental overtones, is a dose of saltpeter.

I am not referring to a single show; I have in mind a distinct trend in contemporary "amusement." For a time burlesque seemed about to become a fashion, and its "queens" were achieving the distinction of write-ups in dollar-a-copy magazines. I was brought up on burlesque, and there could have been worse schools than the famous Old Howard of Boston; here, on the tobacco-stained gallery slats, I spent many a newsboy's evening. Certainly I came away with no prejudice against an entertainment that I had outgrown. So, when the burlesque returned to vogue, I thought I'd look in on it again. What's the use of kidding oneself and trying to play Conrad in quest of his youth? There was a strip act (so named, at least) by one of the most beautiful women I have ever looked on. But the chorus girls that surrounded her! They made a noise on the runway that sounded like the cavalry in retreat. Callipygian? Say, rather, mastodonic, pachydermatous! And the humor? The new homosexuality.

I suppose there are men who get a kick out of this. Looking on at the spectacle of inversion they feel, not so much pity for the creatures who might have been men, had it not been for the dirty trick that Nature played upon them, as self-congratulation that they are one hundred per cent male. If so, okay. To each his notions about what is funny. But

Continued on page 178

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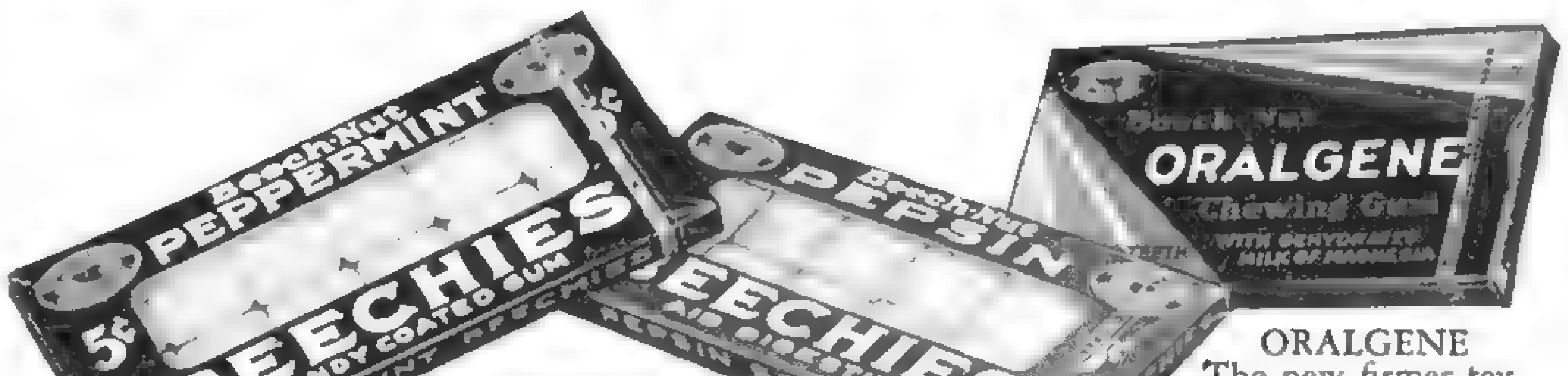
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Turn About Is Foul Play

Continued from pages 76-177

why does the same fellow go to a play like *The Captive*, or read a book like *The Well of Loneliness*, and yell "immoral!"

In the musical comedy that started these animadversions there were jokes—not an occasional one, but a sort of running commentary—alluding to homosexuality, to impotence, to masturbation. I have no objection to using Freud in a sophisticated manner for musical comedy, but when they drag Krafft-Ebing off the shelves, and threaten to work him in a three-hour shift, I become apprehensive. Morality is the last thing in my mind; I am thinking about matters of taste. A movie or a show should be at least as smart as its costumes, and from those selfsame costumes should learn the tricks of half-concealment. The human buttocks, or anus, is a fundament, inside the dictionary and out. But is it the foundation for a whole evening of wisecracks? The old formula used to be parlor, bedroom and bath. Is it to become bath, bath and bath?

It's just not funny. Nor is the procession of "homos," "morning glories," "fairies," and other such abnormal specimens, when they are dragged from their places as incidental passengers and invested with the captaincy of the ship. Is it an exclusively American way to deal with serious topics only in jest, and to revolt against serious treatment? A sober play about adultery, or about homosexuality, is half-taboo. Yet how long could our movies last without the fragrant perfumes of adultery?

This, too, is very human. Truths are spoken in jest, especially when convention frowns upon their earnest expression. What cannot come in by the front door, with a straight face, sneaks in through the back as a laugh. We need burlesque and travesty and musical comedy. We want Aristophanes and Rabelais and that therapeutic tribe not only as spiritual medication but as downright, irresponsible hell-raising, whether with ideas or with persons or vested ideologies. But there's a front to these gentlemen; they're not all behind. And there's health in these gentlemen; even a bit of poetry. They're not all inversion, perversion, decadence, prurience.

The late Frank Harris, while at work upon his *Autobiography*, wrote to me that he had made a start on the book and, after having read it over, rejected it. It was the work of a septuagenarian, he said, and what he was trying to recapture was the ardor of youth. Hereupon he made a fresh start and, supposedly, released every inhibition that had ever restrained his pen or thoughts. Certainly his tale, whatever its other qualities may be, cannot be criticized on the score of understatement. Seventy cannot simulate seventeen. But what amazed me in this series of exhibitions was the downright inability of Mr. Harris to write out in full the words "damn" and "hell." Every other four-letter word appeared undisguised; "damn" and "hell," however, were "d—n" and "h—l." I remember feeling that, for all the pornography in the three volumes, it was these two words that were, because of those very dashes, the only "unclean" part of the book.

It is not plays and movies and musical comedies with such genteel spellings that I'm looking for. I am not interested in "clean" shows and entertainments. When Harris dashed his "damns" and his "hells" he lost a great deal of my respect, for his nicety showed that although he could brave sexual convention, he was unequal to social etiquette and its effeteness. As a slogan, "To h—l with sexual orthodoxy!" somehow doesn't read convincingly. It's too much like "you s—n—f a b—tch," or some equally gutless typographical evasion.

I remember, too, a visit from Upton Sinclair and his son, David, at a time when Sinclair senior was having trouble with the Boston authorities over certain scenes in his novel, *Oil*. Wishing to make them feel at home, I took down a copy of some short stories by David Pinski, which I had translated from the Yiddish. Because of one of them, about the Rabbi Akiba and his temptations, the book had been banned by Sumner in New York. David glanced through the story—an innocent, *moral* tale about the retribution that is visited upon scholars who look too long into books and not long enough upon lasses—and suddenly exclaimed, "It deserved to be banned!" Yet here was his father, protesting against the condemnation of a petting scene in *Oil*,—a scene, as he explained to me, that was perfectly true, for he had got it from David, who in turn had got it from a friend of his!

That's what you call sexual authenticity.

That visit from the Sinclairs left me feeling strangely like the way those "d—ns" and "h—ls" made me feel. I don't want the Harrises or the Sinclairs writing my popular entertainment. A play without a behind is as bad as one that's all behind and nothing else. There are times when what we sit upon is an ass, and I don't mean an animal. But—and this is the point of these divagations—that much-maligned member should know its place, which is not an entire evening in the theatre. As for the jokes on the inversions, perversions, aberrations, unsuccessful digestion, and the rest, they should be used with discretion. The first time may be funny; the second and third easily become disgusting.

Let's keep our entertainment safe for Callipygian Venus, for our own sakes as well as hers. ⧺

★ ★ ★

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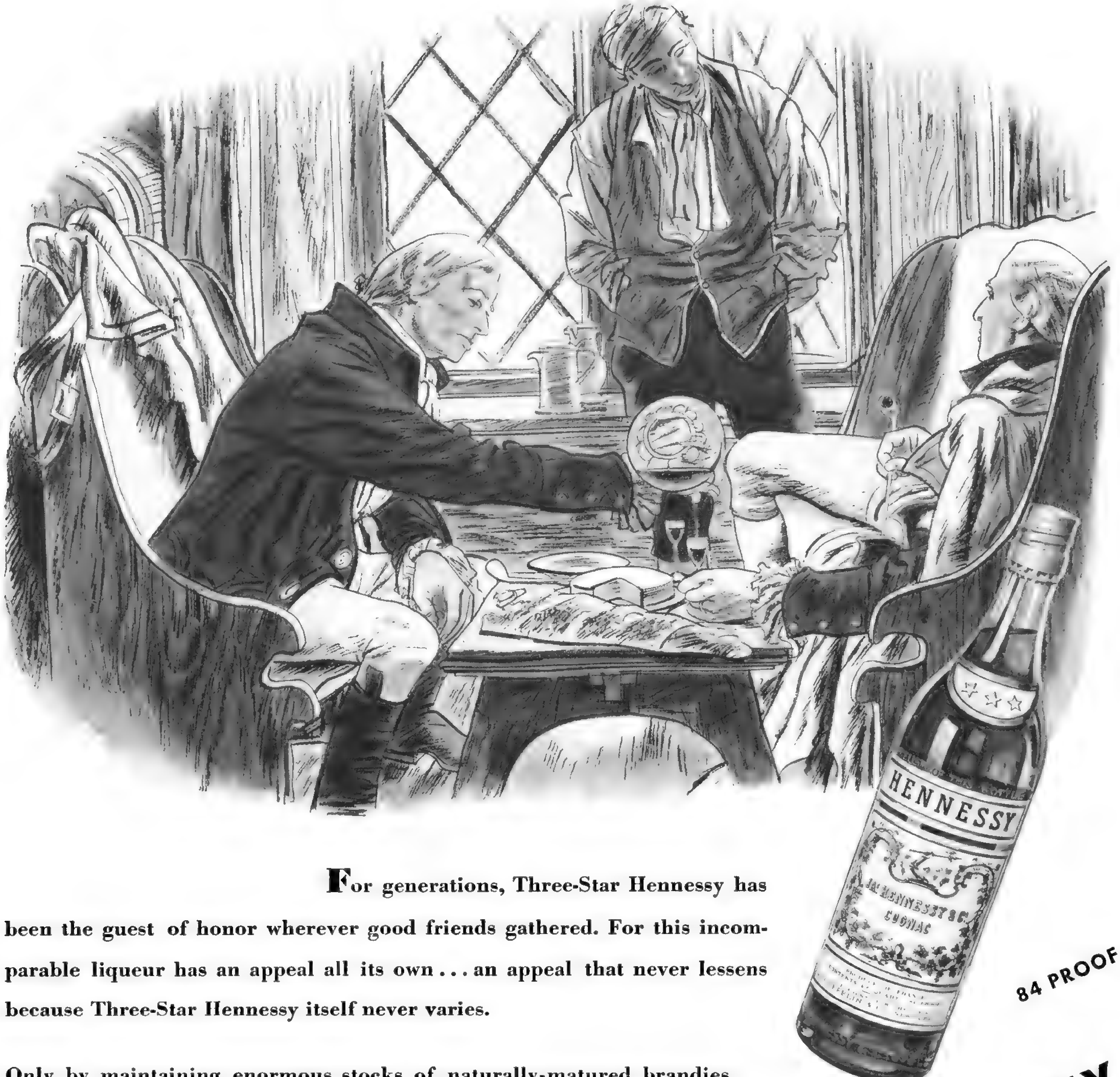

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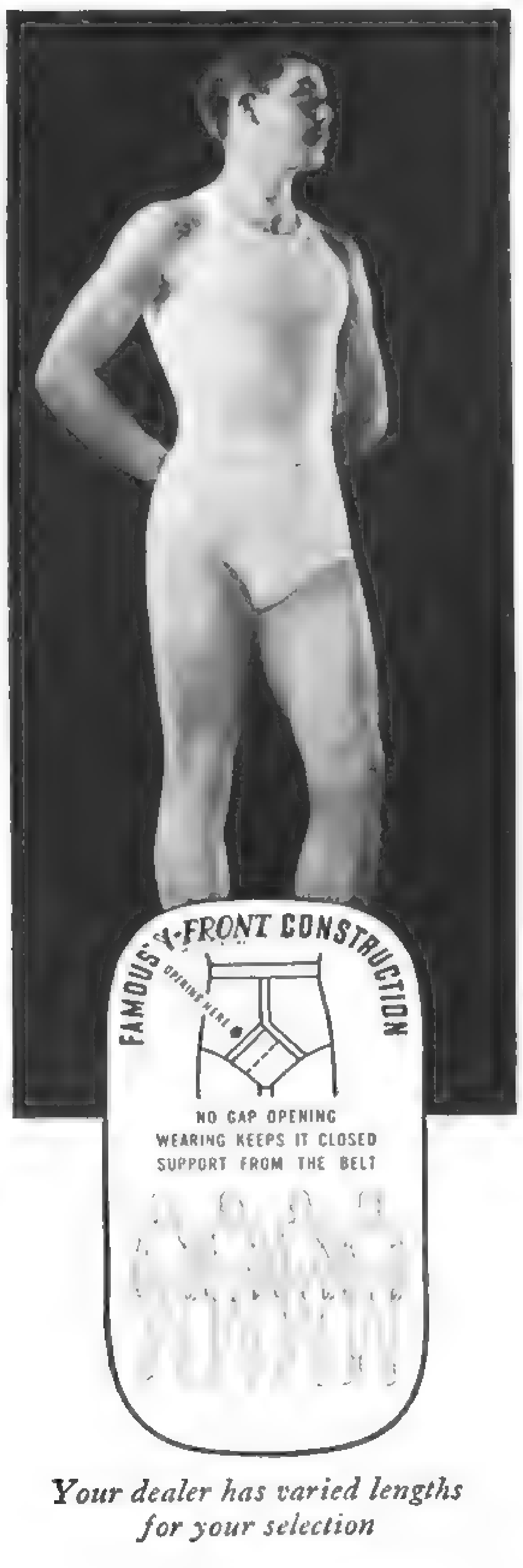

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This Tonsil Business

Continued from page 69

this clan from the staphlococcus family which are also similar to dots on the telegrapher's code, but appear irregularly clumped as ·.·.·.· or the bacillus family which appear as the dashes on the code thus - - - Just as the Jones family might have kids named Bill, Joe, Pat, Mike or Sam so the different members of the Streptococcus family also have different monikers. Some are mild mannered, others are real hard guys and it all depends on which member of the family has taken a fancy to you as to whether you're going to have smooth sailing or a bumpy ride. *Strep. Haemolyticus* and *Strep. Viridans* are the two toughest eggs in the outfit, so give them a wide berth, because occasionally they break loose and get into the blood stream and when that happens, Neighbor, you're in for a good going-over.

Now that we've gotten that all straightened out, let's see what happens in acute infections of the tonsils. Just as in pneumonia, a previous attack always makes the succeeding ones easier to catch. The same factors that predispose to head colds and sinus trouble also prevail here and assuming that you have reached your present ripe old age by knowing how to behave yourself, we won't go to the trouble of enumerating the various things people sometimes do to beat themselves up. You know the rules as well as I do. Of course, if you should fall heir to a bum throat in the act of being nipped by such things as influenza, measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria or trench mouth you get our profound sympathy instead of being bawled out.

The organisms usually start doing their stuff in some of the many small tunnels or crypts which are present in all tonsils. By rapid multiplication and by elaboration of their toxins they soon produce symptoms that send you to the cleaners. Usually the attack is ushered in by a chilly sensation and a feeling of *malaise.* When it's progressing full steam ahead, there is prostration with high temperature. In children the fever often mounts to 104 or 105 degrees. The glands at the angle of the jaw become swollen and tender, the breath is heavy and offensive and the voice thick and heavy.

Oh yes, I almost forgot to mention that the text books also say there is difficulty in swallowing. What they don't emphasize, though, is that horrible much-dreaded and constant desire to swallow and that lancinating pain that comes from trying to get those two red hot door knobs down the hatch which attempt is also accompanied by juicy stabs in the ears. But why linger longer contemplating the awful picture when it's all too familiar? I might say in passing, though, that if you are subject to these attacks frequently, ask your Doc to show you how to arrange an apparatus to give you massive hot saline throat irrigations in addition to the gargles. Gargling has been overrated as a remedy since experiments with colored fluids distinctly show that it frequently fails to reach all the affected areas especially when the back wall of the throat (pharynx) also joins the party. Here it's okey for you to take a few long tall ones if you can get them overboard as the indication is to get plenty of fluid inside.

After being punished several times by acute infections, the tonsils tend to become enlarged and the crypts become wider and deeper. These pockets then often house a cheesylike debris which has a peculiarly fetid, penetrating odor. Often times these yellowish plugs are dislodged into the mouth and you become conscious of their horrible taste and smell. In the depth of these crypts disease organisms find all the essential conditions of rapid growth; warmth, moisture and darkness, hence it is here they blossom and bloom and chronic infections of the tonsils develop. This can be demonstrated by putting pressure on the gland which often shows pus exuding from the crypts after the debris is expressed and is considered evidence that they're doing you no good.

Sometimes when you're below par and a very virulent organism pays you a call, there develops what is really the prize waltz of all this tonsil business. I refer to peritonsillar abscess which is just plain quinsy to youse guys. What happens is this—the tonsil is separated from the muscles used in swallowing by a thin white glistening membrane about as thin as a sheet of paper which is called the tonsil capsule. The bugs get down into one of the deep tunnels and forget to come back out. Their rapid multiplication leads to an inflammation which seals off the end of the tunnel so the process burrows its way deeper and deeper into the tonsil. Finally it reaches and breaks through the confining capsule and forms a deep abscess in the soft tissues of the neck. Now you've really got something besides time on your hands. The throat is markedly swollen and every time you swallow you feel as though you would tear yourself wide open. The jaw muscles are spasmed so you can't chew or talk; the soft palate is paralyzed so that everything you try to drink regurgitates through your nose; the pain is so bad you can't sleep, but outside of that you feel swell. Fortunately, prompt relief follows correct incision and drainage if instituted at the proper time.

We come now to the why and wherefore of removal of said offending organs. Just the mere fact that you still possess them is not sufficient reason so let me enumerate some of the definite indications for throwing them to the sharks. In youngsters we often see enlarged tonsils and adenoids causing a definite mechanical obstruction leading to mouth breathing, snoring and restlessness at night or recurrent sore throats, and discharging ears. Or perhaps there is continued enlargement of the glands in the neck, fevers and malnutrition when other factors have been eliminated. Patients may be diphtheria carriers or have suffered previous attacks of quinsy or an acute attack of tonsillitis may have been followed by a complication such as rheumatism or heart disease. There might also exist a disturbance in some other organ due to a focus and actual infection can be demonstrated in the tonsils. All of this would be considered weighty evidence by any qualified judge putting these rascals on trial for their lives.

Let us suppose now that for one of the foregoing or any other good reason you have been advised to part with yours and you agree to have them yanked. Probably the first thing you want to consider is the type of anesthetic. In children or whenever the adenoid has to be removed at the same time, general anesthesia is indicated. If you're sixteen or over, we try to sell you the idea of local anesthesia because in the first place it's cheaper. But if you have lotsay rocks and money is no object we still prefer local anesthesia because it's safer. Although a patient succumbs only rarely as a result of taking a general anesthetic it is by no means unusual to have cases of ether pneumonia or lung abscess develop. The possibility, I grant you, is a long shot, but why tempt Providence unnecessarily? You're also likely to lose less blood by the local route. Under general anesthesia a patient is completely relaxed and naturally the normal muscle tone and tension is eased. This means, then, that the blood vessels by loss of their tonicity do not contract as readily as when the normal tone is allowed to remain and as a result more oozing is likely to occur. Then, too, although you're going to have a hellish sore throat afterward either way, when this is combined with the nausea, dizziness and general blah feeling that comes to most people from ether—it's no picnic. Believe it or not, local anesthesia properly administered permits a practically painless procedure. I should know, my own were amputated that way.

Once you have reached the momentous decision and set the date for your coming-out party, you will be besieged by an army of well-wishers who will bombard you with so much advice and comment that soon you won't know whether you're coming or going. They'll tell you that you're a chump to take a local anesthetic because with it the operation is worse than being flayed alive or burned at the stake. They'll tell you that your doctor is a plumber and they know a guy who'll do the job for twenty bucks less; that the food and nursing service at the hospital you chose is terrible; that it's the wrong time of the moon to have the work done and that you have less than a 50-50 chance to escape hemorrhaging to death. Tell 'em all Three Little Words (not the same ones the song writers use) and listen only to your surgeon.

If you have faith enough in the lad to have him do the carving, certainly you can also trust his judgment in regard to the trimmings and you'll be in a better frame of mind if you don't listen to a lot of birds whose only medical training has been reading patent medicine ads or listening to Prof. Hoofnagel's Pink Pill Hour. This also applies when any other part of your anatomy requires separation from the whole.

We'll assume then that the fateful day has dawned and that you arrive at what seems to you to be the jumping-off place. If this is your first visit to a hospital, you don't like the place from the start and before you've been in very long you feel the same urge in the leg muscles that a doughboy does when the enemy's barrage begins to descend—you wanna git the hell away from there. If you have a few pals along who are speaking in hushed voices and viewing you with a combination dying-calf wasn't-he-a-swell-guy expression it helps no end. While you're still trying to figure out whether you should beat it and take the razzing at the office or stay and dig in, a nurse pushes a hypodermic needle into your hide and gives you the works.

This usually contains morphine to quiet your nerves, allay your apprehension and promote your feeling of well-being if such a thing is possible. It also contains atropine, a drug which dries up the salivary secretions and keeps you from flooding the operating room later. In about twenty or thirty minutes you are led, or I should say wheeled, to the lethal chamber. You're agreeably surprised by the air of easy informality that prevails. The tense drawn faces that you expected to see are pleasant and smiling if it isn't too late in the day. Presently your executioner walks in and things get under way.

If you're one of those chaps that makes sounds like a sea lion or imitates a seasick landlubber when anybody asks you to say AH, you will probably have your throat swabbed with some preparation to abolish the gag reflex and make it easier for both of you. Then the area around both tonsils is infiltrated with some local anesthetic combined with adrenalin. The latter is used because it causes blood vessels to constrict and become smaller. This makes for less bleeding and gives the surgeon a better view of his field. The drug also acts as a heart stimulant and this plus the excitement might cause your heart to gallop along about a mile a minute. When you call your doc's attention to this fact he will probably grin and

Continued on page 182

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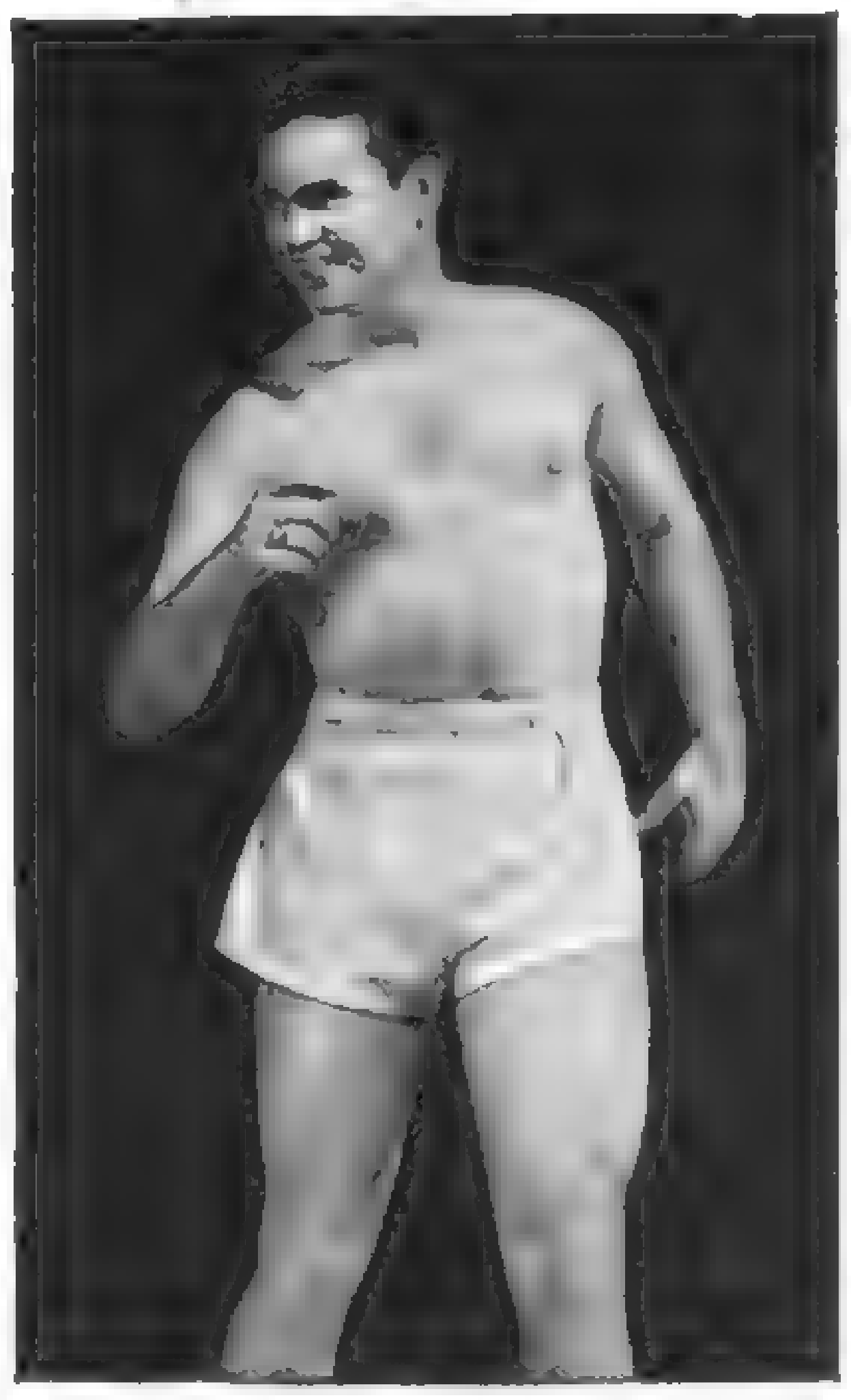

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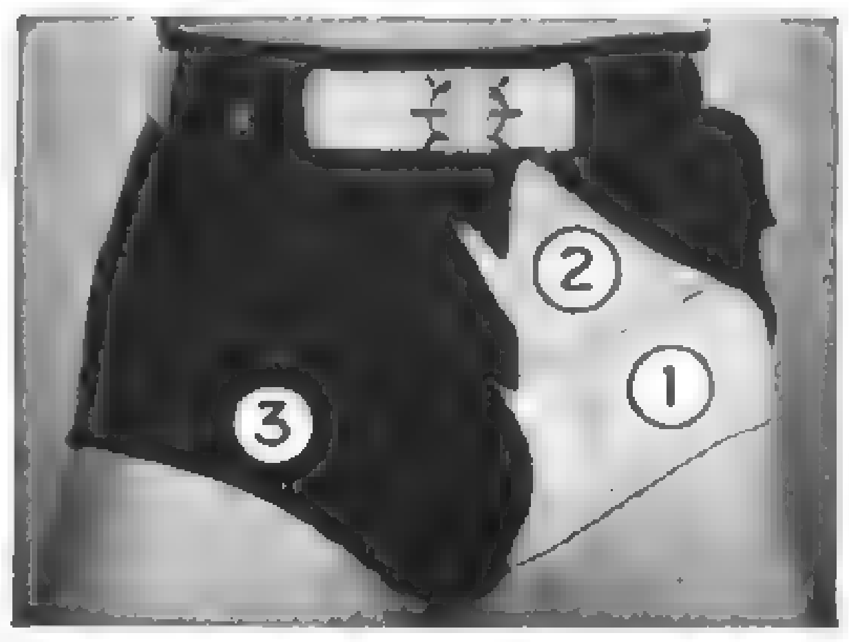

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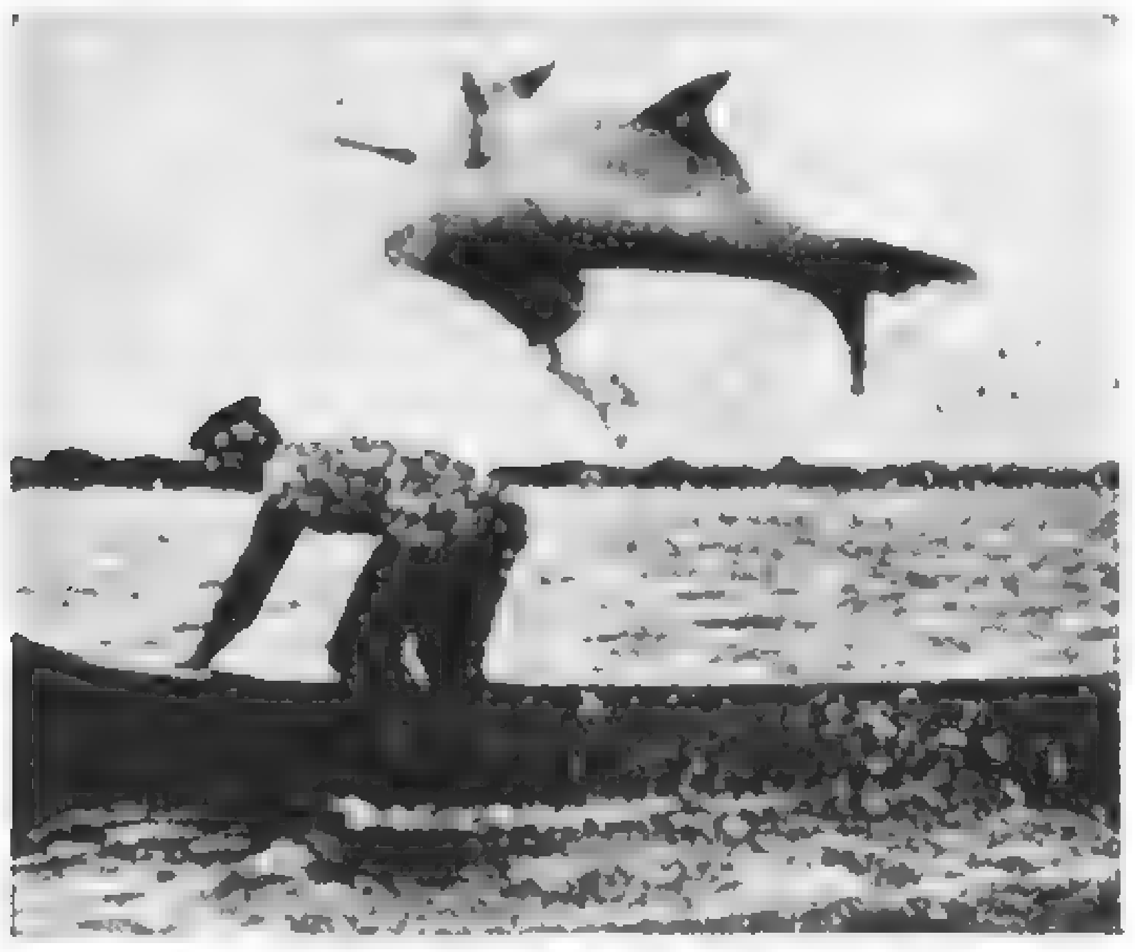
Right: Anglers and prize winning Tarpon on the Useppa Inn pier.
Below: Action photos of a leaping Tarpon taken near Useppa Island.



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This Tonsil Business

Continued from pages 69-181

say, "Think nothing of it, son. Let her ramble, but if she stops let me know."

Just a few tips now as to how you can get over the jumps easier. Forget all about your tongue and breathe through your mouth with shorter breaths than usual. That sounds easy and most patients get the hang of it just about the time you wind up the operation. The injection of the anesthesia causes a transient paralysis of the soft palate and uvula (the gadget that hangs down in the middle of your throat) and causes them to fall against the back wall preventing the air from coming in via the usual route. This often gets patients panicky, hence the advice about breathing through your mouth.

If your surgeon is smooth, you behave yourself, and nothing unforeseen happens, the thing is over before you know it. In fact, you're disappointed because it didn't at all come up to your expectations of drama and fierce intensity. Occasionally hemorrhage delays the game, but you don't have to lie awake nights worrying about it, because fortunately it doesn't happen often. It's generally nobody's fault and is due to the fact that veins and arteries sometimes take uncharted courses or break open at some time following the operation. Of course, we always bear in mind and examine for such general conditions as extremely high blood pressures and acute infections and also blood disturbances like anaemia, leukemia and hemophilia which are all notorious in causing free bleeding. The coagulation time of the blood is always taken, and in most adults, whether indicated or not, several days advance medication is given with preparations that tend to shorten the coagulation time of the blood. Here as in many other situations, blondes and red heads cause the surgeon lots of grief. You see the walls of the blood vessels have three coats: a smooth inner lining, a middle muscle layer and finally an outer fibrous layer. When a blood vessel is cut through, it retracts and the muscle layer contracts and clamps down and in that way decreases the caliber of the vessel and slows down its flow. The aforementioned indispensables have a thinner muscle layer in their blood vessels than the brunettes, hence sometimes cause a little more difficulty when it comes to the prompt arresting of hemorrhage. Most surgeons are careful to spend an extra ten minutes or more if necessary to make sure the field is dry before the patient is returned to his quarters, but the victims themselves often bring on this at times troublesome complication by talking too much, coughing or clearing their throats forcibly, thereby dislodging newly formed clots in the vessels. After you get back to your room, like everywhere else, you're not so likely to get in a jam if you keep the trap closed.

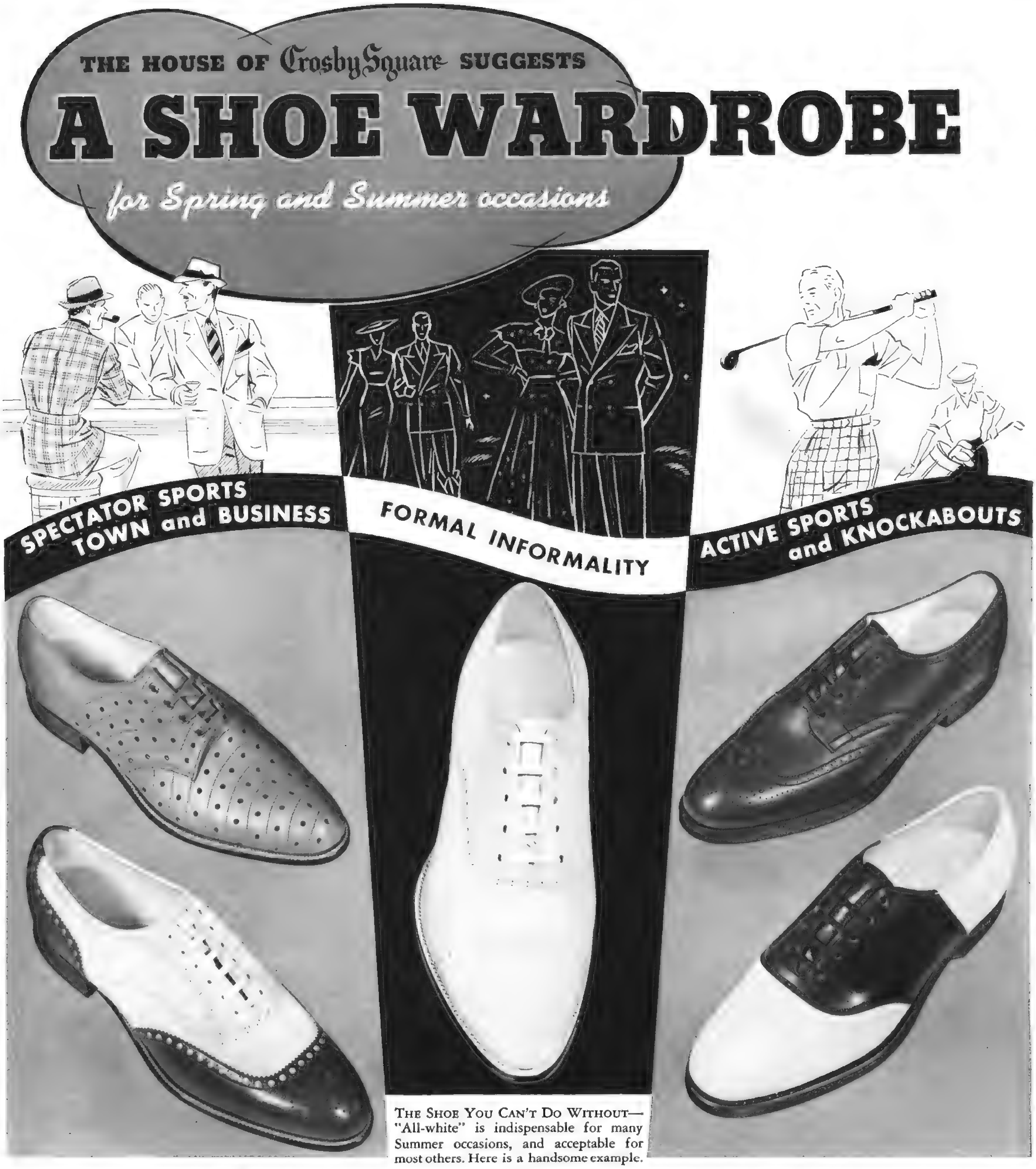
You'll feel pretty well the next morning and will probably stow away a pretty good breakfast, but don't lead the cheers too soon. Sometimes the third and fourth days are terrors, but after that the pain and discomfort gradually eases away and by about the tenth day you should be better than ever. Now let's see what else you should know. Oh yes—if you're up gargling some time in the middle of the night after you get home and happen to look down and see some white patches where your tonsils used to be, don't get frantic and call your doctor and tell him you think you have diptheria to come a-running. This membrane forms in every case operated on, is perfectly normal, persists about ten days and then disappears.

Maybe you'll also want to know if you can expect your tonsils to grow back again. They won't if they've been cleanly and completely removed. They don't have roots like plants, but there is a tail-like projection from the bulk which often grows down alongside the tongue and is sometimes missed. This later enlarges and leads to the impression that the tonsil has returned, but if all has been taken out, so it remains and never returns.

Sometimes singers and public speakers want to know how the operation will affect their voices. If you're an operatic star with a grand reputation, I'd rather you'd go to somebody else to have the job done, because sure as fate after it's all over, you'll swear I ruined your meal ticket. The exact outcome is unknown in any case. The usual result is that the voice is altered a bit, but this can be overcome by training, leaving a net result which is better than the original. Extreme care must be exercised in these cases not to damage the pillars or surrounding structures which might lead to permanent modification of the voice. Outside of being temperamental, these patients are usually swell to work on as their voice training has taught them to keep the tongue down in the floor of the mouth and you don't have to chin yourself on this unruly member to keep it out of the way.

You might also want to know what brand of cigarettes you should smoke during your convalescence. In view of the maze of advertising claims in the periodicals, over the air and in the form of high-class testimonials, I hesitate to raise my feeble voice on the question except to say that if you happen to run across a brand which allows you to smoke a bushel and still feel fresh as a daisy, let me know. I've been looking for just that for years.

I see School's Out again so here's wishing you a Happy Landing when you go to the mat for your bout with this tonsil business. ⧺


THE HOUSE OF Crosby Square SUGGESTS
A SHOE WARDROBE
for Spring and Summer occasions
SPECTATOR SPORTS TOWN and BUSINESS
FORMAL INFORMALITY
ACTIVE SPORTS and KNOCKABOUTS

THE SHOE YOU CAN'T DO WITHOUT—"All-white" is indispensable for many Summer occasions, and acceptable for most others. Here is a handsome example.

AN EXTRA PAIR FOR THE DOG DAYS — An "air conditioned" shoe in genuine pigskin — proving that hot-weather comfort *can* be a mark of distinction.

☆

SUNTAN — A new, summery shade, combined with white—in a variation from the conventional wing-tip design. Typical of the companion pair which is almost a "must" to go with your "dressy" all-white shoes.

★ American gentlemen long ago adopted the Britisher's idea that having a shoe wardrobe means more than owning one or two *extra* pairs of shoes — it means having the *correct* shoe for every occasion. So they gave a hearty welcome to the Crosby Square idea, which makes it easy to own a wardrobe of shoes. The house of Crosby Square simply reproduces the custom-made shoes seen at the world's most fashionable gathering places — and makes the reasonable claim that Authentic Fashion needn't cost you more.

Crosby Square
Authentic Fashions

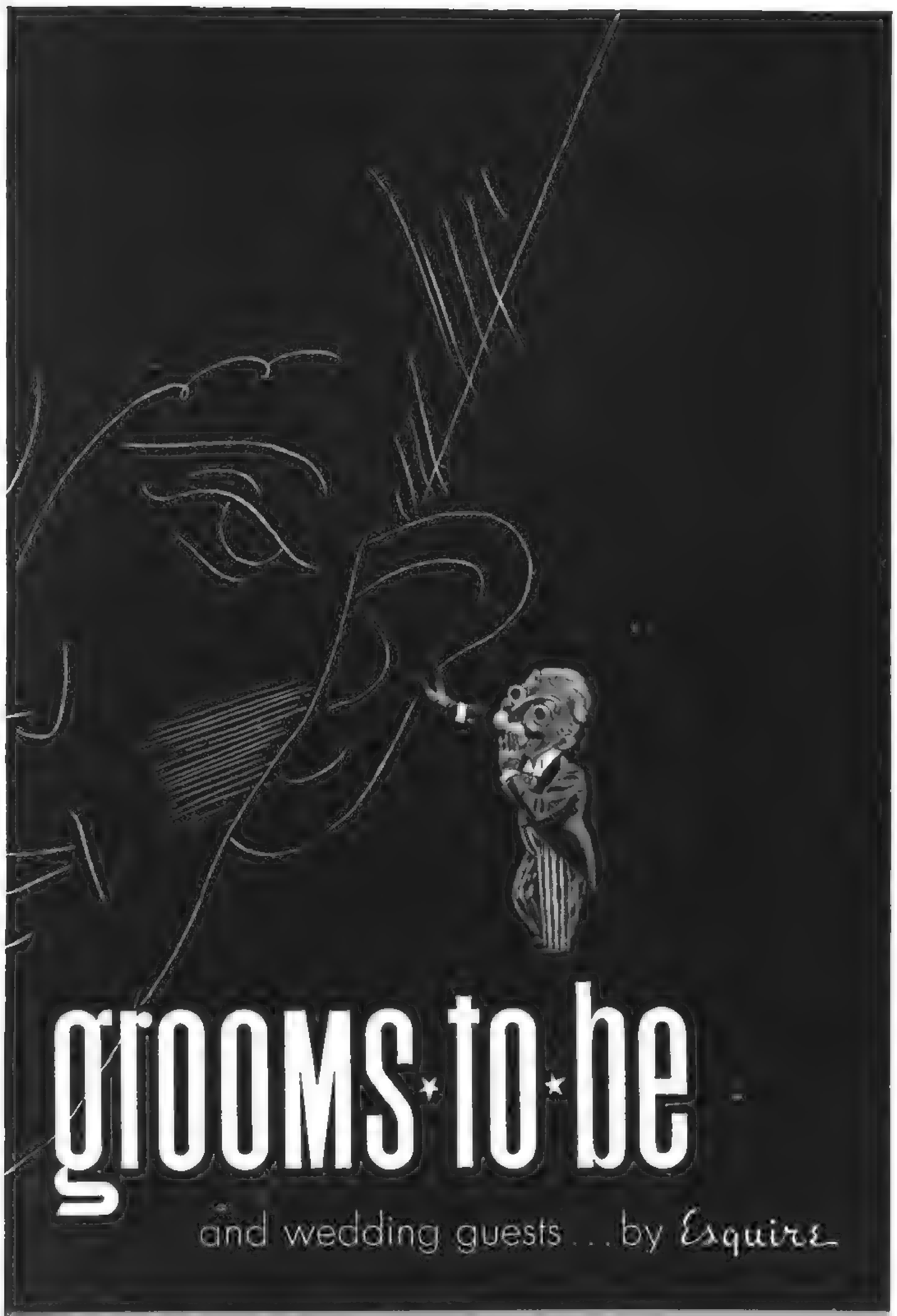
To assist you in choosing a wardrobe of Shoes for Occasions, an illustrated folder, "What's What for Your Shoe Wardrobe," will be sent to you free of charge. Write WALTER BOOTH SHOE COMPANY—"The House of Crosby Square" — Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to send on your copy.

ABOVE PAR — Pros and dubs agree on the merits of this Crosby Square golf shoe, in pliable Sport Moor leather. Riveted spikes in sole and heel.

☆

GENERAL UTILITY — A light, cool shoe for general knockabout wear. White upper leather—contrasting saddle in rich brown calfskin — red rubber sole to give you a firm grip underfoot, on deck or sod.

$5^{00} TO $6^{50} — FLEXIBLE CONSTRUCTION $7^{50} AND UP


grooms·to·be
and wedding guests . . . by Esquire

send for Esquire's wedding whys and wear-fors

★ Weddings being what they are, there is no compromising correct practice in the matter of attire . . . whether the wedding's formal, informal, or semi-formal, evening or day, in town or country. "Grooms-To-Be And Wedding Guests" by ESQUIRE, not only puts you right at ease in the matter of authentic clothes—it goes further. The bachelor dinner, the rehearsal, the ceremony, the procession, the reception and its customs, even gifts to the ushers and the selection of the ring, all receive painstakingly adequate attention. It even hints helpfully of appropriate resorts to visit on the honeymoon. If you're a prospective groom, an incipient best man, an eager usher—or just going to a wedding—this booklet will prove invaluable.

★ *"grooms-to-be and wedding guests" by Esquire comes to you for 25c in stamps.*

Esquire
366 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Most Static Is Mental

Continued from page 83

television tooth: I get all of the programs that are broadcast through that tooth!"

You mustn't get the idea, however, that all the complaints a broadcaster receives are based on insanity. One man wrote in to say that a soprano's high note had shattered a glass vase on his table—another was sore because his supper had been burned three nights while his wife listened to a pet program.

"Why can't you," he suggested constructively, "have your announcers pause at intervals between 4 and 5 p. m. to remind their housewife listeners that supper is on the stove?"

A gentleman from Ohio protested genially that the bellowing of a bull in one program was so excellent that his two police dogs nearly wrecked the radio set—the secretary of a letter carriers' association wrote a terse request to one sponsor, to wit:

"Will you kindly stop broadcasting on the evening of the third Tuesday of each month so we can get the members of our local out to their monthly meeting?"

From Pittsburgh a woman wrote Floyd Gibbons to say: "Two Sundays ago I was so wrapped up in your broadcast that I didn't notice the dog eating the two canary birds—last Sunday your description of a falling airplane was so vivid that I never realized my house was on fire until the smoke came pouring into the room. Please send me your photograph."

As for requests, they get some pippins. A lady whose husband is away at sea writes WJZ to send her a nice, gentleman boarder because she is young and lonesome—a kid in the fifth grade says, "I know teeth has something to do with sanitation so send me 48 booklets about clean teeth for all the children in my class."

A lad from Pennsylvania writes: "I have an awful time with mother. She made me wear my sheepskin coat on Tuesday, the 26th, while all the other boys were wearing thin sweaters. Please give me your advice." And a fifteen-year old maid in Rochester takes pen in hand to ask for a booklet on complexion culture because while "I am quite popular with both sex, I feel that I will lose my popularity because I am losing my youthfulness."

Perhaps the prize letter of them all, however, came to Groucho Marx from a woman living not far out of New York.

"In your broadcast just completed," it said, "you offered to send Chico to anyone for $2.00 and yourself for $3.00. I am an elderly lady of retiring habits, etc., and although I do not consider you a bargain, I am enclosing $5.00 for both of you. Kindly call Belleton 4-1258 and you will be made comfortable."

Worthy of a blue ribbon, at least—unless you prefer to award it to the good lady who wrote to complain that although she had purchased two pounds of Chase & Sanborn's dated coffee, she had so far failed to detect the slightest flavor of a date in it!

Gifts, of course, also add to the activities of the NBC mail room—which on its most hectic day handled over 100,000 letters and packages!—and some of them pack their own surprises. Joe Penner got at least two live ducks during his appearances on the air and Amos 'n' Andy once got a live dog while Madame Queen received a fur coat from an "admirer"—also somewhat alive since it had obviously been snatched from an ash can!

Not all gifts are jokes, however. One time a singer who did a special number in response to a telephone request received a check for $1,000 in the next morning's mail. And on another occasion a vocalist who sang the favorite song of a total stranger's dying mother was astonished next day to have a crew of truckmen appear at his apartment with a brand new grand piano "as a token of appreciation."

In point of quantity, though, Floyd Gibbons still holds the gift record at NBC. Just before Christmas last year he made some crack in a broadcast about his misfortune at having to spend the Yuletide all by himself in a New York hotel room—and for the next few days a veritable stream of Christmas presents poured in to swamp the place.

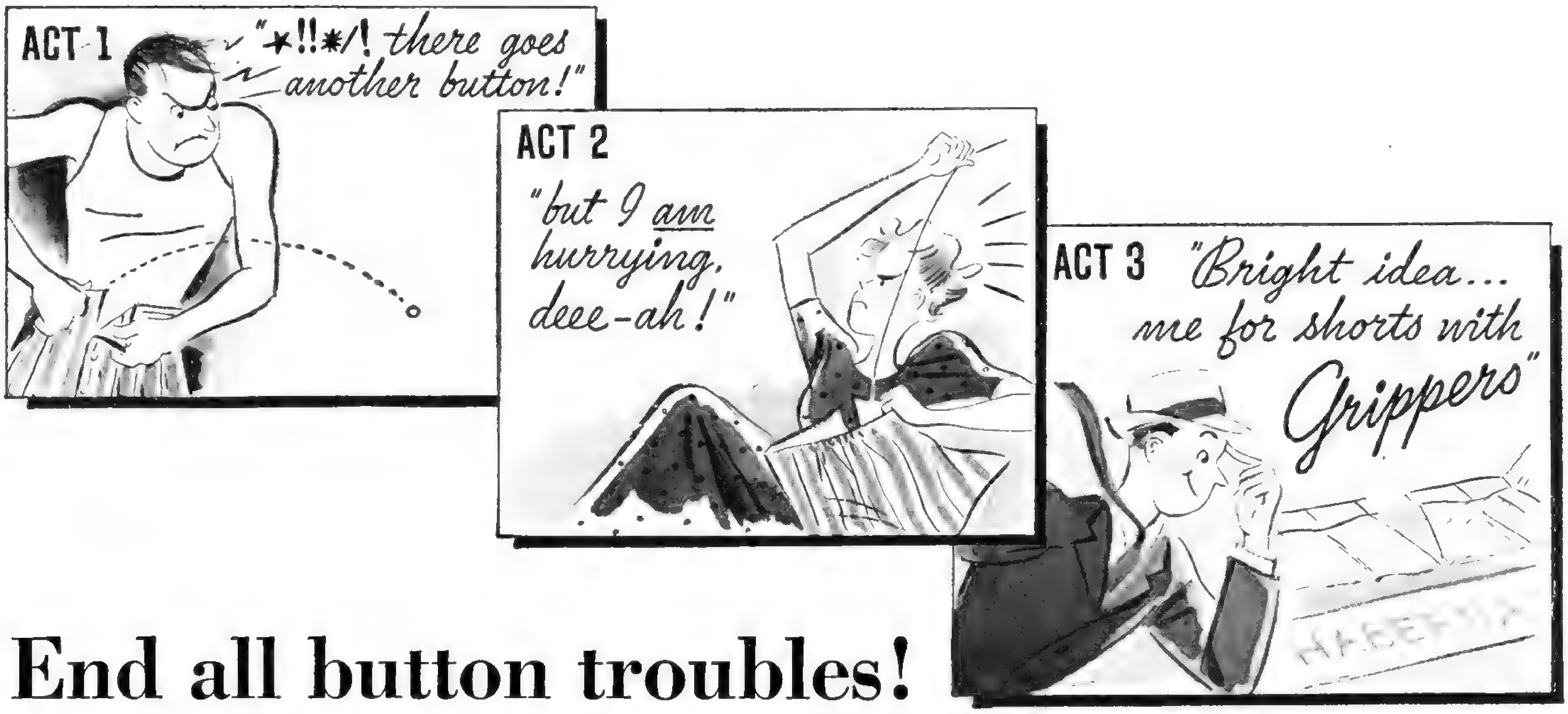
But in with the gifts and the knocks—one fellow wrote a letter on an eight-inch block of wood so the "blockheads who ignored two previous communications might take notice"—and the telegrams and the mail, comes a more or less steady run of fantastic people with fantastic ideas. A very serious gentleman arrived one day with a bill for one million dollars for services rendered in "clearing the ether of static." A woman wanted damages because NBC's powerful radio machinery took program ideas right out of her head; another filed a royalty claim on the grounds that she had copyrighted the idea of radio advertising.

One time an aged, toothless old lady appeared at the studios for an audition and, rather than hurt her feelings by a brusque denial, they gave her a try-out. In a most deplorable fashion she recited some chosen bits from *She Stoops to Conquer*, and then, after taking her name, etc., they got rid of her as gently as possible.

Imagine the Legal Department's surprise some months later at receiving a letter from the woman threatening suit because in the interim some artist on some program had recited portions of her own, private act, *She Stoops to Conquer!*

Obviously, the mail—and the telephone and telegraph, as well—are productive of much merry

Continued on page 187


ACT 1
"*!!*/! there goes another button!"
ACT 2
"but I am hurrying, deee-ah!"
ACT 3
"Bright idea... me for shorts with Grippers"
HABERDA

End all button troubles! ..buy shorts with *Grippers*

New kind of fastener stays on forever . . . guaranteed to fasten shorts *snugly, neatly always.* Grippers can't rip off . . . can't crush or break

No wonder men prefer Grippers to buttons! They save time. They can't tear off. They do away with ripped buttonholes. That's why men are hurrying to stores where the new Wilson Shorts with Grippers are on sale.

This new type of fastener was created especially for men. Grippers will stand any amount of abuse. They're indestructible—won't smash down—won't rust.

Here's why: The Gripper stud is almost *solid* metal. And the spring catch is circled with a heavy guard that keeps the flexible inner catch from flattening down. Made of nickel-plated brass, durably enameled on top and bottom to give a dressy finish.

It's important to insist on Grippers. (Name stamped on every fastener.) No other fastening device is so sturdy, so troubleproof.

Grippers are approved by the American Institute of Laundering

After a series of severe tests, the Institute reports that Grippers fasten shorts perfectly after repeated washing and pressing—that they're rustproof—that they place no undue stress on the garment that might tear fabric.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein

SCOVILL

SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY • Button and Fastener Division • Waterbury, Connecticut

Grippers are now featured on WILSON Nobelt Super Shorts

. . . more comfortable, more practical than ordinary shorts in *three* ways . . . No cutting crotch seam . . . str-e-t-c-h-able Faultless Nobelt waistband . . . and *Grippers* to end all button troubles. *Buy today* at leading men's wear stores and departments. *Plain and novelty patterns,* 65c to $1.

WILSON BROTHERS
Chicago • New York • San Francisco

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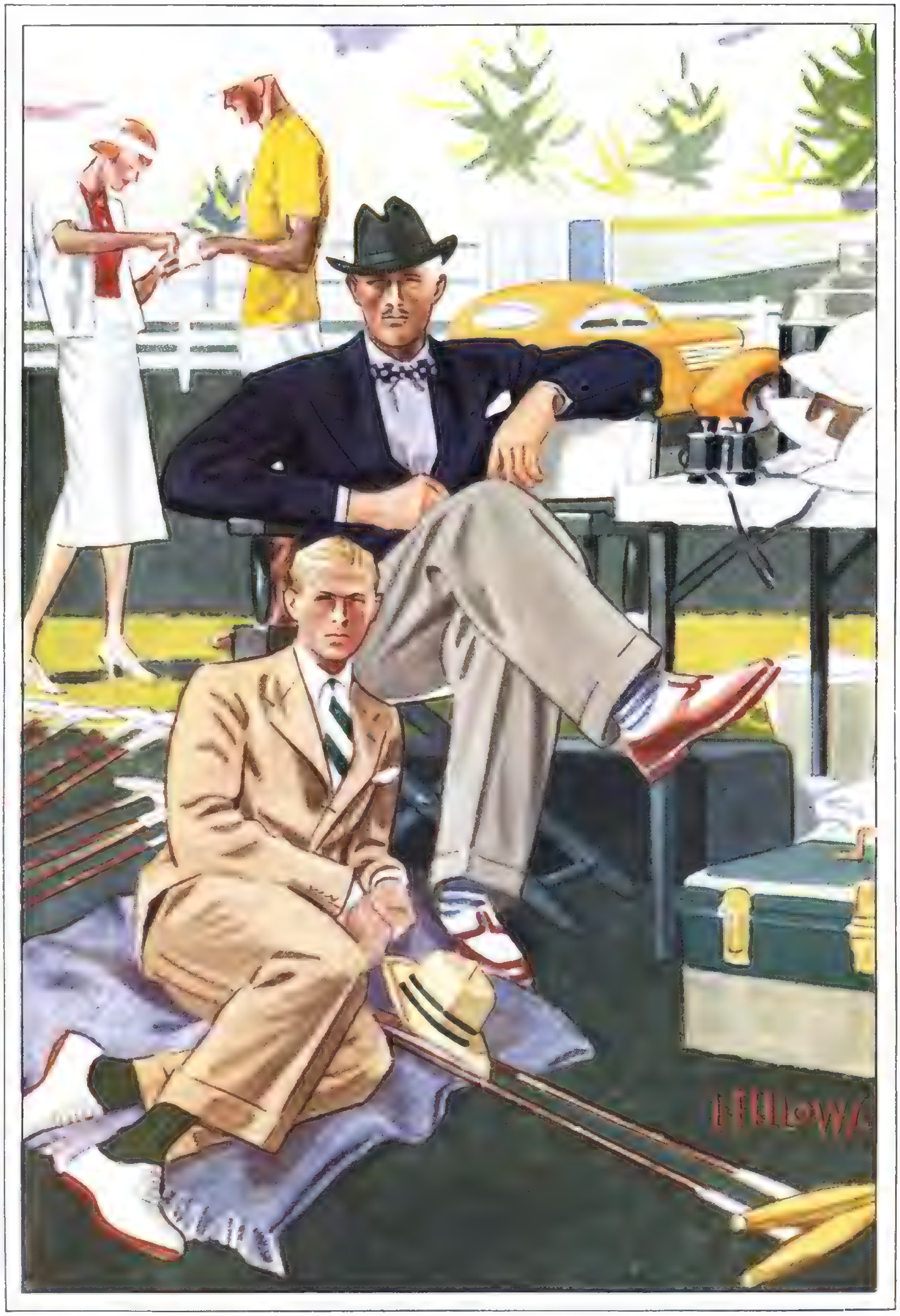


THE AFTERNOON OF A MATCH AT DEL MONTE

California's coming-of-age as an international fashion center is an accomplished fact of sufficiently long standing to require no further comment as to the locale of this scene. Suffice it to say that the clothes worn by the well dressed here are those worn by the well dressed the world over. The seated man wears a double-breasted blue blazer type of jacket with black flat-top buttons, an item that has become so popular at southern resorts that it has been taken up for most informal summer occasions outside of town. Grey flannel slacks, light-weight wool hose, brown and white Norwegian model shoes. Blue madras soft collared shirt with large shaped spotted blue foulard bow tie. The light-weight green felt hat is the new cavalier shape from London. In the foreground, a natural gabardine suit with accessories suitable for either town or country (except for the white buckskin shoes).

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Most Static Is Mental

Continued from pages 83-184

consternation in the studios.

"THE MONEY THAT HAS BEEN LOANED INSIDE AND OUTSIDE OF AMERICA" one wire reads, "IS THE MONEY THAT BELONGS TO THE ORIGINAL HARMONY WIRELESS LADY AS YOU KNOW IS NOW AND HAS BEEN USED ON ALL YOUR ASSOCIATED STATIONS I AM SOLE OWNER ORIGINATOR AND CREATOR INFORM ME OF YOUR INTENTIONS."

What would you make of that? Or of this one—127 words, day rates:

SENT WARNING NOVEMBER FOURTEENTH NINETEEN THIRTY THREE NOT TO BE ROBBED FROM FAMILY K........ AND DAUGHTER N........ ALSO DAUGHTER A........ NOT TO BE ROBBED THIS FAMILY HAS BEEN RUNG INTO BROADCAST STATION—FROM NEGROES WHO CLAIMED TO BE OUR SISTERS HAVE STOP PUT TO THIS AND ALSO BROADCASTER OF STATION—AND H........ WHO CLAIMS THEIR FAMILY TO BE OURS AWAITING YOUR REPLY IMMEDIATELY THAT YOU HAVE ANNOUNCED ON—ALSO—AND THAT YOU HAVE TOLD THEM TO STOP MISREPRESENTATION OR DAMAGE SUIT FOR ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS WILL FOLLOW AGAINST BROADCAST STATIONS UNDER NATIONAL BROADCASTING MANAGEMENT AGAINST—AND—AND—ANSWER BY WESTERN UNION IMMEDIATELY.

Pathetic, indeed, as the evidence of a frothing brain. But what would you say if you got a neatly typed letter, done by a stenographer on the stationery of a local bar association, objecting in no uncertain terms to the station's custom of using surnames in radio interviews? This struck the correspondent as deplorable and his final word was: "A careful checkup of this man's interviews is being made, and if he does not improve, there will be Hell raised."

The signature was that of a man whose name was imprinted on the letterhead among the officers of the bar association!

Complaints, of course, come in under all headings from those who protest against the Communistic influence of the broadcasters to those who object to the Capitalistic domination of the air waves. Some are mild—some are profane and obscene—some are, let us say, a trifle impolite like the disgruntled "inventor" who took his pen in hand to say that one of the principal stockholders was "a damned, dirty, stinking bubonic plague rat." Many of the tirades are aimed at the corporation in general because it is a corporation, but they are harmless indeed compared to those directed at individuals. Not only are various outstanding performers the targets, but the announcers, too, get their share of grief. One of them—a happily married, thoroughly respectable fellow—lived on pins and needles for a long time because some female admirer whom he had never seen persisted in telephoning his wife and giving her the most erotic accounts of her "relations" with the announcer-husband.

The radio, certainly, brings out the complexes: the persecution complexes, the wish-fulfillment dreams, even the Napoleonic quirks. One gentleman, the author of a religious book, sent a copy of the volume to WEAF so they might broadcast excerpts from it. They returned it, with thanks, but in the next mail it was back again with this terse note:

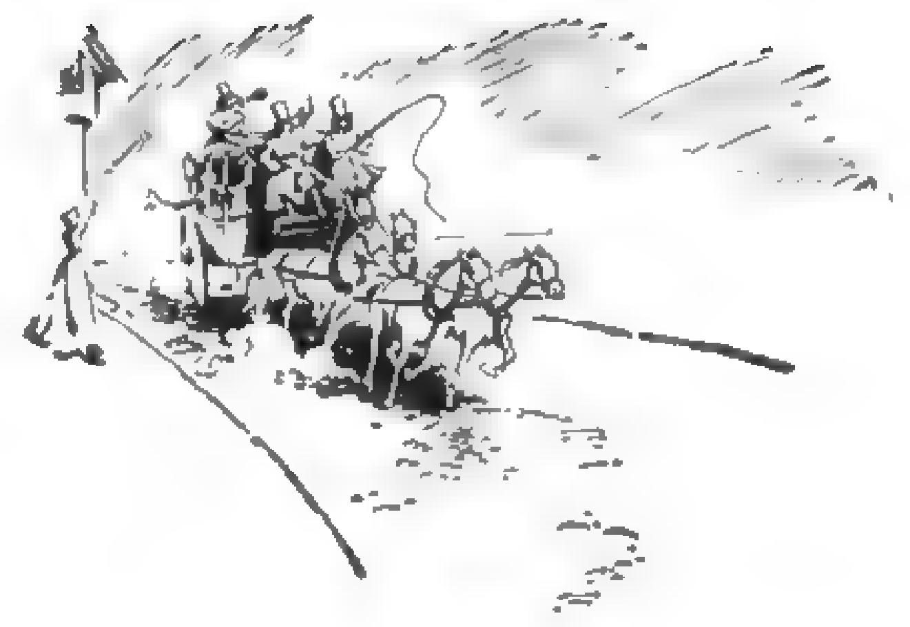
"Do not return this book to me any more. You broadcast this message for 26 weeks and do not argue with me about God. Announce at the outset that this book and other interesting tracts can be obtained by writing to the undersigned, and you announce the address plainly."

Cranks they are, without a doubt, and as such their grievances inevitably reach the specialist who files them away with a bale of others with a tolerant understanding. He knows what to do with them—and, what is usually more important, what not to do. As a human being he cannot help reacting sympathetically to the pitiful undercurrent of hallucination which stamps most of them as daytime nightmares.

But the one which stands out above all the rest in its urgent demand for constructive action and heartfelt sympathy is the impassioned plea from a landlord beseeching the National Broadcasting Company to cease and desist from continuing these god-damned setting-up exercises in the morning.

Every tenant in the house, it seemed, was a devotee of the daily dozen to music. And when the entire household arose from its bed and proceeded to go through the prescribed calisthenics in relentless unison, the rhythm of the mass movement not only shook the plaster from the ceilings but threatened to topple the whole structure from its foundations!

Clearly, not all of the squawks which go to the Crank Expert are imaginary! ⧻



One of the oldest traditions in the world is the hospitality of the hotel or inn. William Shenstone expressed it when he scratched upon the window pane of the Red Lion Inn on the Thames: "Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round, Where'er his stages may have been, May sigh and think he still has found, The warmest welcome at an inn."

Nowhere, among the great modern hotels, is that friendly tradition more in evidence than at the Savoy-Plaza. Here it finds expression in the services of a staff which makes your comfort their personal concern, and in a cuisine renowned among epicures.

SAVOY-PLAZA

FIFTH AVENUE, 58th to 59th STS.
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Henry A. Rost, Managing Director SP George Suter, Resident Manager

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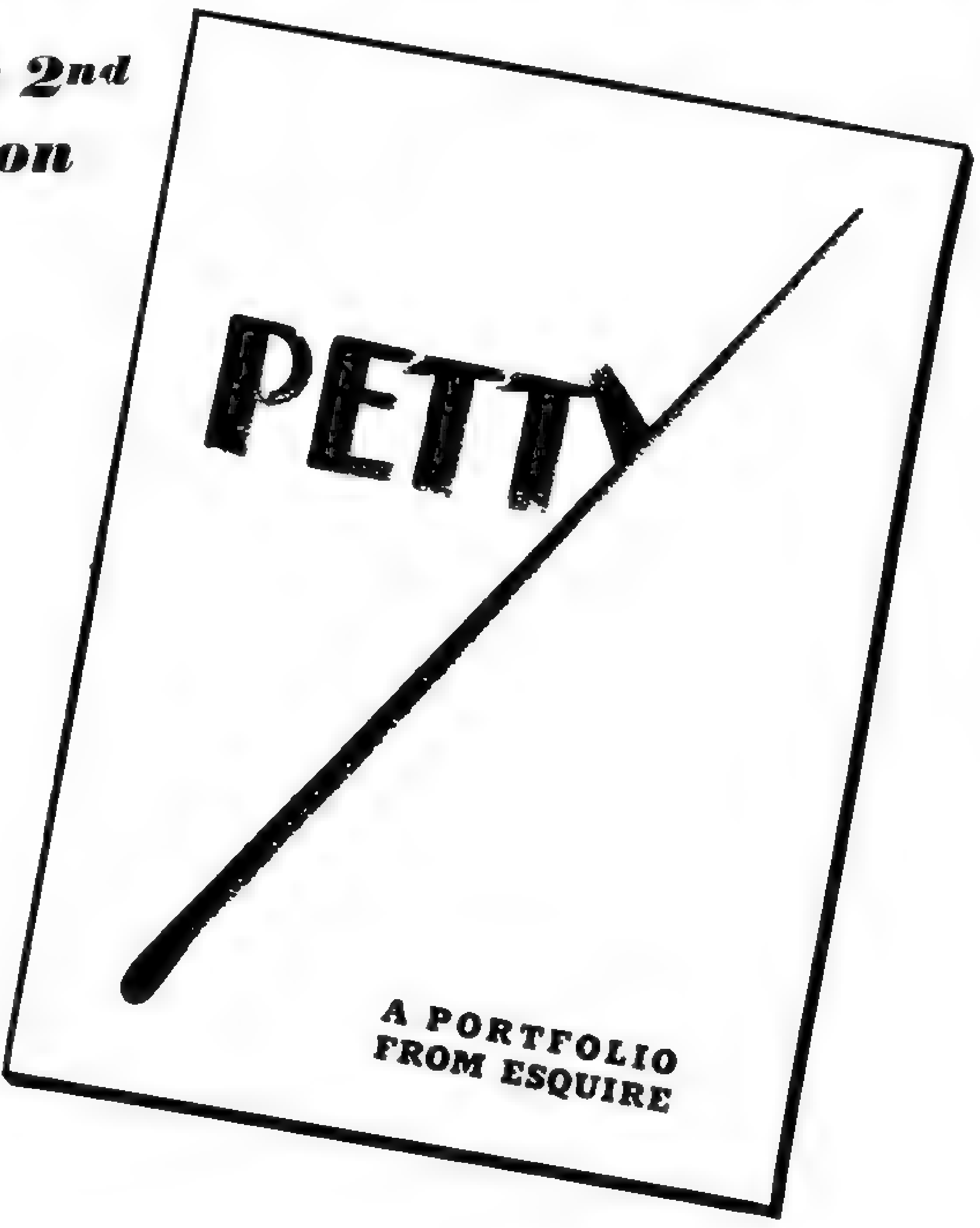

Copies of the Petty Portfolio—containing all the best Petty cartoons since the first issue of ESQUIRE—are now available in a limited second edition. The drawings are reproduced in full color, printed in portfolio style on one side of the sheet only. U. S. orders only, $2.00 per copy, in advance.

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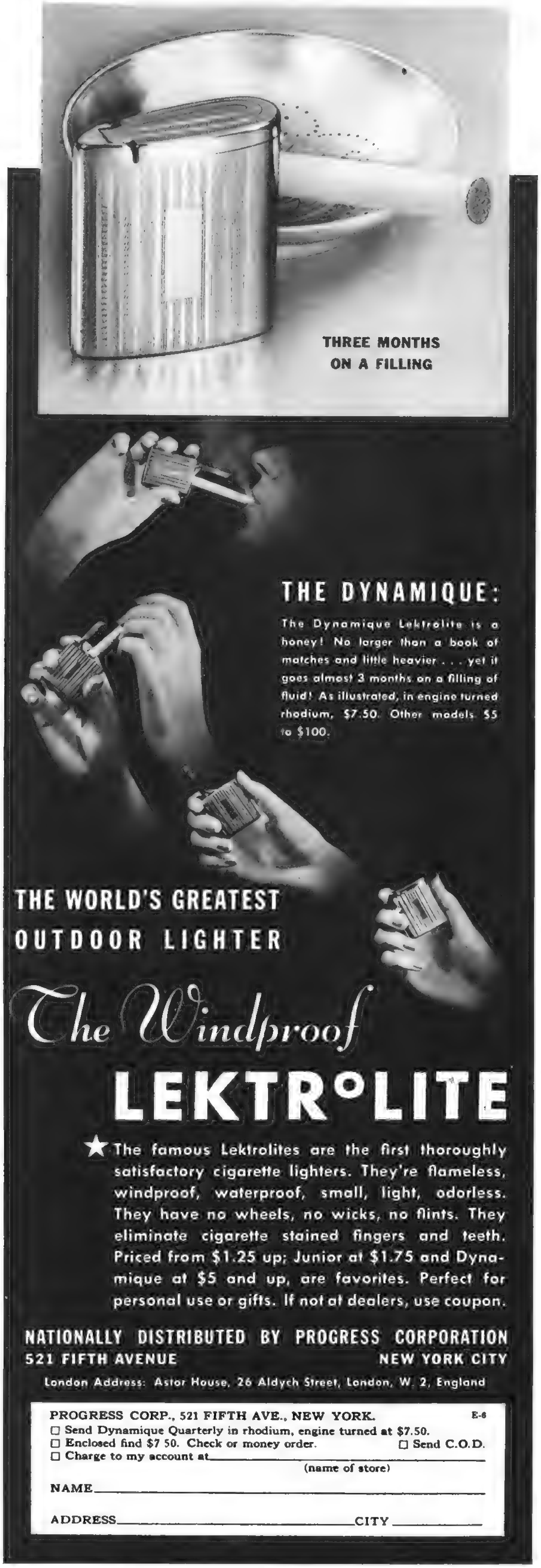

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THE DYNAMIQUE:

The Dynamique Lektrolite is a honey! No larger than a book of matches and little heavier . . . yet it goes almost 3 months on a filling of fluid! As illustrated, in engine turned rhodium, $7.50. Other models $5 to $100.

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The Windproof

LEKTROLITE

★ The famous Lektrolites are the first thoroughly satisfactory cigarette lighters. They're flameless, windproof, waterproof, small, light, odorless. They have no wheels, no wicks, no flints. They eliminate cigarette stained fingers and teeth. Priced from $1.25 up; Junior at $1.75 and Dynamique at $5 and up, are favorites. Perfect for personal use or gifts. If not at dealers, use coupon.

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Evening in Madison Square

Continued from page 56

"Aw, don't be a baby," he said, growing eager to struggle with the woman who patrolled up and down the street like a policeman. He held Catherine close to him, and then for the first time he kissed her, and she was suddenly helpless and close to him. "You can't go now, can you?" he said, and when she sighed and kept close to him, he wanted to turn and laugh triumphantly and mock the woman who had turned and was coming back under the lights without even once looking over at them; he wanted to shout exultantly at her that she wasn't just struggling with him, but with all the men and women on the benches, with the soft laughter, everything there that night and the morning, too; with the crowds from Twenty-Third Street streaming past the shoe-shine boys on the sidewalk on the way to work, the pigeons flocking around the fountain, money lenders at noon time, old Irish women talking to cops, with all the life of the Square that was flowing into him and Catherine.

But Catherine said jerkily, "I've got to go—please let me go," and she got up, pushed away his hand that he had thrust out to hold her and started going along the path.

"Let me go with you. Let me speak to her. How do you know she won't like me?" he said, disgusted.

"It's not that, don't you see?"

"What do you mean?"

Drawing him close to her, her voice breaking as she showed how she wanted to trust him, she said, "It's my sister—she went with a fellow she picked up."

"Gee, that's happened before, hasn't it?"

"But—my sister got into trouble."

"That's different—that's pretty tough," he said slowly. "But you don't know, it may turn out all right."

"We didn't know anything about it," she said. "She went away a little while ago. She died."

She was looking up at him with a kind of puzzled wonder, as he shook his head and tried to smile. "It must have been awful," he said. "But doesn't your mother think you should ever go out?"

"But she never tells me not to go out," she said.

"Does she think nobody's going to go near you?"

Catherine looked up at him a moment, frowning, and then she said, "I don't know. Sometimes I think she doesn't, but she can't help what she thinks. She's afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Almost everything that's around—I don't know," and she blurted out. "If only she'd say something. If only she wouldn't be so kind to me. She says she wants me to have friends, but the way she goes on, looking so lonely and watching me, it makes me afraid. If I go out I know she's prowling around the streets slow like that, waiting. She can't stop." Breathing jerkily she shook her head, as if frightened, "Sometimes she gets me thinking I ought to be scared too—not just about my sister, but of having no money—of looking for a job—everything—nothing, I guess."

He put his arm tight around her and tried to hold her, but she said, terribly agitated, "No—let me go," and she hurried away, while he followed a few paces behind, calling softly, "Hey, just a minute. Wait. What's the hurry? No one's going to bite you."

Catherine caught up to her mother near Madison Avenue and she slipped her arm under hers without even looking around at Fred, who wasn't more than ten feet away. As they crossed the road, very close to each other, a snatch of what the mother was saying so fretfully, came clearly to him. "It's no place to be, dear—toughs in the neighborhood and tramps from goodness knows where—you know no son of mine would be hanging around there." Then they went along the street, walking much faster now and the street lights shone on the mother's broad back, and the slender figure of Catherine, who walked in step with and so close to her that she was part of her shadow.

Muttering, "I'm no bum I'll show her," he began to hurry along the street after them, but before he could catch up with them they were at their place, and had gone in.

His heart thumped heavily as he rapped on their door and when Mrs. Beasley opened it he said aggressively, "Is Catherine in?"

Surprised, Mrs. Beasley only stared at him. In many ways she was just a large, tired, worried looking woman, but there was still a proud, fine eagerness in her eyes. "Catherine said she was going to bed," she said.

Looking around and seeing how poor and mean a room it was, and realizing how insecure the life of this woman must be, he got a lot of confidence out of knowing he was well-dressed, of remembering he had a good job, and he said a little arrogantly, "It was my fault Catherine was in the Square, but you've made a big mistake—I'm no bum and I've got a job in an insurance office, do you see?"

With an eagerness that startled him, she said, "Listen, I didn't say a word to you, did I?"

"Why, no."

"I didn't tell Catherine she was to come home, did I?"

"That's true."

"Did I say anything that could have offended you? Did I interfere in any way?"

"I didn't say you did, Mrs. Beasley. I just wanted to tell you—"

"Catherine seems to think I did," she said, her hand at her

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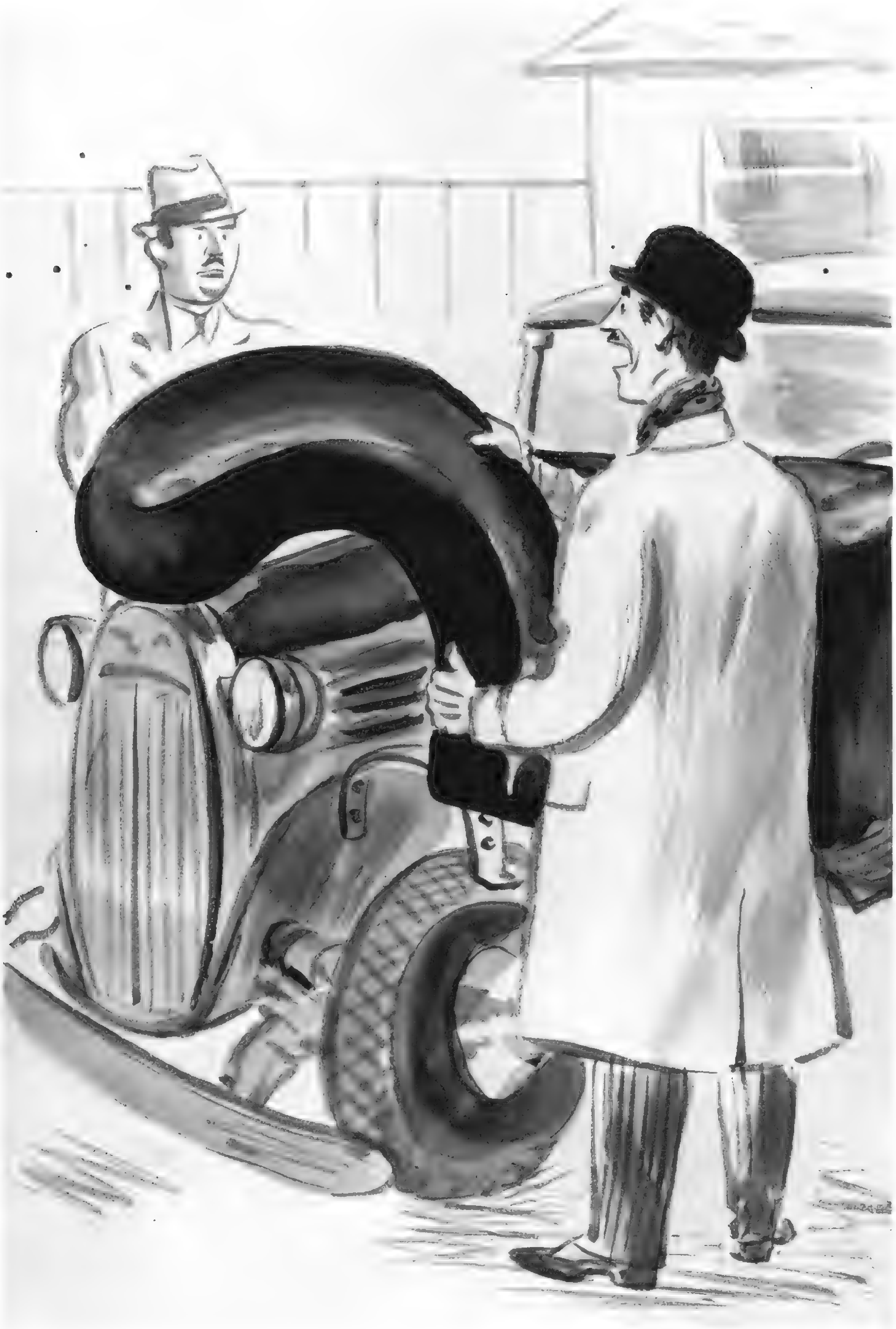
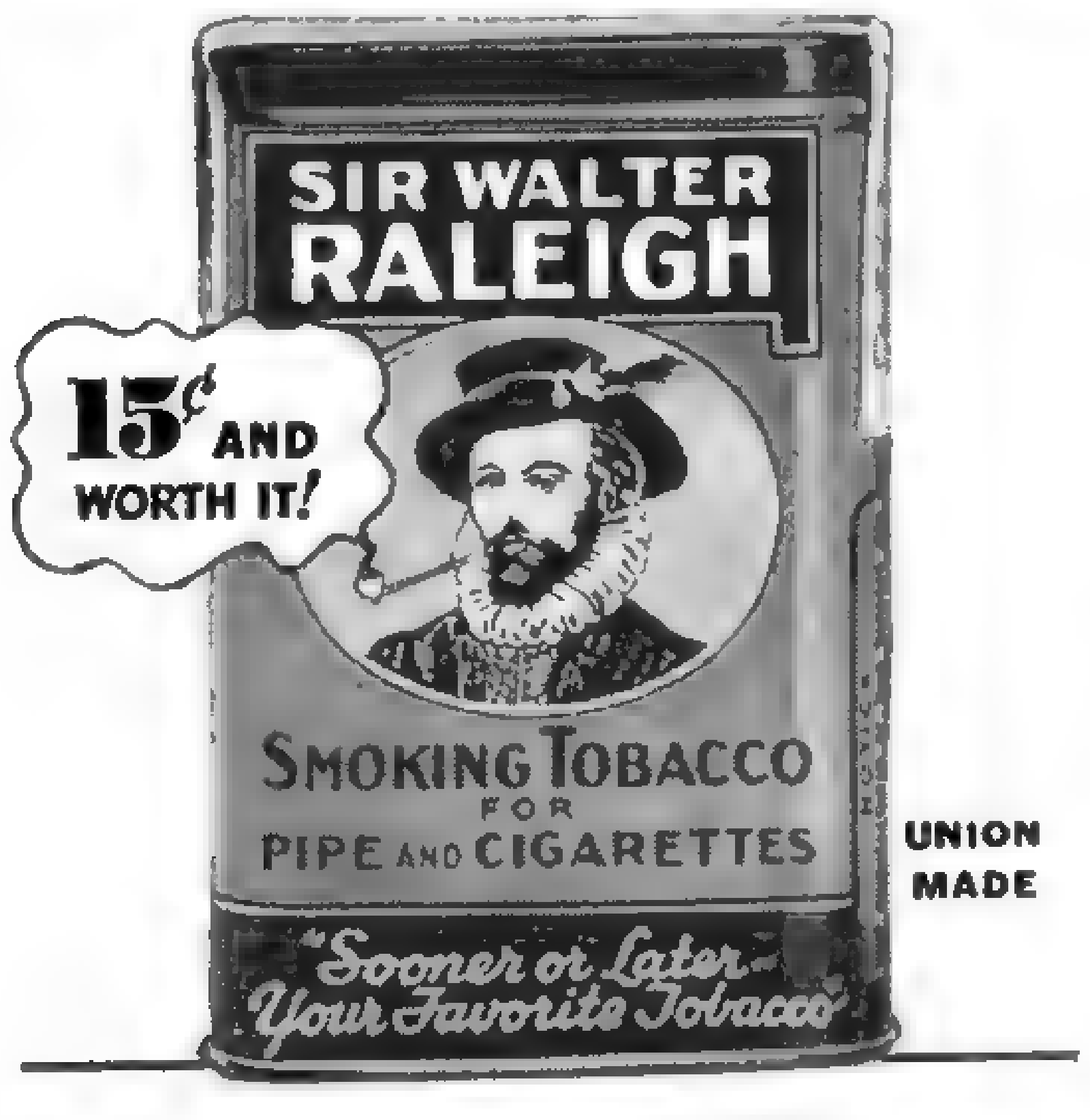


"They're detachable fenders—I take them off when my wife drives"

PIPE MAKES MUMMY CRY "MAMMY!"

...then Doc switched to the brand of grand aroma

WE add our own "tut tut" to poor King Tut's. Professor—bury that weedy briar and reform! Smoke when you please—but for your pipe's sake—keep it *clean.* And for the sake of those around you, smoke a *mild* and fragrant brand of tobacco. Sir Walter Raleigh is mild because it's blended from the mildest burley tobaccos that Kentucky grows. It burns slowly and evenly, won't nip your tongue, and wins fast friends with its superb aroma. Try a tin.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FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. F-76.

HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUNCHAUSEN) NBC BLUE NETWORK, FRIDAYS 10 P. M., E.D.S.T.

Evening in Madison Square

Continued from pages 56-188

throat trembling. "But I didn't."

Catherine had heard them and was coming in, lovely with her coat off she was so slim, and she actually looked a little older because her sweater was tight on her breasts. But her eyes were red, for she had been arguing with her mother and crying. Smiling, she said easily, "This is Fred, mother," and while her mother hesitated awkwardly, she took Fred by the arm and said, "Do you want to speak to me? It's still early, I'll get my coat and we'll go out."

"Fine," he said "Where'll we go?"

"Back to the Square awhile," she said resolutely, and turning to her mother she added, "We'll come back for a cup of coffee."

As he slipped his arm protectively under Catherine's and they stepped out to the hall, he looked back at Mrs. Beasley and he knew the struggle with her was over: she was standing there, large and hesitant, blinking her fine eyes slowly and eagerly searching the expression on his face for some kind of friendly security. #

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 109

stage needs is a return to the old day when American actors bore (or took) such richly doggy labels as Melbourne MacDowell, Paul Everton, Henry Clay Barnabee, Wright Lorimer, Jefferson De Angeles, Hayden Clarendon, James Kyrle MacCurdy, Wilton Lackaye, William Courtenay, James Keteltas Hackett and Ralph Delmore. It apparently can't get very far with its present-day plain Joe Sweeneys, Horace Casselberrys, Sam Levenes, Charles Dingles, Herman Liebs, Clem Wilenchicks, Chester Clutes, Will Lees, Abner Bibermans and James Doodys.

We come to the matter of the various English actors and playwrights who in their stage performances have impressed us as being offspring of Iolanthe. It may interest my English critics to know that one of their very own British number has recently endorsed the American objection to these thespian and playwriting honeysuckles. Writes Mr. George Munro, in the *Empire News:* "Thanks a million! [Quote of remarks on the subject as published in Esquire.] This is what I call criticism! For years I have been screaming gainst the posturings of such English actors and the 'thriller' and 'psychological' excursions of pansified playwrights. Masculine men know that the dramas of crime and passion in real life do not order themselves along the lines laid down by these sibilant-tongued, hand-on-hip, drawing-room pathologists." Mr. Munro's attitude happens further to be concurred in, my English critics may be apprised, by one of the best actors in the English theatre, who on several occasions has voiced his disgust over such needless English histrionic and playwriting water-flies.

Confining ourselves to certain of these English actors and commenting on them, let it clearly be emphasized, not at all in their lay persons but solely in their stage manifestations, it must be obvious that only an audience composed wholly of maiden ladies and chorus boys could be pleasantly unconscious of their seeming affinity to certain characters in Humperdinck's *Hänsel and Gretel.* When the rest of us see a Shakespearean tragedy in which the hero seems to have wandered into the text from a Drury Lane Christmas production of *Beauty and the Beast*, or a murder melodrama in which the protagonist comports himself like a czardas danced by the Brothers Grimm, Hans Christian Andersen, Jean de la Fontaine, Titania, Tinker Bell and the cast of the Hanlons' *Superba*, we experience a slight attack of queasiness. It is all very well to argue, as I believe some persons have, that these specific rôles may conceivably in themselves be criticized as being essentially feminine and that, as a consequence, feminine performances of them on the part of the actors in question are critically legitimate. But it is basically, of course, the worst kind of nonsense. In the first place, even granting the feminine angle, there is all the critical difference in the world between a feminine male actor and a male actor who can interpret the feminine qualities inherent in his rôle. The difference, plainly, is the difference between an individual and a proficient histrionic craftsman. And, in the second place, if these rôles are as ingrainedly female as such critics contend, why not solve the whole matter to everybody's satisfaction and improve the entire situation by casting them with women?

Let us take the tragedy, *Hamlet*, for a single example. While it seems to me that Hamlet is a thoroughly male character if any thoroughly male character exists in drama and while, further, any critical attempt seriously to argue that character into psychological and anatomical petticoats seems to me as ridiculous as it would be to argue that Osric, despite Bernard Shaw, is psychoanalytically not responsive to the first line sung by Gilbert and Sullivan's Celia, there is nevertheless, it must be confessed, a small measure of specious plausibility to the opposite view. This specious plausibility has been cultivated from time to time by producers and players with a shrewd eye to the less meditative and more idiotic boxoffices and we have had

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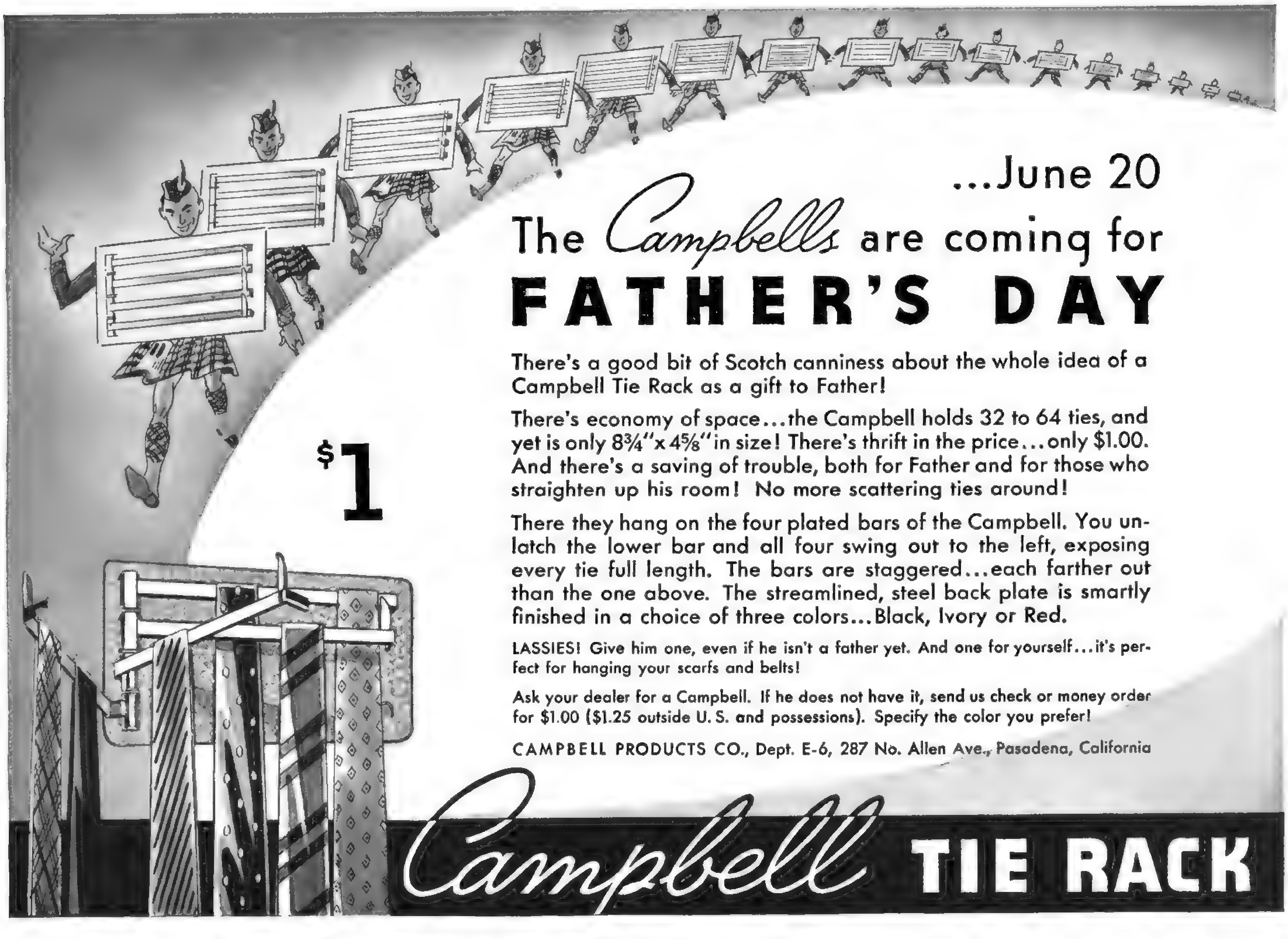
Hamlet played by women by way of giving Shakespearean squint-sconces a run for their money. Sarah Bernhardt's performance of the rôle needs no recalling. An actress named Bartley played Hamlet in the Park Theatre, in New York, so long ago as 1819 and created so much talk that another, named Barnes, followed her in the rôle in the same theatre in the same season. These girls were succeeded in subsequent years by Mrs. Battersby, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. John Brougham and the famous Fanny Wallack. Charlotte Cushman appeared in the celebrated black tights in 1851, and other women Hamlets in later years were Clara Fisher, Mrs. Emma Waller, Charlotte Crampton, Mrs. Louise Pomeroy, Mrs. F. B. Conway, the Misses Marriott and Julia Seamon (both English), Rachel Denvil, Sophie Miles, Susan Denin, Adele Belgarde, Anna Dickinson and Adelaide Keim. The monkey-business, indeed, has in our own more recent day extended even to the movies. In a film version of the tragedy made in Germany not very long ago, Asta Nielsen, the Danish actress, not only played Hamlet but the film in its final reels emphasized the point that Hamlet could not have been a man but must really have been a woman all along.

I shall not pain you with a prolongation of the matter. Suffice it to say that if Hamlet conceivably is not a man but a woman, let him (or it) be played, as I have suggested, by female actresses rather than by female actors. Let us go the whole hog or nothing. But the night they produce *Hamlet* that way you'll find at least one dramatic critic at a Minsky show which, whatever else you may say against it, anyway makes sense.

At this juncture and at this length you may wonder where all the new plays are that I should be reviewing. The answer to that is that there haven't been any worth reviewing, or at least not worth reviewing beyond a line or two, which is the reason why I have occupied the space improving your minds in other directions. *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*, by Barré Lyndon, to provide you with a sample, was a drowsy English crook play, redeemed only by an interesting performance by Cedric Hardwicke, in which, when one of the crooks loudly talked back to the Scotland Yard detective, the latter admonished him: "Don't be saucy!" Whoops! *Marching Song*, by John Howard Lawson, was overwritten and diffuse Fourteenth Street labor propaganda which again indicated that its author might profitably listen to a little critical propaganda for competent playwriting. *Now You've Done It*, by Mary Coyle Chase, was a dreary re-echo of the comedy philosophy of Ludwig Thoma's *Moral*, without a vestige of merit. It might have seemed a bit better with some higher-priced, twenty-dollar-a-week actors. In an attempt to conceal the play's lack of movement and action, the director persuaded the actors to conduct themselves like so many rehearsing George Kaufmans, with the result that there was such an incessant galloping around the stage that one didn't know whether one was in a theatre or at a track meet.

The Theatre Guild's fifth seasonal production was an imported adaptation of Bruno Frank by James Bridie given the title, *Storm Over Patsy*. It was a monotonously tedious little zero and and gave us still further evidence of the Guild's increasing inability to judge even faintly the values of play scripts. In a recently published statement, the Guild directorate somewhat loftily asserted that, because of its organization's higher artistic aims, it patently could not select plays for production that had an out-and-out popular, commercial appeal. The assertion only re-indicates the Guild's lack of any true judgment. As examples of what it regards as superior artistic manuscripts one need but look at its this season's record and compare the plays with some of the season's popular, commercial exhibits which it apparently, in its delusions of aesthetic grandeur, elects to look down upon.

The first play the Guild put on was *And Stars Remain*, a dinky and bogus comedy written by two Hollywood scenario boys that from any sound critical, artistic or dramatically meritorious point of view couldn't even remotely be compared with such popular, commercial comedies, produced elsewhere, as *You Can't Take It With You* and *Yes, My Darling Daughter*. The second Guild offering was *Prelude To Exile*, which in no quality sense could stand critical or artistic comparison with such a popular, commercial play as even *Having Wonderful Time*. The third Guild exhibit was *But For the Grace of God*, which was excessive critical junk when compared with such a popular, commercial play as *Tobacco Road* or with even such an unpopular, uncommercial play as *200 Were Chosen*. The fourth Guild play was Maxwell Anderson's *The Masque of Kings* which, while it approached more closely to the Guild's theoretical standard, was at the same time inferior both critically and artistically to Mr. Anderson's two other plays, produced by other hands, during the season: inferior to his *The Wingless Victory* and triply inferior to his *High Tor*. And this fifth Guild presentation, *Storm Over Patsy*, can't in any direction be compared critically to such a popular, commercial comedy as either *Tovarich* or *The Women*. Let the Guild stop its foolish posturing! ⁂



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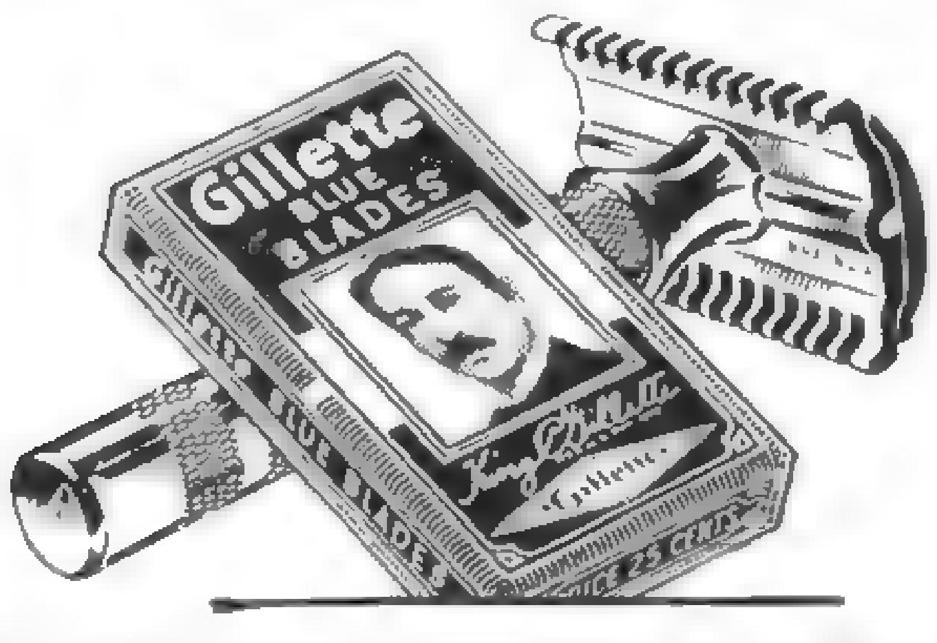

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The Art of Mug-Mending

Continued from page 54

the reach of common folks. Nose remodelings that sell as low as $250 now in the shops of reputable plastic surgeons were billed at $2,000 and $3,000 prior to the war. Often the more spectacular the operation the easier it is. Eradication of horrible scars and the rebuilding of features destroyed by accidents usually require many operations and many weeks before successful completion of the job, but in the usual cases of this nature the plastic surgeon is doing business with someone whose earning power is practically nothing and the charges are made accordingly. The gent or lady who has the money evens up.

Between the poppy-dotted fields of Flanders and the casting ostermoors of Hollywood is a goodly stretch but the casualties of both outposts of glory have much in common so far as the comparative recent chronicles of plastic surgery are concerned.

It was the war, with its crop of frightfully maimed, that gave impetus to the development of plastic surgery. It has been with the veterans of the Hollywood engagements that the masters of plastic surgery have brought their art and science to its present flowering.

The horrible disfigurations of the war, and the equally hideous aftermaths of automobile accidents, might have ruled out from gainful employment and general social circulation hundreds of thousands who are now doing quite well with normal 1937 model faces. Restoration to social and business standing was the function of the first jobs of plastic surgery. More than two thousand years ago the Hindus took samples of criminals' noses in efforts to abate the current crime wave. The caste of the Tilemakers developed methods of taking flaps from the cheeks, and later, from the foreheads, and in due time growing substitute schnozzolas on the erring ones.

Nose remodeling jobs continue to be the most frequent operations in plastic surgery; many of the reputable surgeons' jobs being the repair of quack damage to noses. Nose streamlining and face lifting provide field day for the skin grafters due to the often extreme sensitivity of those who bear these shortcomings. Frequently the reputable practitioner tries to argue the patient out of the craving for the job but with only fair results despite his earnestness. Defects are emphasized to a psychological enormity by the afflicted ones.

Glorious triumphs have been registered in the nose revamping column by eminent plastic surgeons but none so complete, perhaps, as that done by one of the famed New York masters of the art.

Into his office there came one day a schnozzola outranking those of Cyrano de Bergerac and Durante. Following it, and attached to it, was a drab, forlorn female of 28 years. She sobbed of her plight to the awe-struck surgeon. Not only had she been denied those tender nothings which are murmured to maidens who do not require services of plastic surgeons, but she had suffered the further sorrow of having her gigantic prow broken twice. The woman was wretched and even worse off than an outcast. She was catcher for the pointed comments of every sidewalk smartie in New York.

She lived alone. Just she and her nose and her virginity. She had a pet canary once but had to get rid of it. She lamented that even the bird would gaze at her and start chirping, "Beak, beak, beak!"

The surgeon took professional compassion upon her and operated. It was technically a satisfactory operation and the female emerged from the bandages with a pan that would class as a reasonably good collection of female features. A few months passed and without warning society's former outcast burst into her surgeon's office.

"Doctor, you must help me. I'm in an awful lot of trouble!" she entreated hysterically.

Her remodeler winced, but attempted to calm her. A chill hit him as he feared there might be some adverse development from his job of nose sculpture.

"Don't worry," he soothed, trying to recall something that might have gone wrong, "we will make everything O.K."

"Oh, I hope so, doctor," cried the late pariah, "I'm pregnant!"

There was counterpoint of joy in her tearful confession and in it a vast degree of relief to the doctor.

He gave her the only free advice that appealed to him as fitting: "There's only one way I can help you out. I'll fix you so it won't happen again. I'll bust your damned nose for you." After he hastily engineered the departure of the alarmed woman, he instructed his secretary: "Close the records on that girl. The operation was a complete success."

It is a toss-up, according to representative ethical plastic surgeons, whether love or money is the strongest motive impelling women to seek the plastic surgeon's services.

Men's vanity favors putting the love factor strongest. Case records seem to give finance an edge.

Possibly the weirdest but among the most profitable employments of plastic surgery was the job done by one of the quacks on a woman who formerly was demonstrator for a cosmetic company. This aging and hard-worn female got an idea as effective as it was revolting. One side of her face she had skinned and lifted. The skinning detail, involving the use of chemicals, peels off the tough outside layer of skin in much the same way as an onion is peeled. The tender new skin for a time has the lovely look of a strawberry parfait. The one-sided job of peeling and lifting gave her a reasonably close appearance to an age in the

Continued on page 194

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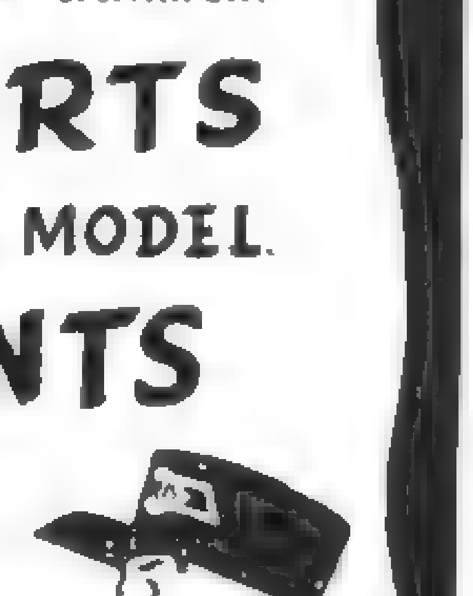

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The Art of Mug-Mending

Continued from pages 54-192

late twenties in the repaired sector, but the drooping, wrinkled tough hide left untouched was 50 by actual count and 150 years in contrasting appearance.

This diabolical old doll got up her own line of cosmetic dopes and worked as its demonstrator. Her act was to rub her merchandise on the rehabilitated side of her face and tell to the gullible sisters the striking difference in appearance between the two sides of her face was accounted for by the persistent use of her sovereign Kickapoo creams, astringents and other miracle-working aids to the beauty of milady. Her racket pulled them around the counters in droves that sagged the flooring of the stores in which she worked. When the secret of her amazing demonstration eventually leaked and other desperately necessitous women became her imitators, she retired in opulence.

Mechanical magic of the plastic surgeon is gradually doing beneficial tricks with males who were handicapped congenitally by faces that would frighten Boris Karloff's make-up man or who acquired pied features through accident. The expert can take a Supreme Court judge and with a few deft cuts, scrapes and readjustments, transform the gerontoxon into a competitor of Robert Taylor. The nose broken for dear old alma mater is only of temporary and distinctly local value as an asset. In later years it becomes something that fascinates but does not win juries, as will be confirmed by one nationally prominent lawyer. This legal notable had a smeller that wandered all over his map like the Mississippi in flood time. He was having heavy going in his jury trials. He looked like a cartoon of a safe blower. When a master of facial sculpture got through with him, his nose was as clean-cut as the Ten Commandments and jurors took him at his face value as a noble character.

The reverse English of the preceding case appears on the records of one plastic surgeon who was visited by a rugged looking fellow. This visitor had but one regular feature; his nose. His jaws, chin, brow, eyes, mouth and ears were irregular and resembled a job that might have been done by a surrealist sculptor in a hell of a hurry. His nose, however, was so finely formed and small it focused attention and actually marred what otherwise might have been judged as a good, honest face in the rough. After considerable debate the surgeon agreed to remold this man's nose. Now he isn't pretty but he looks genuine. Previously he had been under suspicion of having had a surgical job done on his nose.

Ears constitute a thriving department of the plastic surgeon's field. A press-agent gag that the go-getting face carpenters use when they are hungry for publicity is to get some columnist to print a piece offering any amount of money for an ear. This good old reliable phony recently appeared again in a lively compilation of the doings of the show-offs. It took the form of an offer for a man's left ear to be transplanted to a patient who lost his in an automobile accident. The ethical plastic surgeon is stricken with a sudden nausea when he sees this gem of hooey continue its rounds in print under the names of different witch doctors and he confidently expects the offer will be made on an arm or a leg some day when a witch doctor or his press agent feels the urge to keep the voodoo's name before the public.

There are numerous examples of remade ears, but none of ears tacked on. Getting ears back to within normal bounds is one of the stock jobs of the plastic surgeons and has been one of the items of the trade that has helped to remove plastic surgery for vanity's sake from a surreptitious operation, so far as the customer is concerned, to something bragged about like appendectomy. Specimens of the low-wing Boeing type of stick-out ears or of the championship trophy handle design, are made into streamlined, skull-hugging ears with neatness and dispatch, and without undue pain or expense.

There are numerous jobs of plastic surgery combining delicate balances of architecture and mechanics that have been done so well and for so long by men of general surgical reputation that the public generally has ceased to regard these jobs as plastic surgical operations. Cleft palate and harelip corrections, which are done early, come within the category of plastic surgery. The general public prefers to think of plastic surgery mainly as a matter of beautification or deceit; consequently the major portion of the plastic surgeon's trade falls in the prettying-up department.

Coy dimples are put into cheeks by going inside the cheek and cutting out a diamond-shaped piece of muscle. The synthetic dimple doesn't show until the lady gives you one of those, "oh you great, big, strong, wonderful man" smiles and droops her lids. There may have been some trick of the plastic surgeon's art performed on her lids, too. Eyelashes are brought up against the lids by cutting a wedge out of the lid and sewing the parts together. Eyes are widened, or their lines changed from Mongolian kitty-cornered to Caucasian horizontal, by comparatively simple operations, although operations that demand extreme delicacy.

Even basket bellies are brought down to a pool-table flatness. The experts don't want much of this. The dangerous procedure calls for removing fat that protects the intestine and involves a risk of later exposure to infection that the reputable plastic surgeon considers

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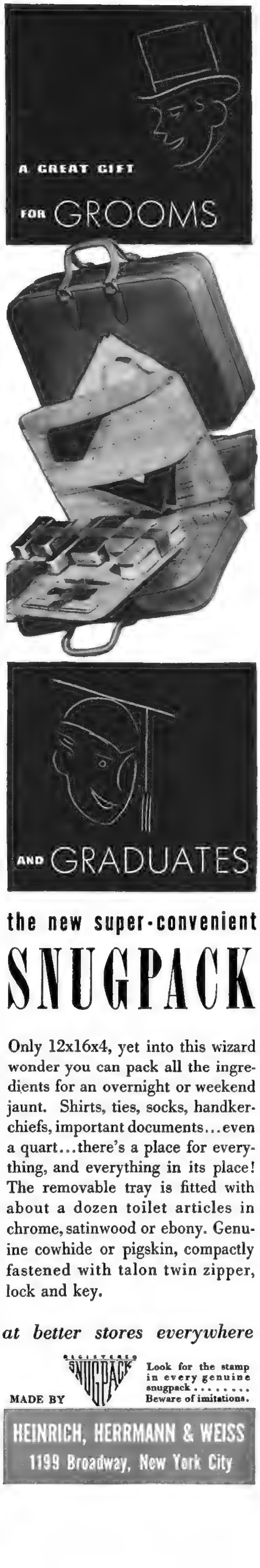

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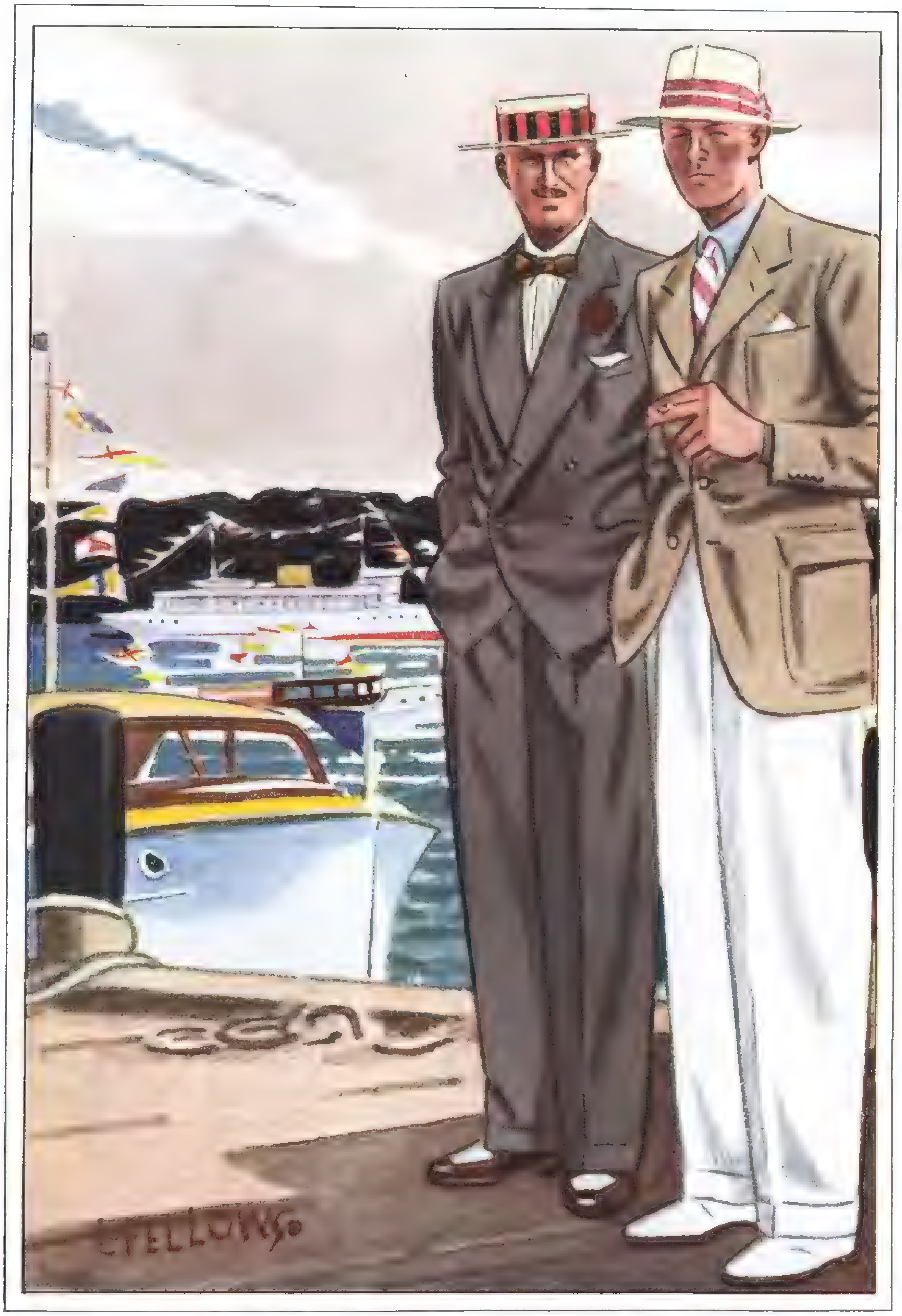

ANNUALLY ON THE THAMES AT NEW LONDON

Fathers and sons from Yale and Harvard foregather for the Yale-Harvard regatta, one of the world's smartest gatherings of well groomed men, and providing a check-up on the degree of acceptance of various new fashion ideas in summer resort dress. Both men pictured wear Harvard hatbands, of different vintages. Left, a double-breasted grey flannel, plain back worn with the bottom button fastened (recommended to lend the illusion of added height), grey striped madras shirt, India madras plaid bow tie, Norwegian model shoes and a Harvard red carnation. The undergraduate wears a three-button notched lapel gabardine coat with patch pockets and belted back, white flannel slacks, white buckskin shoes with red rubber soles and heels, blue Oxford button down collar attached shirt and a pink and white striped rep tie, a typical boating color, that happens to be a club tie at Harvard.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Art of Mug-Mending

Continued from pages 54-192-194

inadvisable. In a less drastic operation, the superficial fat is removed through an incision made under the umbilicus. From forty to fifty pounds of fat have been removed in such operations, but both patient and doctor often have to keep their fingers crossed from that time on.

But whether you consider the plastic surgeon as a healer of a tortured psyche, a construction engineer working on faces, or a valuable ally to an aging doll who wants to hold her man, the fellow is certainly becoming one of America's captains of industry. All he needed to get registered in the higher income brackets were the demonstrations and ballyhoo the Hollywood dazzlers furnished to him, regardless of his own place of residence.

Now that he's going good he may save you a lot of alimony. Chances are he can retread your old lady so she'll be serviceable for several more years, and it is not remotely possible that the guy's work, together with a slug of the sex hormones his medical friends are experimenting with, may not do you any damage as a social asset. ⧺

The Greatest Irishman

Continued from page 63

35,989 lives, smallpox, 38,275, and dysentery, 25,757. Between 1849 and 1870, two and one-half million fled from Ireland to settle in other parts of the world. Seventy-five per cent of these Irish emigrants were between fifteen and thirty-five—the heart of the Irish nation. Every year, thousands were evicted from their farms and left as paupers on the roadside.

The seat of the British Government for Ireland operating from Dublin Castle was in the hands of incompetent and grafting officials. So bad was it that "Dublin Castle" was a term used throughout the Empire as a simile for graft and misgovernment. For almost three decades after Parnell's death the British rule in Ireland was still causing uprisings and Coercion Acts. Finally in 1921, England compromised with the formation of the Irish Free State and the Government of Northern Ireland. In that compromise the British ignored all Parnell's ideas about a United Ireland. Therefore, the real Irish problem is still unsettled.

No thinking Irishman or Englishman believes that the present Irish Free State and the Government of Northern Ireland are the adequate answers to the eternal Irish question. As Parnell claimed, the solution of proper government for the Irish nation as a whole can never be arrived at until there is a United Ireland. The present boundaries between the Six Northern Counties and the Twenty-six Free State Counties have been set up largely upon a religious instead of an economic and nationality basis. All Ireland is only about the size of Maine. To have two vastly different Governments with high tariff barriers between them operating in such a small area has proved to be neither economically sound nor practical for the Irish nation as a whole.

The dramatic life of Charles Stewart Parnell fascinates biographers and playwrights. Fifty Parnell biographies have been published. Two appeared within the past year. The standard "life" is that by Barry O'Brien. However, the best biography, in this writer's opinion, is the one by St. John Ervine, published in 1925. Ervine, like many another biographer of Parnell, commenced his work as an Anti-Parnellite, rather Pro-British on the Irish question. When he had completed his study of Parnell, Ervine, again like other Parnell biographers, was a devout disciple of the Uncrowned King of Ireland and very Pro-Irish. Any number of plays have been based upon Parnell's story. One ran last season on Broadway. This has been made by MGM into a movie.

With their customary respect for historical accuracy, the movies have Clark Gable playing the part of Parnell, Myrna Loy as Kitty O'Shea. Except that he was tall, Parnell had no other personal resemblance to the athletic, husky Gable. He was a gaunt figure, very thin, deadly pale and rarely smiled. His large brown eyes were what everyone noticed first about Parnell. In his eyes was always the eagerness for life—a burning eagerness which could alternately warm and scorch you. Parnell wore a full beard. It was brown, thick and added much to his appearance. Glamorous Gable would not risk having his adoring but fickle public see him in whiskers. So he took refuge in Valentino sideburns. Kitty O'Shea was not the Myrna Loy type at all. She was tall, dark, voluptuous, full bosomed and had a very sensuous but beautiful mouth.

Parnell's public life began in 1875 and ended with his death at the early age of forty-five in 1891. Therefore, as statemen go, he was a comparatively youthful person when he was Ireland's man of destiny. Never robust, Parnell was handicapped in his short career by long periods of ill health. He gave no heed to his many ailments. About the only rest which Parnell had in his sixteen strenuous years of political life was an enforced one—a six months' sojourn in Kilmainham Jail for an alleged offense against the Crown. His failure to recognize his physical frailties, the divorce scandal and the breaking up of the Irish Nationalist Party after his marriage to Kitty O'Shea, all served

Continued on page 198

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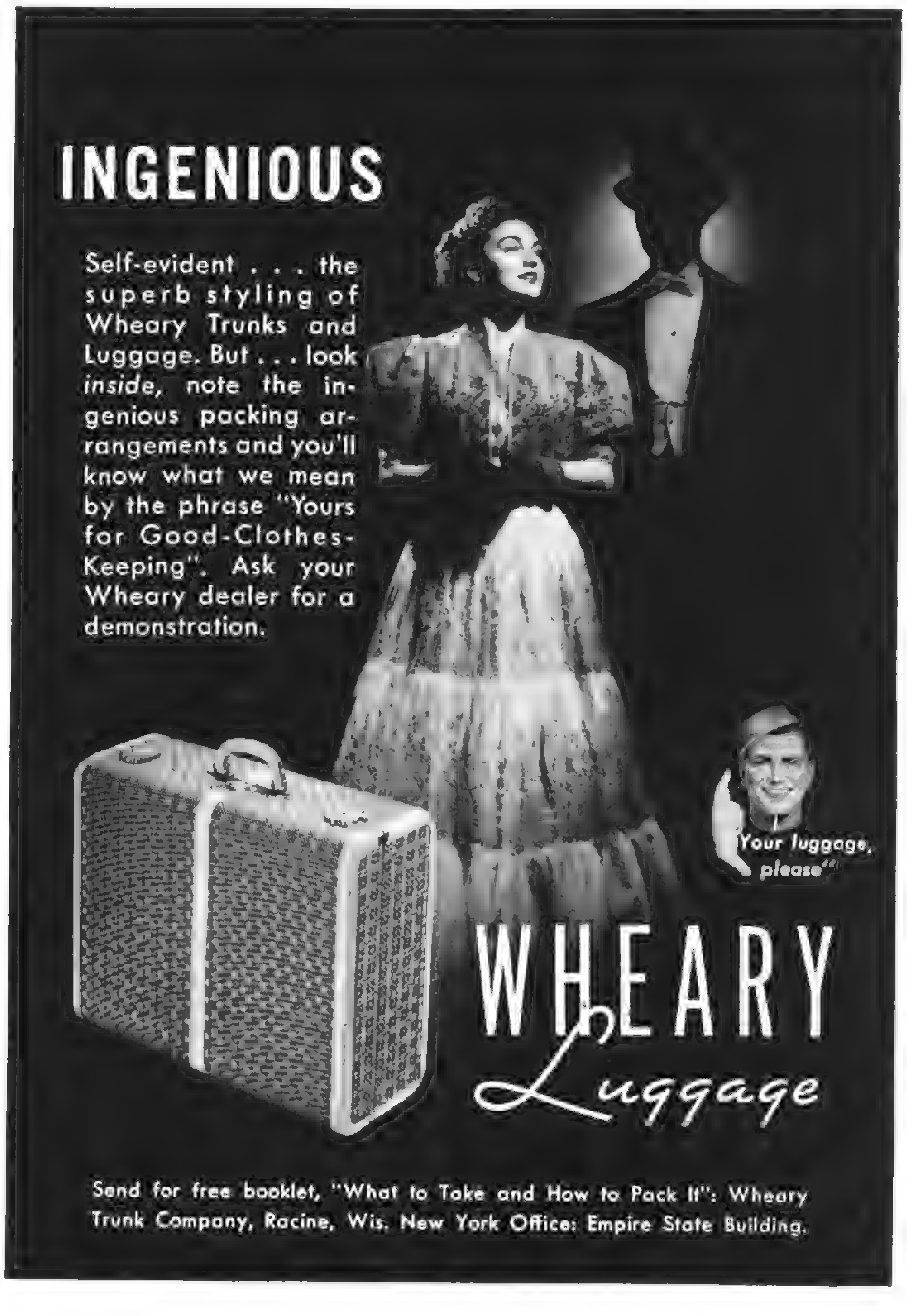

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MENNEN SKIN BRACER
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Neutral Tint Won't Show On Your Face
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The Greatest Irishman

Continued from pages 63-197

to hasten Parnell's death.

In his short career, The Chief accomplished much and against terrific odds. When he entered the House of Commons in 1875, the Irish National Party under the leadership of Isaac Butt was attempting to win Home Rule for Ireland with a policy of good-fellowship, courtesy and acquiescence. The party consisted for the most part of office seekers, satisfied with any paltry paying berths which the British felt disposed to hand out in return for favors. There was no party discipline. Butt was a well-meaning but very ineffectual leader. The folks in Ireland were dissatisfied with their representatives and rightfully so. There were no legislative measures being enacted except Coercion Acts. Murderous conflicts with agents of the absentee landlords were frequent. The Fenians, composed of young Irishmen, had a habit of expressing their feelings against landlords and agents with shillalahs and bullets instead of words. Great bitterness existed between the Orangemen in the North and the Catholics in the South. The Clan-na-Gael in America was clamoring for action for the money it had forwarded for the Cause. The same with the Irish organizations in Canada and Australia.

The House of Commons listened very politely to Irish leader Butt's speeches of protest against misrule in Ireland but did nothing to alleviate the Irish situation. All their attention was directed to handling what they believed to be more important legislative matters.

"Attach Parliament through its own interests and conveniences," young Parnell advised Butt, after listening to one of his usual brilliant but hopeless pleas, "and then you need not beg it. You can force them to listen."

Butt considered such tactics as not cricket and told Parnell so. That attitude cost Butt his leadership. The Irish wanted action and would acclaim him who would get it for them. Parnell, in company with Joseph Gillis Biggar, an Ulster Presbyterian and a Belfast pork dealer, proceeded to force the House of Commons to listen to the Irish Question. Between them, this pair evolved a policy of obstruction which would keep the exasperated House in session continuously for several days at a time.

Parnell and Biggar were perfect paralyzers of Parliament. Between them, they could politely argue for days and even months as they did with the Mutiny Bill over a trivial detail which Commons ordinarily would have disposed of in a few minutes. Their policy of obstruction brought forth charges that Parnell and Biggar were trying to destroy the power of House and a Parliamentary System which had been in existence for six hundred years. A veritable hurricane of hate and abuse was hurled at the filibustering Irish pair by every Commons member from the lofty Disraeli down to the lowly M. P. from Land's End.

Nevertheless, Parliament began to take notice now of the Irish Problem of Home Rule. It had to or else not be able to transact any other business. The determined Parnell and Biggar would not let Parliament do otherwise.

Within a few years, Parnell had overcome all hitherto insurmountable obstacles. He soon succeeded Butt. As the undisputed Chief of the Irish Nationalist Party, Parnell ruled with an iron hand. Irish members were not permitted by him even to speak to the British members of the House. No Irish member made a single statement or move without the Chief's permission. Religious difference was of no importance. Ulsterman and Corkian in Parnell's party were now comrades fighting a common fight—Home Rule for Ireland. As for all the Irish back home, Parnell was king and savior. The exiled Irish in America, Canada and Australia now felt they were getting a real fight for their money and were dispatching Parnell loads more on every ship. Even the fighting Fenians hailed him as a militant Chief. In deference to his wishes, the Fenians quit taking pot shots at landlords and their agents. Instead of shooting landlords and agents for their traditional custom during bad crop years of evicting Irish families by the thousands and letting them starve on the bogs, Parnell suggested a "more Christian and charitable way which would give the lost sinner an opportunity of repenting."

"When a man takes a farm from which another has been evicted," Parnell told the Irish farmers, "you must show him on the roadside when you meet him, you must show him in the streets of the town, you must show him in the fair and in the marketplace and even in the house of worship by leaving him severely alone. By putting him into a moral Coventry, by isolating him from his kind as if he were a leper of old, you must show him your detestation of the crime he has committed, and you may depend on it there will be no man so full of avarice, so lost to shame, as to dare the public opinion of all right-thinking men and to transgress your unwritten code of laws."

The first to feel the force of these words of The Chief's was one Captain Boycott, whose name thereafter supplied Mr. Webster a new word for his dictionary. The Captain, an agent for Lord Erne, was a hardboiled army hombre. Scorning Parnell's warning, he went right ahead with his evictions. Not for long. His servants left him. The laborers in his fields laid down their tools and departed, leaving his crops to ruin.

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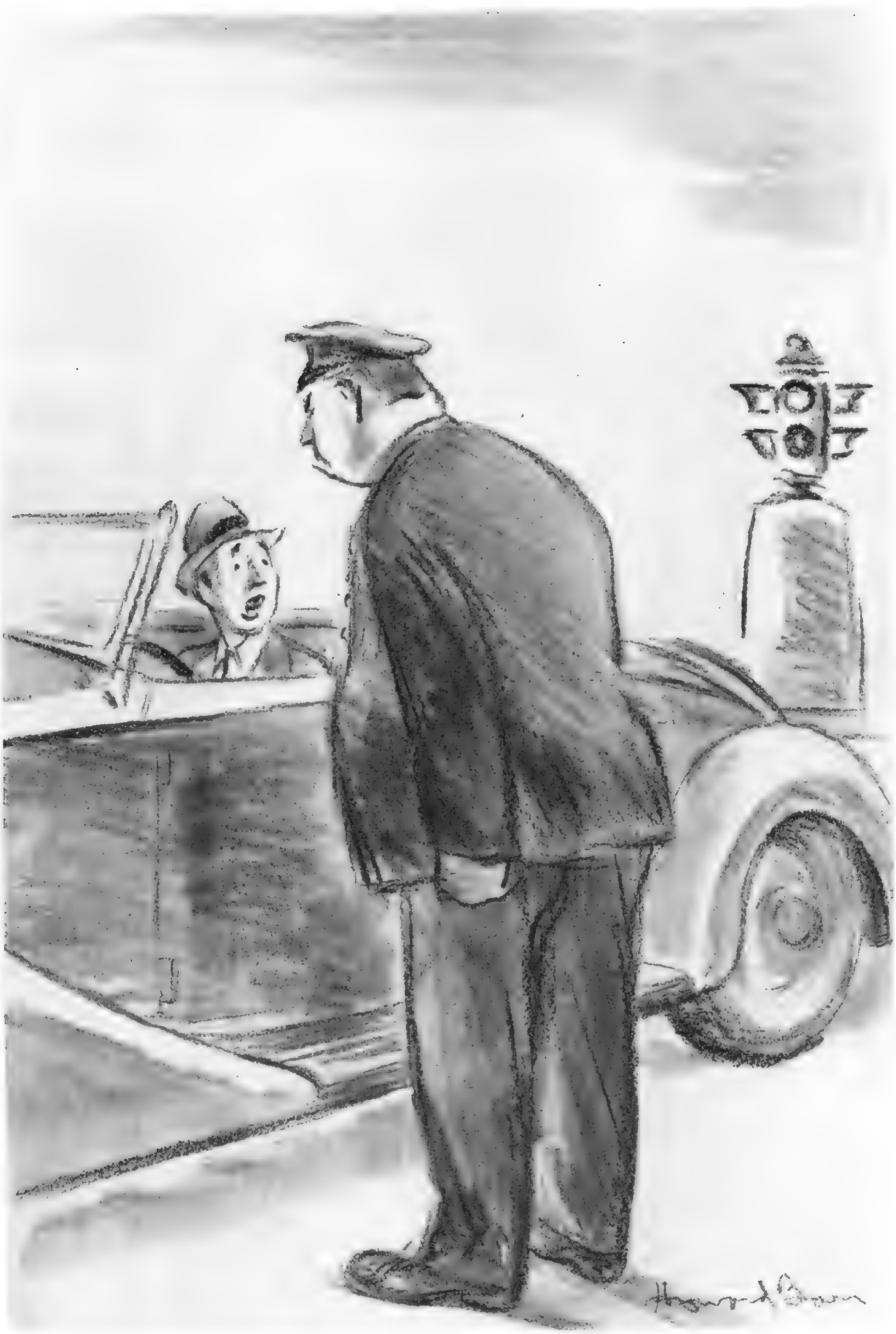
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● So, NOW you're her husband—and that lily-white hand you slipped the ring on is yours for life! You'd like to see it always as beautifully groomed in spite of dishwashing, and such domestic hazards. Then here's a tip . . . just suggest she stick to La Cross—the prestige polish that looks better and lasts longer.

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ASK YOUR MANICURIST to apply one of these new, smart shades, or buy a regular-size bottle (50c) on our money-back guarantee.

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Use it also to thin out thick polish
½-oz. size, 25c 2-oz. economy size, 50c

The Greatest Irishman

Continued from pages 63-197-198

The tradesmen refused to sell him goods, even food. The postman would not deliver his letters. In desperation, Captain Boycott displayed uncommon sense by requesting a military escort. Under its protection, the Captain and his family safely got out of the country.

In every measure directed to thwart him, Parnell emerged victorious. In 1883, Parnell was in financial difficulties. Though he was one of the leading landlords in Ireland with a large estate, The Chief rarely collected rents from his tenants. Besides, he gave liberally of his own personal fortune to help support many members of the Irish Nationalist Party. In those days, members of Parliament received no salary. Several patriotic Irish priests decided to start a Parnell Tribute and raise a fund for him.

The British Liberal Ministry, through the English Cardinal Manning, immediately started to work on the Vatican, pointing out that it brooded no good for Catholicism in Ireland when so many of the faithful were giving funds to an A.P.A. leader like Parnell instead of to the Church. The Pope agreed. His Holiness sent a letter to the Irish bishops denouncing the Tribute and forbidding them "to subscribe or to aid in raising subscriptions intended to inflame popular passions and to excite the Irish people to rebellion against the laws."

Up until the time the Pope took a hand, subscriptions to the Parnell Tribute were very slow in coming in. However, when the Pope's letter was reluctantly read in the parish churches throughout Ireland, the purse strings were unloosed. The Irish humbly respect His Holiness in matters of faith and morals but in politics—never. It behooved every Catholic Irishman to demonstrate personally that he believed in the Protestant Parnell and not the Pope in the matter of Home Rule for Ireland. The subscriptions trebled immediately the original amount asked. The Parnell Tribute finally reached a total of two hundred thousand dollars—an incredible sum to be raised voluntarily in the poverty-stricken Ireland of the eighteen-eighties.

On May 6, 1882, Lord Frederick Cavendish, newly appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and his Under-Secretary, Mr. Burke, were strolling in Phoenix Park, Dublin, when they were set upon by a gang of alleged Irish Patriots and stabbed to death. Parnell and every other leading Irish citizen denounced the assassins. The murderers were captured and hanged. Nevertheless, one year later, the mighty London *Times* began a sensational series entitled *Parnellism and Crime.* In the series were letters purporting to have been written by Parnell and directly linking him with the Phoenix Park murders. The letters were obvious forgeries but Parnell made no protests. Believing that the great London *Times* could not be wrong, Chamberlain and other eminent English statesmen used these letters in their campaign speeches against the Irish Chief, inflaming the English public to such a pitch that Parnell's life was repeatedly threatened. To protect himself about London, the Chief was forced to carry a revolver.

After the *Times* series had been completed, Parnell sued for libel. To their utter amazement and dismay, the *Times* discovered that the Parnell letters had been forged by one Richard Pigott, a renegade Dublin journalist who had been collecting money both from the English and Irish political parties. And, incidentally, heavily from the London *Times*, too. The *Times* settled out of court with Parnell to the tune of $25,000. With the acknowledgment of the forgery of these so-called "Parnell Crime Letters," the Chief became for awhile the popular hero of England as well as Ireland.

For advising Irish tenants in general not to take their cases to court under a New Land Bill in 1881 until certain test cases had been decided, Parnell was arrested under one of the usual Coercion Acts and lodged in Kilmainham Jail in Dublin. Gladstone soon discovered what Dublin Castle officials knew only too well—that Parnell in jail was an even greater menace to England than when he was free. The Irish had a traditionally effective way of demonstrating how they felt when one of their leaders was unjustly clapped into prison. Usually a few prominent Englishmen were suddenly found dead in Ireland. Consequently, within six months, Gladstone, finally recognizing that Parnell was the one person who could keep belligerent Irishmen in hand, released him.

Again, under other Coercion Acts, the English authorities at Dublin Castle had Parnell arrested for alleged sedition. Arresting Parnell in Dublin was one thing. Finding an Irish jury to convict him was quite another. The English were about as successful in this as were the Federal attorneys during Prohibition in convincing a New York jury that operating a speakeasy was a law violation.

By 1890, Parnell's prestige as a leader was so great that he had welded all the multiple and diverse forces of the Irish nation into a solid phalanx that held the balance of power between the Liberals and Conservatives in the House of Commons. In the last general elections, Parnell's Irish Nationalist candidates swept thirty-one out of the thirty-two counties. The only county he did not carry was Antrim. No leader ever before or since got such a vote of Irish confidence. There-

Continued on page 203

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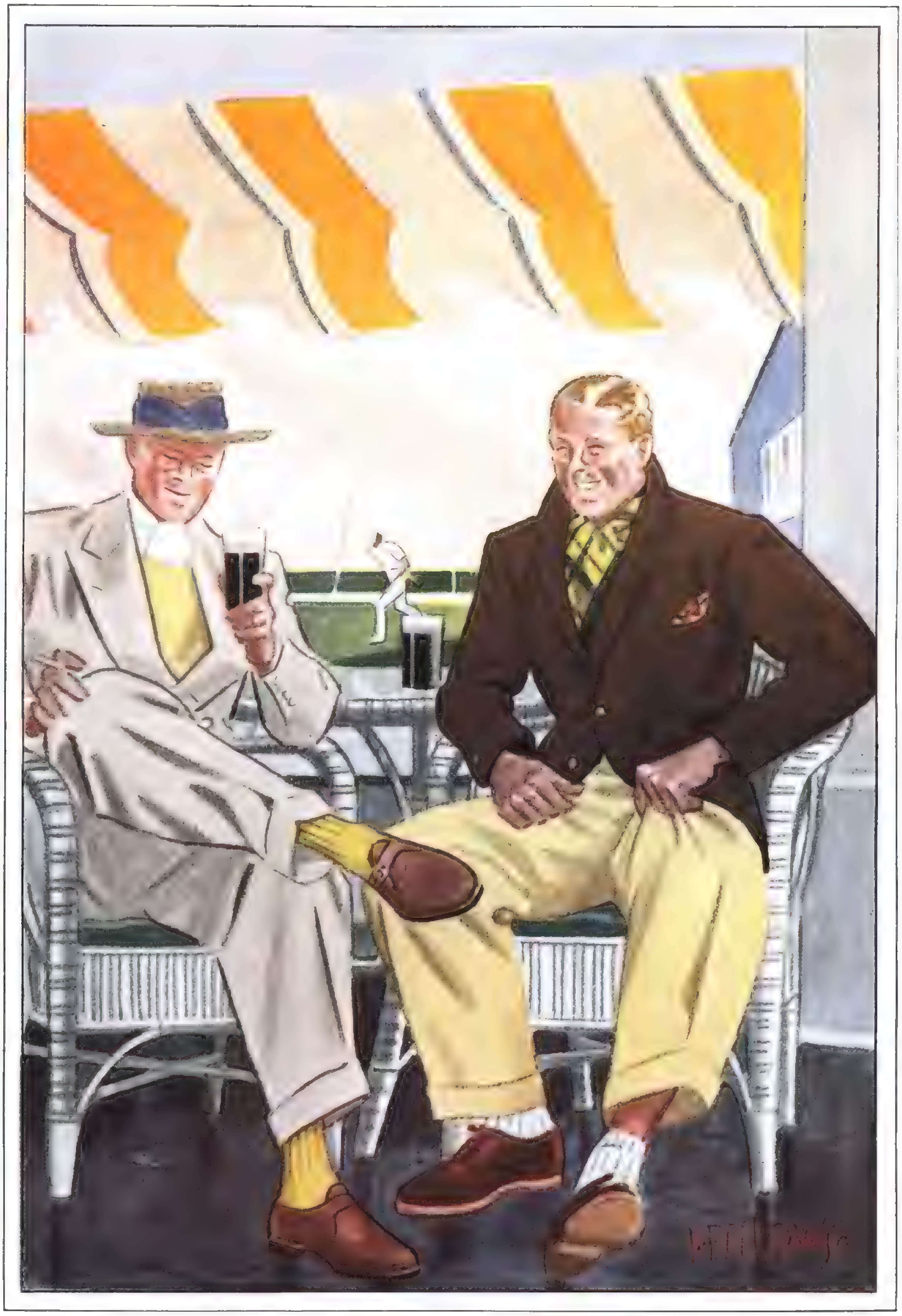

A COLD BOTTLE AFTER A GAME OF BOWLS

The old English pastime, bowling on the green, has been taken up at quite a number of American country clubs. Its proper chaser is a glass of beer. The two men seen here observing this amenity are both well dressed for country club or summer resort weekends. On the left, a double-breasted natural color silk suit worn with a light lisle shirt of pale yellow with a crew neck and half sleeves, together with a white silk foulard scarf, yellow 6x3 wool hose and brown reverse calf monk-front shoes. The hat is a cocoanut straw with a light blue puggaree band. The other outfit consists of a single-breasted brown homespun tweed jacket with brass buttons and patch pockets, pale yellow crash trousers, short wool hose and canvas shoes with crepe rubber soles and heels. Around the neck he sports an India madras square, an important new fashion that was first introduced at Nassau this past winter.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Greatest Irishman

Continued from pages 63-197-198-200

fore, Parnell's statement to a Galway election crowd, "I have a Parliament for Ireland in the hollow of my hand" was no idle boast. Neither was another prophecy that he uttered that same day, "Destroy me, and you take away that Parliament."

The tremendous political confidence which the Irish had in Parnell was most unique. Considering his background, education and personal tastes and habits, Parnell had little in common with the great mass of Irishmen. Charles Stewart Parnell was born at Avondale, County Wicklow, Ireland, on June 27, 1846, the son of John Henry Parnell and Delia Tudor Stewart, daughter of Commodore Charles Stewart of the United States Navy and commander of the famous *Old Ironsides*. The Parnells, who had originally emigrated from England to Ireland in the Time of the Restoration, had always offered resistance to English misgovernment in Ireland and were regarded as champions of the Irish peasants. One of Charles' forefathers had been Sir John Parnell, chancellor of the exchequer in the Irish Parliament and later Daniel O'Connell's ablest lieutenant in the British Parliament.

Charles Stewart Parnell was reared in the atmosphere of the hard, horsy, drinking, wealthy Anglo-Irish set of the middle of the Nineteenth Century in Ireland. He was one of eight children and from his American mother inherited an intense hatred of England. However, young Parnell was educated in English schools and at Magdalene College at Cambridge. He never took a degree at Cambridge. Some trouble which he had gotten into with several carousing friends resulted in suspension. After leaving Cambridge at the age of 23, Parnell returned to Avondale and led the gay life of the Anglo-Irish country gentleman. Later, he went to Paris, met an American heiress, a Miss Woods. He fell madly in love with her, followed her to Rome and later to her home in Newport, Rhode Island.

In spite of his ardent pursuit, Miss Woods refused to marry Parnell. Her excuse for turning him down was that she wanted to marry a gentleman who someday would be a political celebrity. To her, young Parnell had not even the makings of a ward heeler. And she told him so. Years later during one of his triumphal tours in America when he was honored by Congress and lionized everywhere, Parnell met, by chance, Miss Woods who was still unmarried.

"Was her face crimson!" commented the Walter Winchell of the New York *Sun* of the eighties, in reporting this meeting.

Disheartened and very low in spirit, young Parnell, after Miss Woods spurned him, returned to his estate in Wicklow. Always very much affected by the stories of cruelty to Irish peasants as told him since boyhood by servants, he decided to run for Parliament.

Except for his name, which was an honored one in Ireland, Parnell had little qualifications for political life. He knew nothing of Irish history and never did study it. He was not at first very much of a talker. In fact, in his first political speech at the Rotunda in Dublin, he was a complete failure. When he was called upon to address the enthusiastic crowd, the best Parnell could manage were a few mumbled words and fled from the platform. A few years later from that same Rotunda rostrum, Parnell delivered speeches which were quoted around the world and caused the greatest demonstrations Dublin ever witnessed. No mean achievement. Dublin loves nothing better than demonstrations and is most expert in staging them. The first time he ran for office, Parnell was defeated. Later, in 1875, he stood for Meath and was elected. In following elections, Parnell was the candidate from Cork and represented that constituency throughout the rest of his career.

Except for a few after-hours flings with provincial barmaids in company with Joseph Biggar, Parnell, up to 1881, led a fairly austere life, devoting practically all his time to the Irish Nationalist Party. He journeyed all over Ireland and America in the interests of the Home Rule Cause. Night after night would be spent in the humble thatch-roofed cabins in the Irish countryside. Though afflicted with stomach trouble and very fastidious about his food, Parnell would always eat to the last morsel, the rough, coarse fare which the country folks would set before him. As one who has tried to eat such meals as prepared over the smoky peat fire in the hearths of Irish cabins, this writer is qualified to regard Parnell's actions in such instances as both herculean and heroic. Parnell was most courteous and grateful to his rural hosts. They, in turn, loved him for his simplicity and wholehearted acceptance of the small hospitality that they could offer him. In the fund-raising campaigns, The Chief never refused to pass the hat himself, for he knew the people would give more to him than to anyone else. Doing these tedious chores for days on end would tax the strength and patience of the strongest man, let alone one of such frail constitution as Parnell. Yet he never complained.

As the man of the hour in England and Ireland, Parnell's company was sought by hostesses galore. He never accepted any social invitations. Instead, he always dined with his party associates at their headquarters at a London hotel or at Bailey's in Dublin. In 1881, Mrs. Kitty

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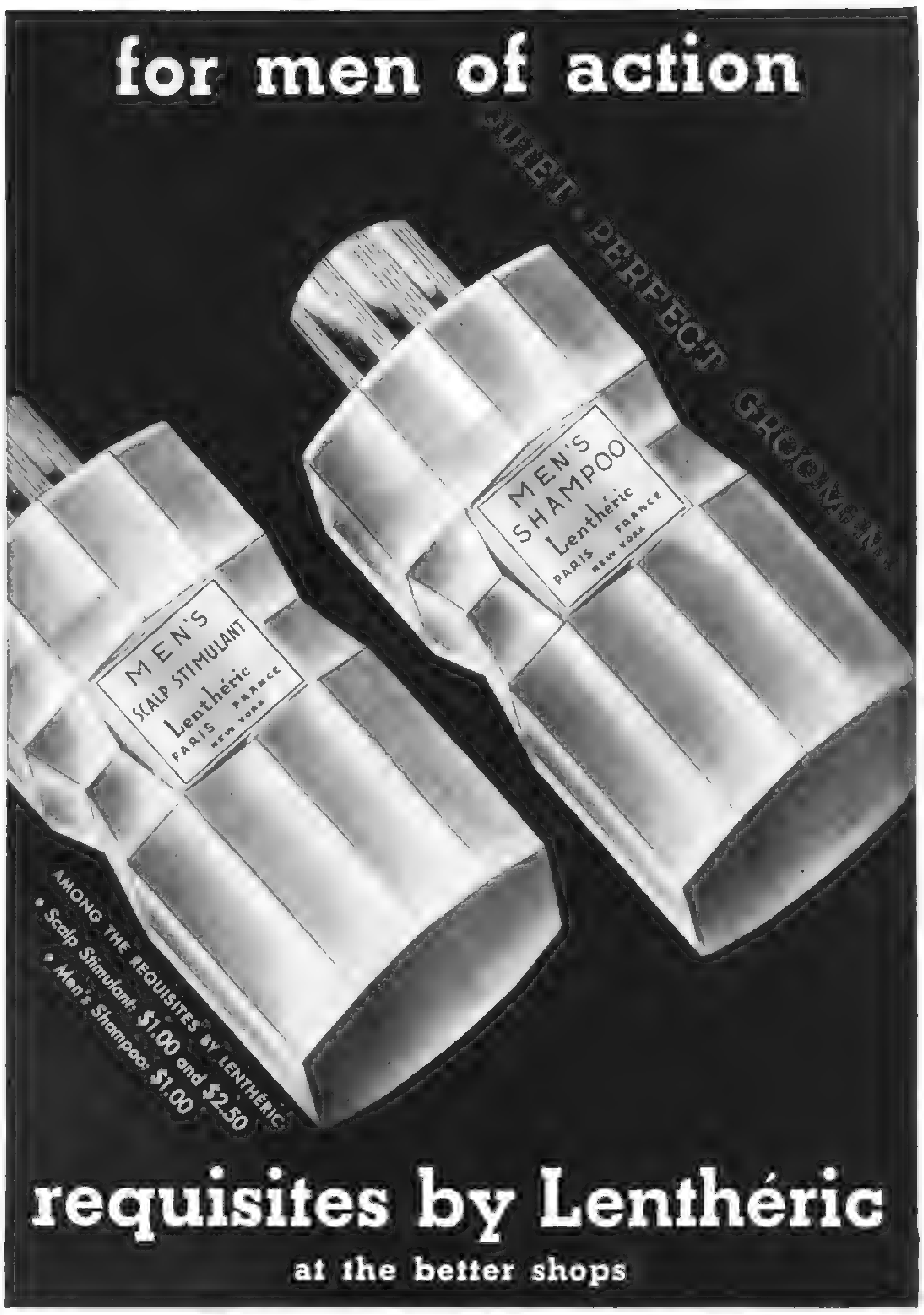
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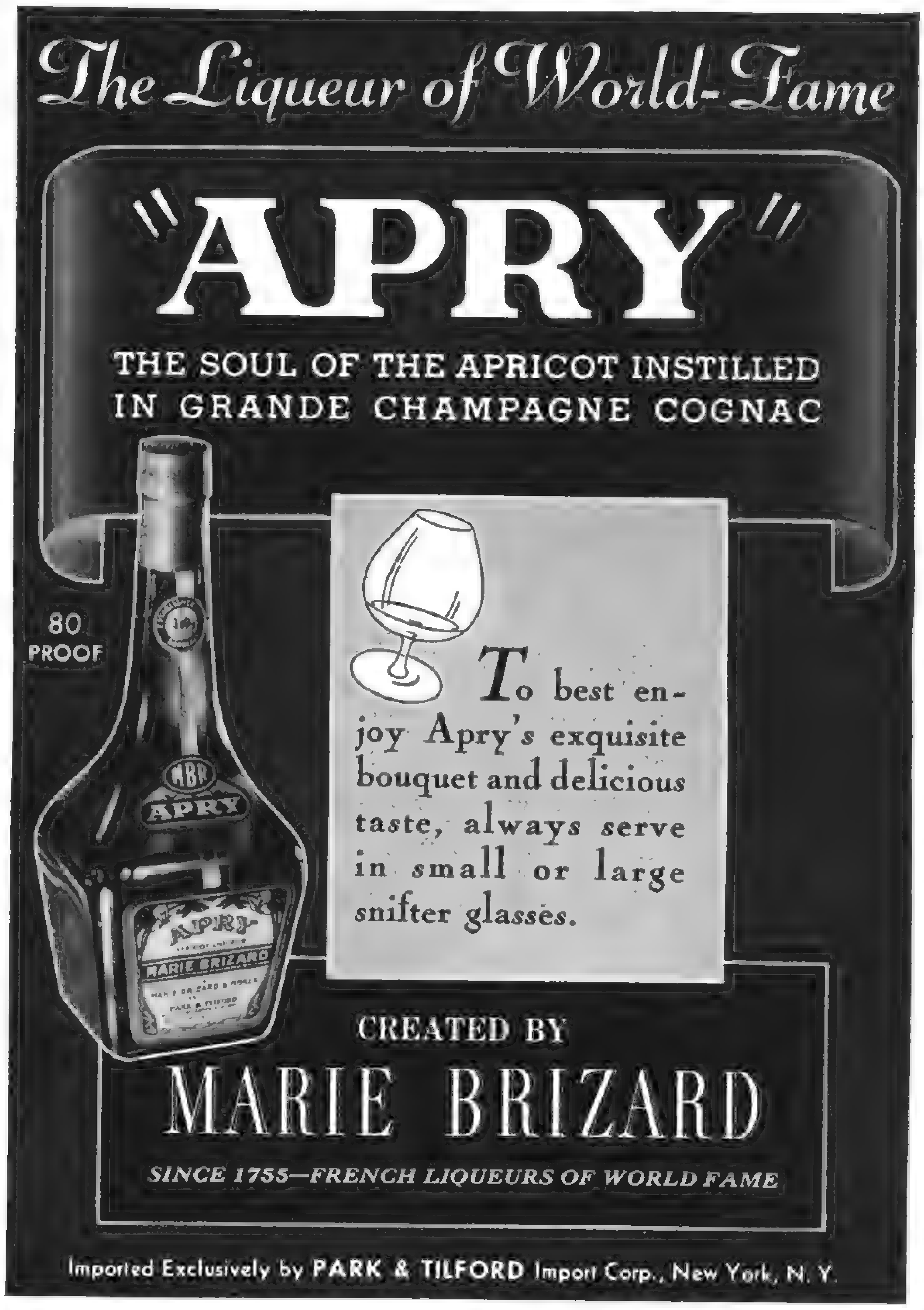
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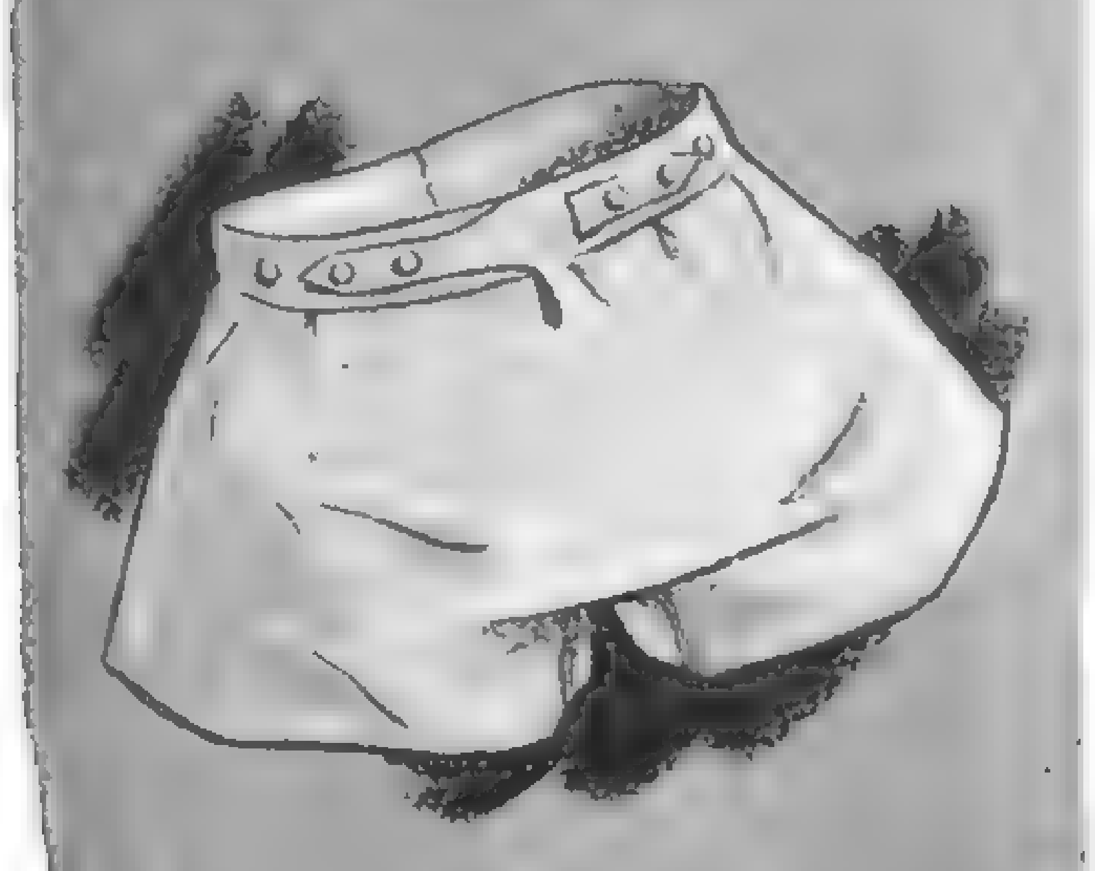

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The Greatest Irishman

Continued from pages 63-197-198-200-203

O'Shea, the English wife of Captain O'Shea, an Irish member of the House, was twitted by her friends that she could not land Parnell for any of her dinners. On a dare, Mrs. O'Shea went to the House of Commons, secured an introduction to Parnell and invited him to one of her dinners. Parnell fell in love with Mrs. O'Shea at first sight. And she with him. Soon they were lovers. For the next nine years, Parnell spent every available hour he could with Mrs. O'Shea. Often to avoid meeting the Captain, the pair enacted some scenes which would have made grand material for one of Al Woods' matrimonial farces. Parnell even used to effect disguises to escape the husband's detection. Finally O'Shea condoned their meetings and Parnell lived openly with Mrs. O'Shea at Brighton and she had children by him. O'Shea did not seem to mind, for he acted a number of times as Parnell's agent in negotiations with Chamberlain and other English parliamentary leaders. Furthermore, Parnell, much against the wishes of his colleagues, secured, in 1885, a seat in Parliament from Galway for O'Shea.

Suddenly in 1889, for reasons unknown to anyone, O'Shea petitioned for a divorce on the grounds of his wife's adultery with Parnell. No defense was offered and the divorce was granted. Immediately after the degree was effective, Parnell married Mrs. O'Shea. Though everybody in official and clerical circles knew for years that Mrs. O'Shea was Parnell's mistress, a tremendous indignation at the divorce scandal was expressed by both Government and the hierarchy. At first, the Irish Nationalist Party members met and unanimously expressed confidence in Parnell as their leader. The Irish people as a unit stood behind him. Even the Catholic bishops in Ireland believed that Parnell should not resign.

However, the Irish had reckoned without Gladstone and the English clergy. At that time, Gladstone, as head of the Liberal Party, had pledged Home Rule for Ireland. It was the platform upon which he had retained the leadership of the Liberal Party, largely because he had Parnell's firm support. And Parnell held the balance of power in Commons between the Liberal and Conservative parties.

"Notwithstanding the splendid service rendered by Parnell," declared Prime Minister Gladstone, "his continuance at the present moment in the leadership would be disastrous to the highest degree to the Cause of Ireland. His continuance as leader would not only place many hearty and effective friends of the Irish Cause in a position of great embarrassment, but would render my retention of the leadership of the Liberal Party, based as it has been mainly on the presentation of the Irish Cause, almost a nullity."

Taking a cue from Gladstone's statement, the Irish Catholic bishops issued an official denunciation of Parnell and demanded his resignation as leader. The Catholic bishops never did like the Protestant Parnell and the divorce plus Gladstone's remarks afforded them their long-awaited opportunity to get rid of him. Immediately after the bishops' ultimatum, the Irish Nationalist Party members held their second and famous meeting in Committee Room 15.

Headed by Tim Healy, Barry and Justin McCarthy, a number of the members demanded that Parnell resign. However, the courageous Parnell, who occupied the chairman's chair, refused to entertain such a motion. In fact, as Healy remarked years later, "Parnell looked as if it were we who had committed the adultery." Finally, after hours of fighting like Kilkenny cats, Justin McCarthy suggested that those who believed that Parnell should resign should leave the room. Led by McCarthy, forty-four departed. Twenty-six remained.

Through this secession, the invincible Irish Nationalist Party had signed its own death warrant, destroyed Parnell and, just as he had predicted, destroyed its golden chance of getting an Irish Parliament.

For Parnell was now a sick man and heartbroken over the betrayal by colleagues whom he had worked with for years. Following the revolt of the forty-four members, Parnell carried his fight for leadership to the people in Ireland. In spite of the bishops' warning and the vituperation poured upon him by Healy, Barry, McCarthy and the other seceders, the Irish people for the most part, particularly in Dublin, remained loyal to him. In Dublin, following his return to Ireland after the meeting in Room 15, he was accorded a great demonstration while Tim Healy had to avoid the town for fear of being lynched.

In the fall of 1891, while campaigning in Ireland, Parnell was taken seriously ill and left for his home in Brighton, England. He promised to return to Ireland the following week. He did return—in his coffin. He died on October 6, 1891, of inflammatory rheumatism. Kitty O'Shea was the last person to see him alive. All Ireland turned out for Parnell's funeral and the cortege which accompanied his body to Glasnevin Cemetery included thousands and thousands of tearful mourners. Aye, the loudest and most copious wailing throughout the whole funeral procession was to be heard from the Healys, the Barrys, the McCarthys and the other fine lads who had failed The Chief when he needed their help the most. ⧺

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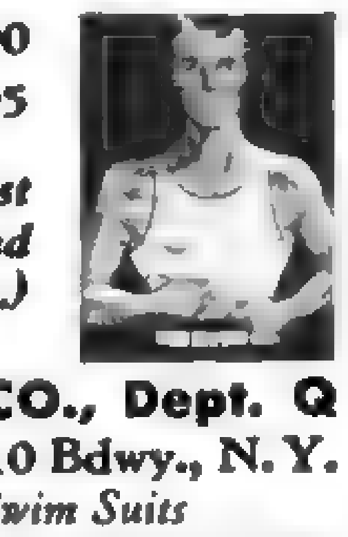

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1 **SLOE GIN FIZZ**

Place 4 cubes ice in shaker . . . 1 jigger DuBouchett Sloe Gin . . . juice of ½ lemon . . . 1 barspoon sugar...shake, strain into 8 ounce glass; fill with seltzer.

•

2 **SLOE GIN SOUR**

Fill shaker ½ full ice . . . 1 jigger DuBouchett Sloe Gin . . . Juice ½ lemon . . . 1 barspoon sugar . . . Shake, strain into sour glass. Garnish with cherry, slice orange.

3 **SLOE GIN COLLINS**

Use 10 or 12 oz. glass. Muddle ¼ lemon. Fill glass with 4 or 5 cubes ice. Add 1½ jiggers DuBouchett Sloe Gin. Fill glass with seltzer or sparkling water. Stir to mix well.

•

4 **DuBOUCHETT COCKTAIL**

Place 4 cubes of ice in bar glass . . . 1 jigger DuBouchett Sloe Gin . . . 1 Pony French Vermouth . . . 1 dash Cocktail Bitters . . . Stir, strain into cocktail glass. Twist lemon peel over completed drink.

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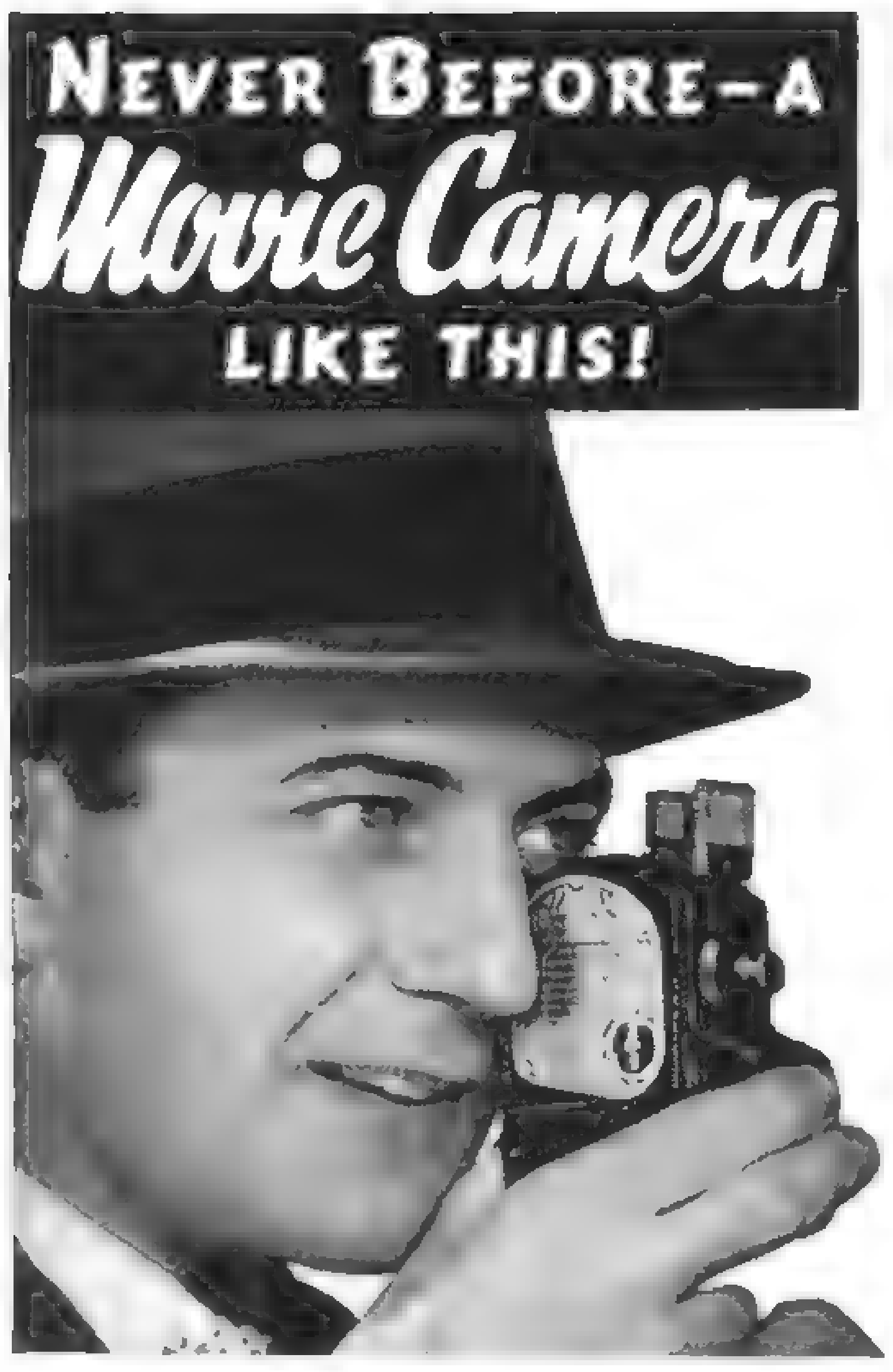

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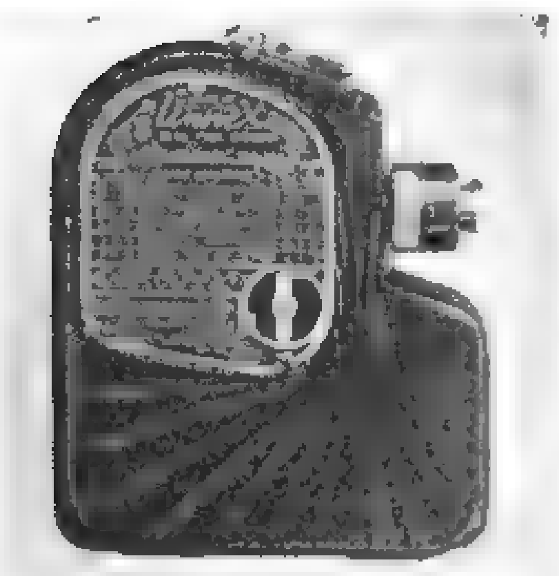

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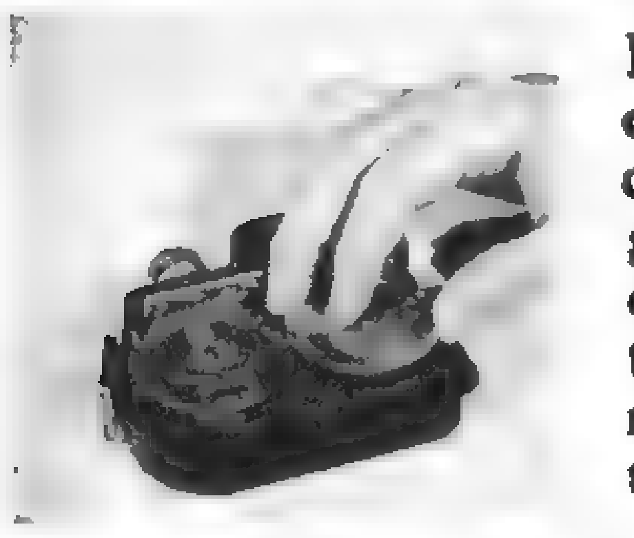

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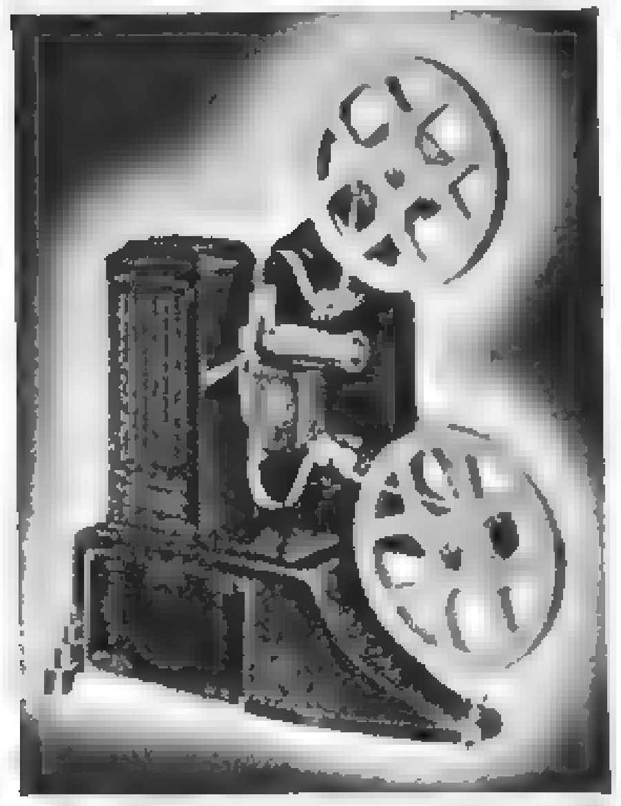

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UniveX CINE "8"

The Pontifical Press

Continued from page 59

not avoid conjuring up a picture of millions of beefeaters glowering into their tea and muttering about Japan.

Probably the A.P. talked with one or two sub-officials before cabling the story. But give it the benefit of the doubt and say it talked to half a dozen and read several British newspaper editorial comments. That, presumably, makes it all of Britain.

For the haughty A.P. to say that a number of English undersecretaries did not approve of certain Japanese actions, a mere statement of fact, would, of course, lower the prestige of the Associated Press and damage the reputation of the High Complications with which it concerns itself. It would not be a Great Event.

If the newspaper reader is inclined to contemplation, he readily admits that the A.P. is indeed a wondrous organization to be able to look into its crystal ball and tell in one sentence what 40,000,000 Englishmen are doing, not to mention the Irish and Scotch.

Or take this one, a routine method of molding Great Events. It happens to come from a Detroit newspaper—"Lansing today wondered whether G. Donald Kennedy, business manager of the State Highway Department, might be slated for budget director in the incoming administration." And if more than one-twentieth of Lansing gave a whoop on that particular day about the political aspirations of Mr. Kennedy, admirable public servant that he may be, human nature in that precinct was reversing the statistics of the ages.

The writer actually meant that "several job-seekers, politicians, busybodies and friends have wondered recently," but to write it that way would practically amount to a journalistic strip act.

CIRCLES AND QUARTERS. Here's where the newspaper boys bundle up like swamis and start communing with nebulous spirit-clouds swarming about their typewriters.

Said the press following the death of O. P. Van Sweringen recently—"While some Wall Street banking and railroad circles cast eyes in the direction of J. P. Morgan & Co. in their speculation on who would fall heir to control of the empire. . . . " Can't you see those "circles" of financial wizards, clustered about mahogany tables up and down Wall Street, tweaking their eyebrows and conversing in muffled tones of the Van Sweringen rail holdings?

Perhaps we may grant that the habitual perusers of the financial columns, where grows the most luxuriant journalistic profundities, have become inured to that kind of jargon and chop through it to rescue a fact or two, but when that kind of story breaks on page one, the general public can only bathe in the reflected and somewhat vague glory of Great Events.

In the same manner, political writers love those "informed quarters," which may be anything from a Court of Appeals caretaker to the brother-in-law of the secretary of the Republican county boss. On fast-breaking news, the reporter is lucky to get in touch with at the most two or three people. And usually the oracle who appears in print as "informed quarters" is a single humble citizen.

But when the Washington hotshot correspondent wires that "informed quarters tonight predicted that Joe Blotz will leave the subcabinet within two weeks," the average reader imagines scores of astute Washingtonians huddled in compact groups all over the city, discussing and informing reporters.

The fact that the correspondent is usually accurate in his predictions is beside the point. His training would never permit him to descend from the balmy heights and file the truth, *i.e.*—"I predict that," or "an old clerk in the accounting division, who has never been wrong yet, tonight predicted that . . .". No. The pontifical press demands its "informed quarters."

REVEAL. The word "reveal" fairly drips of mystery and melodrama and as such is a darling of the press. Within the trade it has two valuable uses, either politely to point out to the opposition reporter that he has been scooped or to keep the public from guessing (correctly) that the story was available and should have been printed a couple of days before.

When you read that "Fred Q. Klotz, prominent life insurance agent, has been missing since Wednesday, police *revealed* today . . ." (today being Monday) you can feel pretty sure that the gent on the police beat knew that Klotz was missing several days before but did not call in the story for the simple reason that he did not know that Klotz was a "prominent life insurance agent." Hundreds of people are missing every day and the busy police reporter cannot check everything. It is, therefore, quite convenient to let "police reveal" it when he does find out. The cops don't mind and everybody is happy.

SPEAKING INTO A VOID. This vocal feat is usually reserved for mayors, police chiefs and community chest officials, although the nation's chief executive is occasionally honored. To create the illusion of Great Events, the reporter has his characters speak through a kind of magic super-stratosphere which has miraculous powers of amplification. It goes like this:

"Mayor Blurp today urged the city . . ."

"Police Chief Klotz today called upon the city . . ."

"Bernard F. Drib, Community

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My boy friend, Hector, wonders why
He's feeling punk this morning.
He didn't look for Pilfer-proofs,
In spite of all my warning.

Melissa, the egg's mama

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Chest chairman, pleaded with the city to empty its pockets . . ."

Assuming that none of the above sacred passages referred to radio speeches, in which case there is plausible justification for including the whole city even though only ten per cent of the population heard the program, the phrases are patently a case of phony exaggeration.

You can remember as a small boy reading phrases like that and wondering whether the mayor had some kind of Buck Rogers' 25th Century amplifier which permitted him to reach the ears of all citizens.

The average reader conjures up no childish pictures, but he probably imagines that Klotz made a big speech on the subject somewhere. And failing of any thought as definite as that, he certainly gets a hazy impression of Great Events. Actually, of course, the vast municipal urging was done, in the case of the Community Chest, when the chairman told a reporter to please fix up a story that would tug at reluctant purse strings.

ALLEGED FIGHTS OF POLITICAL OPPONENTS. Politicians sometimes get peeved at one another and nobody denies that a bit of adroit name-calling seldom injures a cause. But most fights between public officials begin and end in type, frequently even without the knowledge of the supposed battlers.

"Commissioner Blurp's charges last night that the drafting of the charter had been bungled drew the fire today of Frank T. Drib, chairman of the charter committee."

The "fire" originated thus. Coming to work with a dead story on his hands, killed by a big play in the morning papers of what Commissioner Blurp had said the night before, the afternoon paper reporter phones Drib and asks him what he thinks of Blurp's remarks.

Drib begs off, but the reporter keeps after him. Finally Drib says he did not like Blurp's remarks very well. Drib's docile disagreement, however, appears immediately in print as "drew the fire today of Frank T. Drib." The effect is that of thunderous emotions clashing in public, even though the nearest Drib ever gets to a warm emotion is when he sneezes. His meek disagreement has become a Great Event.

In the last election, two reporters of a midwestern daily were assigned to cover the state-wide junkets of the gubernatorial candidates. Each picked his man and stayed with him, filing daily stories on the progress of the campaign. The incumbent insisted, unfortunately for progress, on making the same speech in each of a dozen small towns he covered in a day. Frantic for a new lead, the writer told the governor that if he didn't get something new the city desk would soon have him squeezed over on the woman's page.

The governor had no idea what to do about it, so the reporter wrote out a hot accusation of the other candidate and asked the governor to insert it in his next speech. The governor liked the idea and said he would. The reporter accordingly filed an early story, featuring the accusation. Unfortunately the governor forgot to insert the diatribe in the speech.

But the next day, reading the governor's statement, the other reporter, also frantic for a new lead, asked his candidate to answer the accusation. They went through the same procedure, the newspaperman writing the answer and the candidate forgetting in the heat of his speech to insert the answer. But the reporter had already written his story, as is necessary on swift jerk-town hops.

That fantastic exchange continued for several days, the reporters writing the statements and the candidates either forgetting to include them in their stereotyped speeches or mangling them. Back in the city room a week later, the boys learned they had, in effect, spent ten days calling each other names. But no matter. The state had read of a rousing political battle and it was Great Events.

And you can add these to your catalogue of newspaper phrases lugged on the printed stage as props for the press's big illusion act of Great Events and Significant People.

Use of the word "government" when one governmental underling is meant, *i. e.*—"The government dismissed its charges today against . . ."

"Ballistics expert" for a cop who sits at central station and puts tags on guns used in shootings.

"Authorities" for one or two cops. *i.e.*—"Michigan and Indiana authorities searched the countryside today . . ."

"Investigations" and "probes." Nine-tenths of the investigations are attempts by reporters to put a fresh lead on an old story, *i.e.*—"Police launched an investigation today of the traffic death yesterday of John J. Brown." Find one cop sometime who is in the process of "launching an investigation."

"Assailed" to mean somebody raised an objection.

"It was believed . . ." The phrase almost always means that "it was believed" by the reporter doing the writing. But to the reader, it conveys the thought that hundreds of responsible citizens were of that opinion.

"Charge." Any kind of statement to which somebody might possibly object becomes a smashing "charge" in print.

The illusion of Great Events created by the press hurts no one. The information is accurate enough and we little men often need the kind of ego-pumping provided by a medium which permits us to "announce" and "charge" and "draw fire" and "assail" and even from time to

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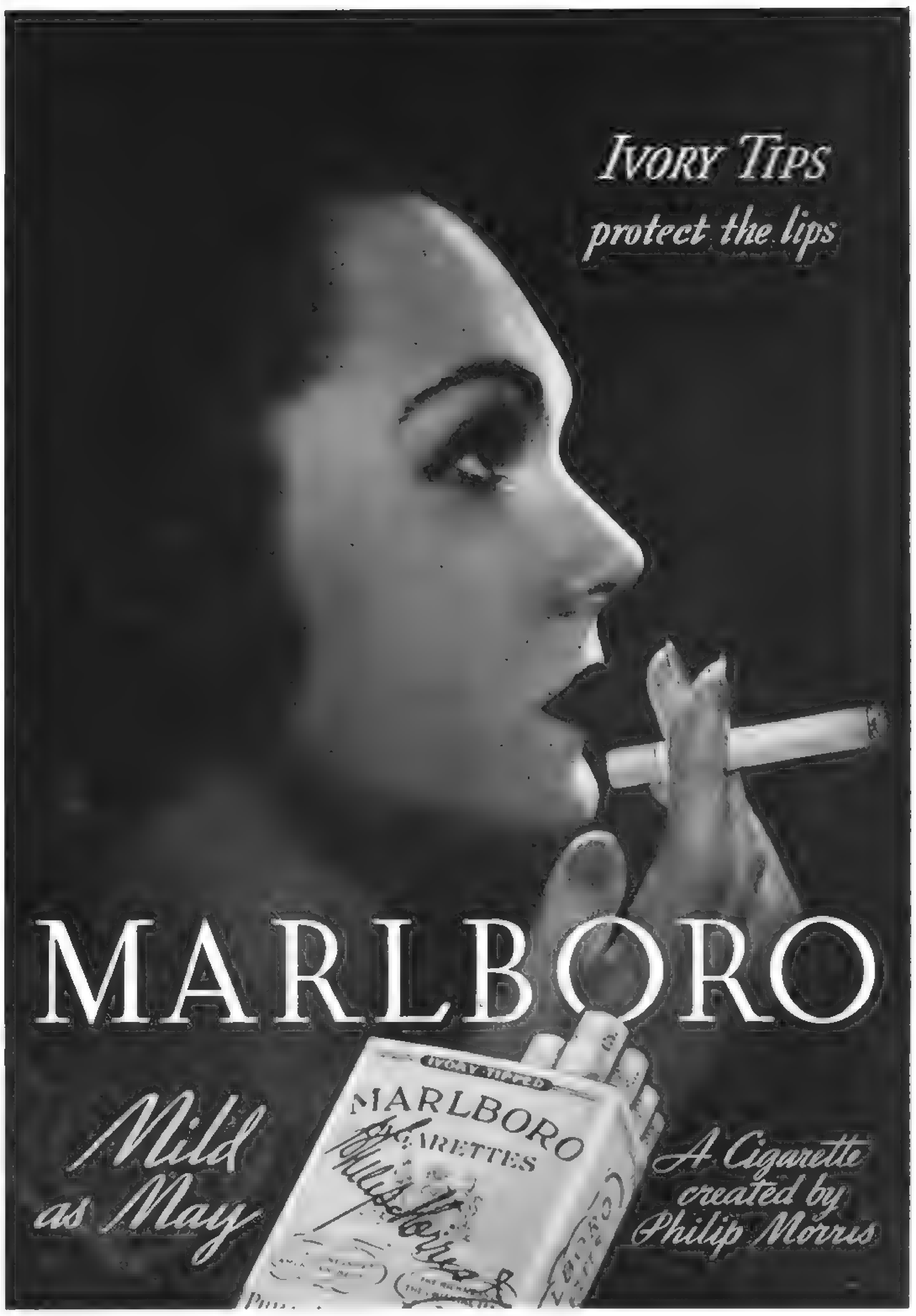

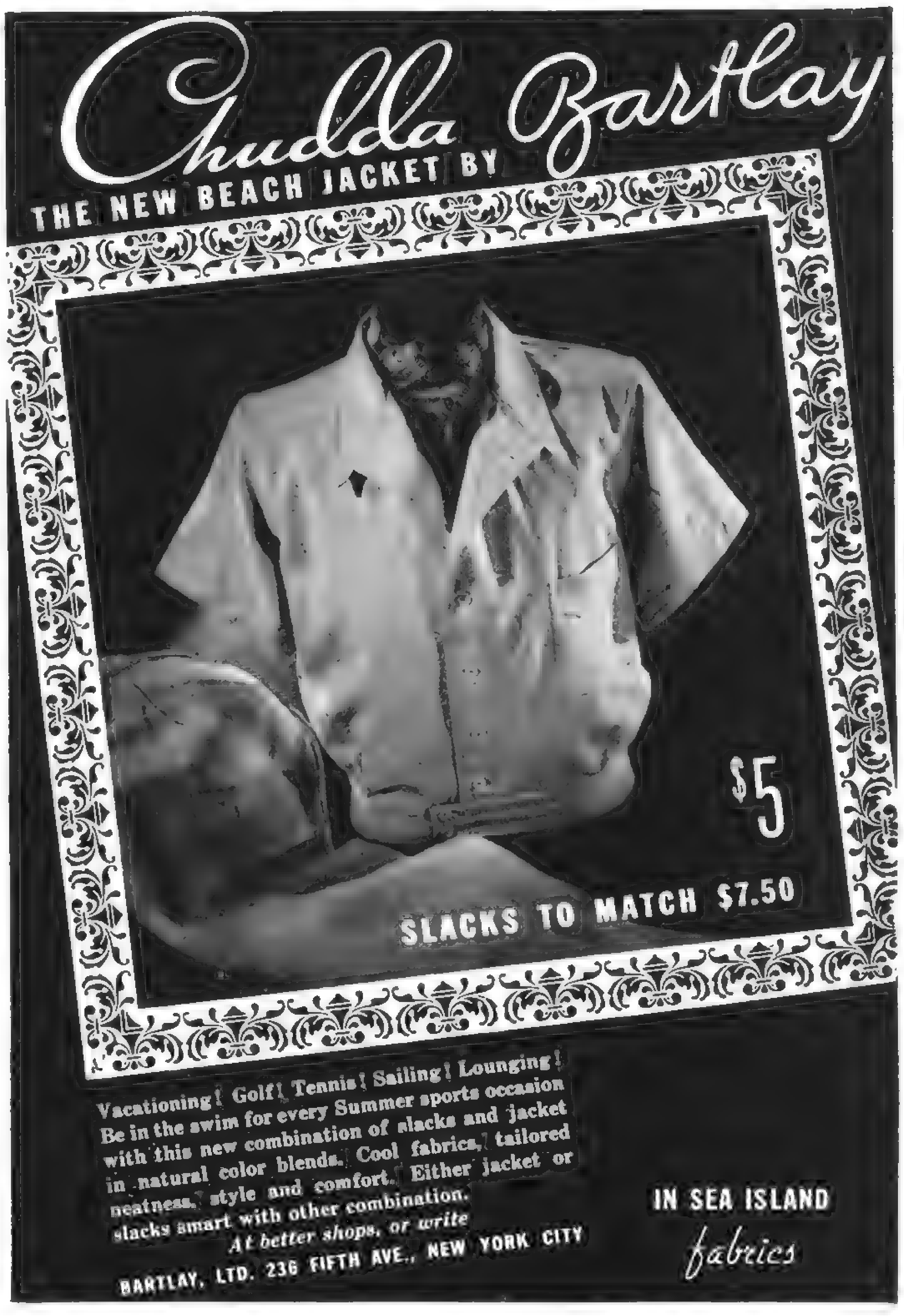

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CORK TIPPED OR PLAIN END

The Pontifical Press

Continued from pages 59-207

time act as "informed quarters."

But newspapers sometimes debunk the solemnity of their own news columns by employing steady feature writers who are allowed to write as they please. The feature man who is worth his salt seldom bulldozes the public with the ham magician's props of Great Events. There is Robert J. Casey of the Chicago *Daily News*, one of the most beloved of newspapermen. Casey wrote recently:

"To the state's attorney's office today came the sad news that Michael J. (Mike) Galvin, political leader of the river ward and chief of what he called the independent teamsters' unions, had been gathered to his fathers with a shotgun in Madison Street last night.

"The word was received with subdued emotion and caused no immediate dispatch of the flying squads into the regions where lived the men who might have had reason for Mr. Galvin's removal.

"Capt. Daniel Gilbert, head of the state's attorney's police, said that he would bide his time before making a guess. He suggested that almost anybody in Chicago might have had designs on Galvin . . ."

There you have no faked "investigation" or picture of the entire police department scouring the city for Galvin's assassins. It is not a Great Event, but it is an intensely human event that makes you wonder if the press would damage its cause much by tossing away the Olympian megaphone and talking like other mortals. #

Sit-Down Strikes and Balls

Continued from page 60

lowed by Dizzy's declaration that he would not pitch that year unless the Cards raised the ante. Rickey quickly called Dean on the phone. "I see you're holding out again," Branch said. "I thought you said you signed your contract."

"I did," Dizzy chuckled, "but I didn't mail it to you."

Later that season Dizzy, still feeling he was underpaid, refused to make a trip to St. Paul for an exhibition game. He finally went but would not leave the team's dugout to acknowledge the fans' reception for him. He was booed lustily. It was an unpardonable snub to the fans and hurt Dizzy's prestige, but it showed him he was an important baseball man. He draws the crowds and wants a share of the profits he is directly responsible for.

So Dizzy asked for $40,000. If that's Dean's opinion of his value to the St. Louis Cardinals, who is to question it? In a game where the public pays millions of dollars to see something besides mere skill in its heroes, Dizzy Dean is a unique personality. Pitching artistry he has to a degree attained by few others. But he has even more color. There is no predicting his whims, and it is this gift for the extraordinary that has made him a drawing card of Babe Ruth's old stature.

Virtue, I suppose, is its own reward in baseball as in all else. But when the cases of two great pitchers, Walter Johnson and Van Lingle Mungo, come before the bar, it's difficult to suppress a doubt-laden Oh, Yeah? Johnson worked for most of a baseball generation with a losing club. One of the greatest pitching artists the game has known, he toiled year after year without reaching the goal of every ambitious ball player, the World Series. It was only at the end of a long and honorable career that he attained that objective. During his tenure with the Washington club he was never heard to grumble about the failures of teammates who made the Senators' cause a losing one. Walter never sought trouble with anyone in baseball; certainly not with magnates. Result: He is not listed among the top-priced ball players of the last twenty years.

And now, Mungo. Van is a star, and stars have privileges not to be usurped by the average big leaguer. Pitching for the Brooklyn Dodgers, Mungo has lost many games that would have been won by more skillful teammates. It is doubtful, however, if he was injured by such defeats to the extent that Johnson was. But Mungo in 1936 let out the bellow heard 'round the diamond world. Bush leaguers were costing him games, he would not pitch for a team that had so many incompetents, he was through for the season. He left the team on the road to stage a one-man strike.

How was this punished? Van Lingle Mungo was welcomed back with a mild reprimand and now Manager Burleigh Grimes talks of Mungo as the greatest pitcher in the National League.

Rogers Hornsby knew more about the art of hitting than Cardini does about the private life of the queen of spades, but it is as a baseball rebel that he is most interesting. The Rajah has none of the bizarre notions that make up a Dean but in his long career he has been just as balky as Ol' Diz or Mungo. He speaks his mind simply, honestly and at the drop of a hat; it doesn't mind what kind of a chapeau, be it the dusty skull cap of the ball player or the high hat of the magnate. Slick diplomacy is not one of Hornsby's gifts. And Rogers has turned this failing into an asset.

Hornsby first became famous as one of the greatest hitters the sport has known. Then, as manager of the Cardinals, he gave St. Louis its first pennant. But he had some differences with the executives and the following year the

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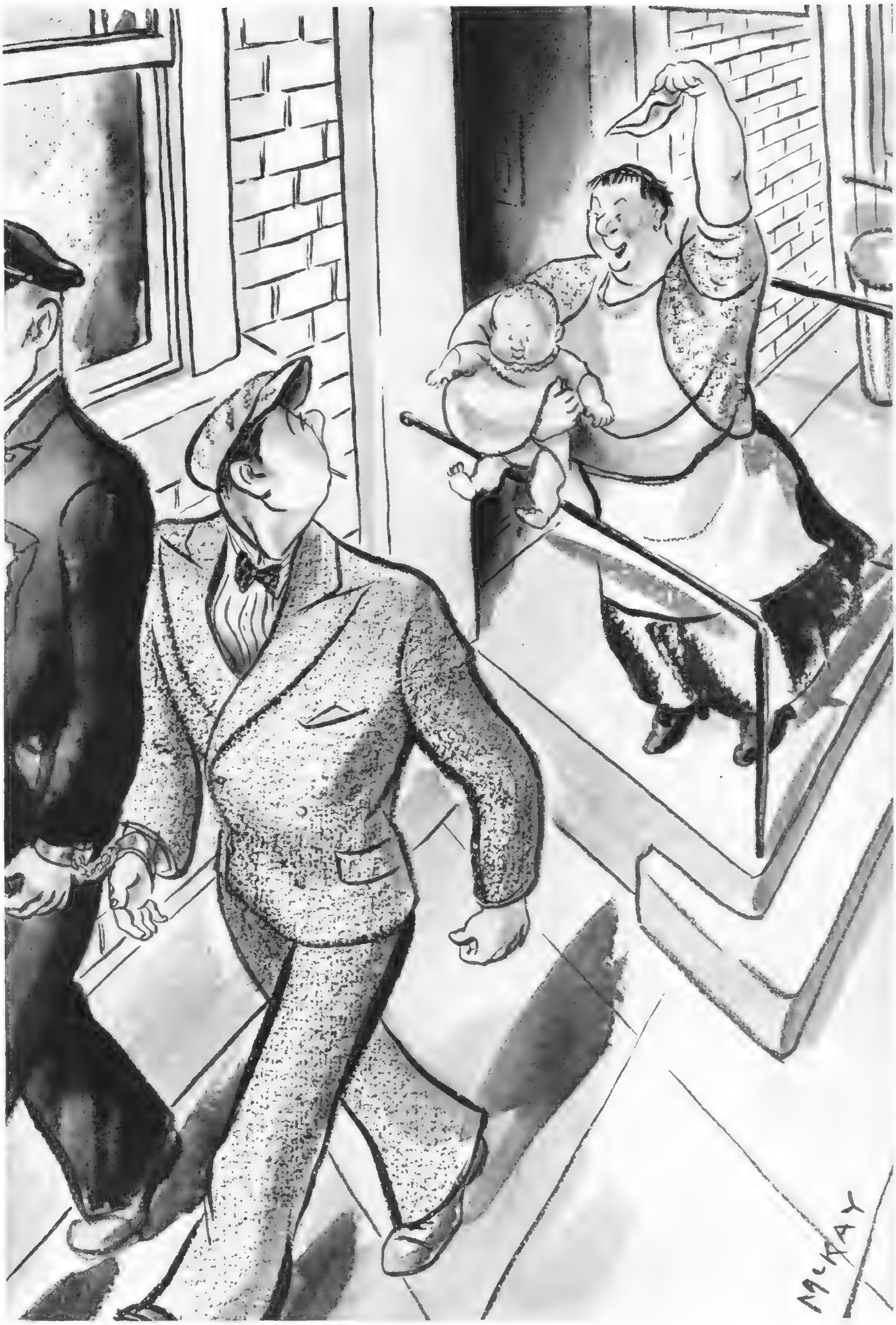

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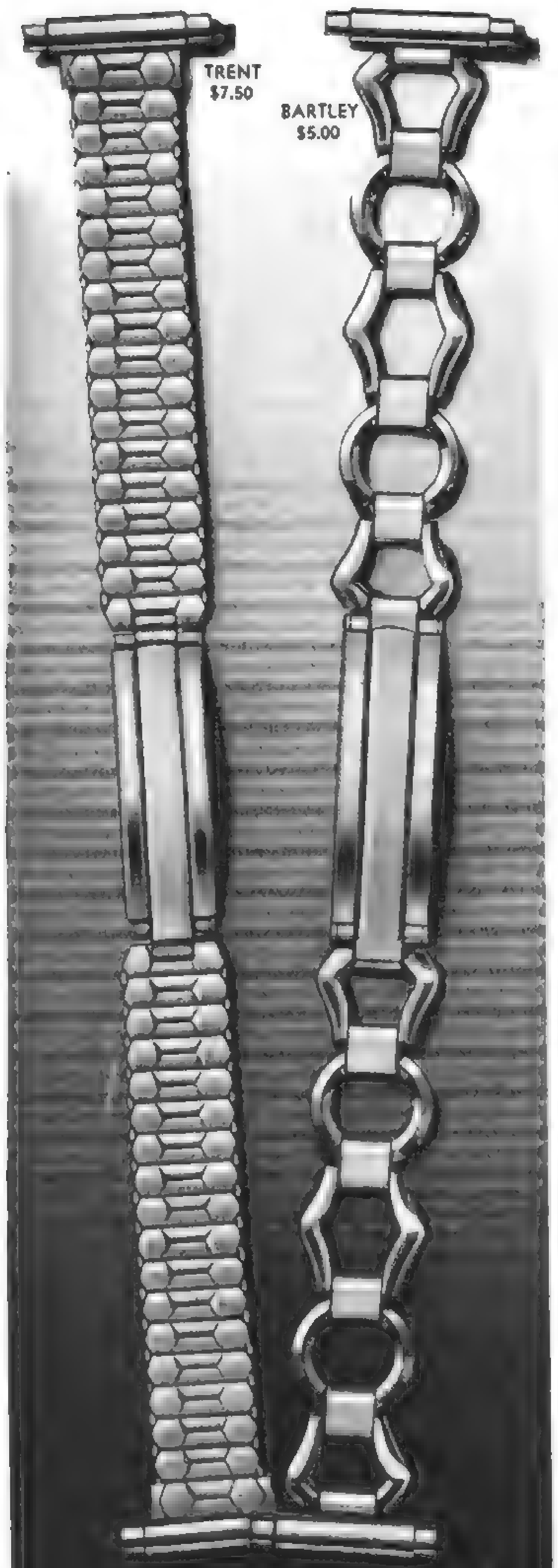

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Sit-Down Strikes and Balls

Continued from pages 60-208

sporting world was stunned by his transfer to the Giants for Frankie Frisch.

A strange situation developed, for Hornsby, New York's new second baseman, was a stockholder in the St. Louis club. This tangle had to be undone, and the Rajah made the most of his opportunities. He refused to sell his shares at the price offered and finally made the St. Louis club come to him at his terms.

Hornsby didn't linger in New York. Almost inevitably there was a wrangle with the Giants' front office, and off Hornsby went to Boston, where in no time at all Jack Slattery, popular manager of the Braves, was deposed and Hornsby succeeded him. His arguments in New York had brought advancement.

But the fans resented Hornsby's elevation at the price of Slattery's head and the uncompromising Texan was shipped to the Cubs, where Joe McCarthy made an exit and was replaced by Hornsby. In Chicago Rogers' independence antagonized the powers that be. Again the Texan was out of a job. Broke, he turned to Branch Rickey, who gave him a sort of pensioner's job—pinch hitter with the Cardinals. It looked like the end of the trail.

But in a short time he was on another road. One club was willing to take a chance with this man, in whose wake trouble broke so regularly. He was hired to manage the St. Louis Browns of the American League. Now he is considered one of the shrewdest managers in the business, both as trader and field general.

There's a high-price tag on rebels. The athletes know this and have used the knowledge to engineer deals which have sent them to richer clubs. Thus they have been able to persuade owners with greater resources to pay their price and, by going on to stronger clubs, have enhanced their chances of sharing World Series money.

Wes Ferrell resumed a career of stardom after he had been traded from Cleveland. Ferrell seemed to be through. His pitching arm went dead, and the Indians had on their hands a dissatisfied ex-star, but one who was still demanding a star's wages. A common case of February headache for the club owner.

Ferrell wasn't happy in Cleveland and knew that if he set a high price on his services the Indians would try to swing a sale for him. The Red Sox, with Millionaire Tom Yawkey's open checkbook, were the only club that would take a chance on Ferrell at the price asked. Immediately Ferrell's pitching craft returned and he proved to be worth many times more than the $25,000 General Manager Eddie Collins advised paying for him. A change in environment gave him his price and restored his skill.

Boston's rarefied atmosphere seems to be a tonic for dead arms, batting slumps and defeatist dispositions, and there is an endless parade of second division players to Uncle Tom's ball park. This has enriched other club owners as well as the ball players. In the last five or six years sales and trades induced by holdouts who wanted a change of scenery have brought more than $1,000,000 to clubs that could not meet high salary demands. The transaction that made Boston Gold Sox of those financially unappreciated Athletics—Jimmy Foxx, Footsie Marcum, Flit Cramer and Eric McNair—left a $400,000 dent in Yawkey's till and put sky in the pie for Connie Mack and the Shibes, who owned the Athletics. The Chicago-Boston deal for Hornsby several years ago involved close to $200,000. Lefty Grove, another famous holdout, brought another $125,000 from Boston to Philadelphia.

It's not always money, though, that impels a ball player to sit down. Freddy Lindstrom's case is a noteworthy one. Lindy had hopes of managing the Giants on McGraw's retirement. But Terry's appointment not only dissipated these hopes but also terminated a friendship between the two men. Lindy would not stay in the ranks under Terry, and Bill sent him packing. Fortune followed this rebel, for he went on, with one stop, to Chicago, where he helped cut a World Series melon in 1935.

Tex Carleton shared Lindstrom's success in Chicago. Tex didn't care for Dizzy Dean's domination of the Cardinals and was frank about it. This didn't make for harmony and he was traded from the pennant-winning Cards to the Cubs. With them he helped win another pennant. Carleton has had no regrets.

A punch from the fist of Rogers Hornsby gave Dick Coffman a chance to quit the second-division Browns for a tryout with the Giants. One night two summers ago Coffman boarded a train with the rest of the St. Louis team. He was not in condition to pitch. Hornsby ordered him to leave the train at a lonely whistle stop in Illinois, but the pitcher refused, whereupon the Rajah swung and knocked him right off the ball club. But Coffman got his chance and made good with the pennant-winning Giants last year.

Perhaps the shrewdest sitdowner of them all was Dazzy Vance. The former Dodger fireball ace recently estimated that he had received $177,000 in salaries during his tenure with the Brooklyn team. "If you'll look at the record books," the Dazzler pointed out, "you'll find that I pitched 177 winning games for Brooklyn. Even a baseball writer can figure that that comes to $1,000 a victory. And only the other day a guy who doesn't respect Ol' Dazz's shrewdness called me silly." ⌗

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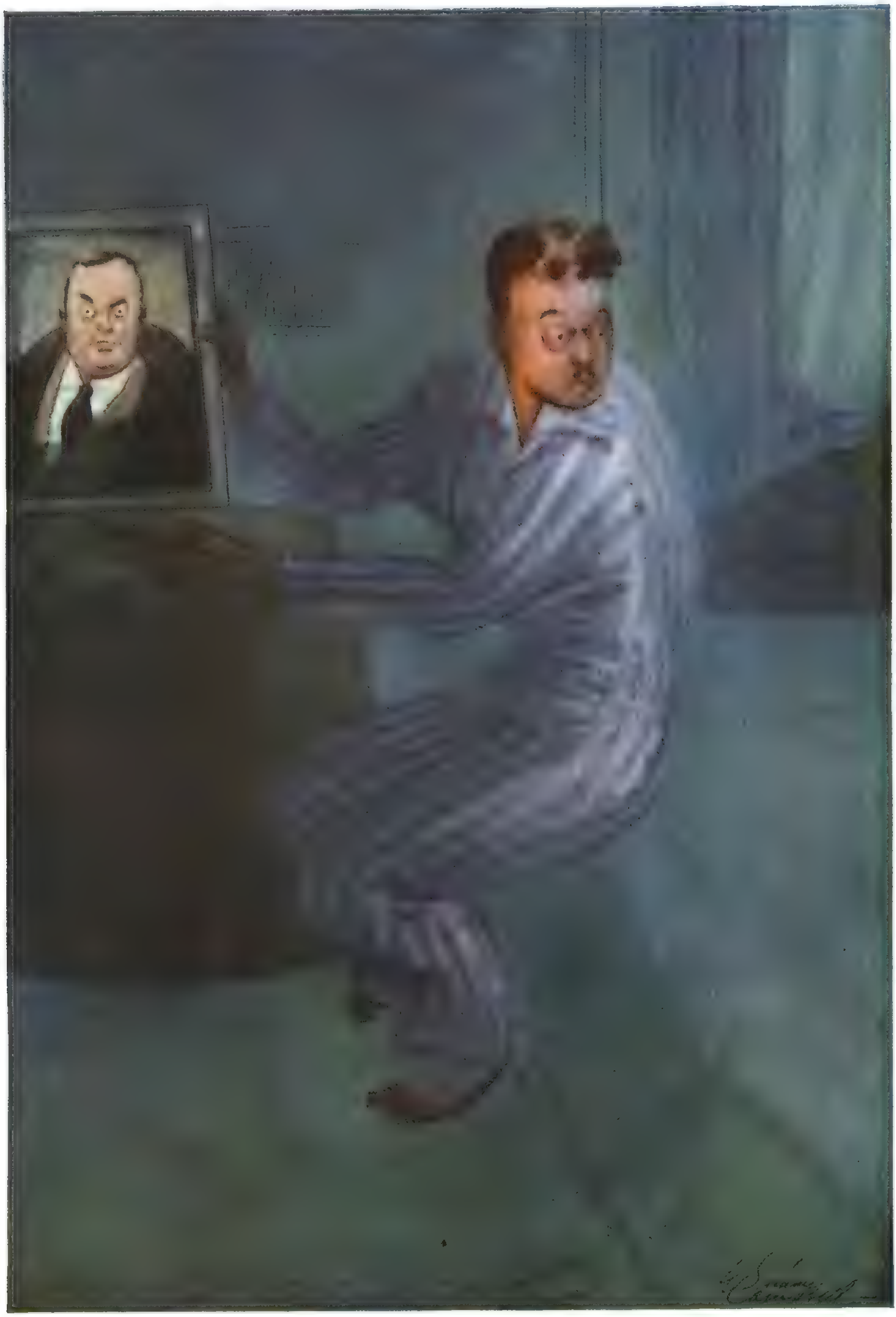


"Mind if I turn this around?"

Learning to Lose Your Mind

Continued from page 95

hair-splitting—the jury naturally had no trouble in reaching a verdict.

The course was clear. The jury, after deliberating for five minutes, handed in a verdict of "Guilty" with a modifying clause of "Not Guilty."

The presiding justice thereupon imposed a mandatory sentence of execution, to hang, be hung, or go hang, with the understanding that Mrs. D H-C would thereafter be paroled in the custody of her attorney. At the request of the People this sentence was later amended to specify "*vanilla* custody."

As a prominent business man once said to me, "I can't understand what's keeping Ed. He said he'd be here by four."

Note: We mend and darn your socks free.

Isn't Human Nature Fascinating, Though, Isn't It?

There is a legend in Old England concerning the coming of spring: The first sparrow seen perched on an elm tree is said to be the harbinger of truly warm weather. Science now claims that the first truly warm weather is actually the harbinger of the sparrow. Hot debate still rages on the subject, pro and con, pro and con. Some outsiders maintain that the con, or *con-man, is* a pro, or *professional*, and that the argument is thus *nolle wolle* reduced to an absurdity, or psychological *mal de mer*.

To all who have experienced psychic pain I send this same message.

The Psychologist Looks At You

You don't look at all well. Whatsa matter, you been working too hard? Whyn't you take a vacation, get away for a while, take it easy, get your mind off your worries? Pack a few things, hop on a train—anywhere—and take time off. Can't afford it, whatya mean, you can't afford it, didn't you say yourself you made out swell lately, O.K. then. Same thing, day in day out, you're bound to get fed up on it. Get a little fun out of life. You look bad, I tell you, seriously. Go to a psychologist! Say, you must be nuts! One of those guys!

You Glare Back At The Psychologist

Psychologist: *Gloomicuss Scientificuss.*

Habitat: Other people's business.

Large, furry creature with horny-rimmed spectacles. Snorts and drools platitudinous good cheer. Gazes at other creatures with deep understanding or distressing cheerfulness. Given to knowing everything about anything. Mouth waters when asked to explain Famous People in History. (Example: Napoleon felt inferior because of his small stature. He became emperor because he was three inches too short. Had he been two inches higher he would have gone into the dry goods business. *One* inch more and he would have felt no need to conquer Russia.) Originator of the theory that if there is anyone smarter than himself he hasn't seen him. Sporadically refuses all nourishment for fear of getting a fodder fixation. Given to writing books on *Why Is Life?* and *How to Feel Like a Million Dollars for the Price of My Book.* Illuminated by characteristic glow when discussing Human Nature.

How To Face Life

To tune of *All God's Wagons Got Wheels.*

Smile, smile!
Laugh, laugh!
Don't let 'em get you down!
When things look bad
Just try to be glad,
Good fortune will soon be foun'!
Whoozie—whoozie! Yes sir!
Good fortune will soon be foun'!

Romp, play!
Hey, hey!
Don't mind if all isn't gay!
If you've lost your last cent
And you can't pay the rent,
Tomorrow's another day!
Whoozie—whoozie! Yes sir!
Tomorrow's another day!

Psychologists now know the influence of songs upon the depressed. There is no doubt that many who would have been subject to moodiness for years are now living happy lives as hopeless neurotics.

How To Make Money

Men who see their youthful dreams of riches disappearing into the haze of middle age, still slaves to small-salaried jobs, often come to me with their problems. They want to know the secret of success. I tell it to them.

"You can be a success," I say, "if you know the *psychology* of success."

Most men never realize that there is only *one* thing standing between them and success, and that is failure. Overcome that one obstacle and success comes of itself. I suggest the following rules about failure and success:

1. Don't let it get you down.
2. Grin at it.
3. Grit your teeth.
4. Remember that whatever the hardships of life may be, there is always Dr. Chas. B. Psycho.
5. Analyze the reasons for failure. Avoid them.
6. Analyze the reasons for success. Carry them out.
7. Have the *atmosphere*, the *feel* of success. Walk in as if you owned the place. Keep that feeling when you are thrown out.

8, 9, 10. (There should always be ten rules, but since there are only eight, these last three are grouped): Remember, S-U-C-C-E-S-S spells success for you. Repeat this each night.

A few examples from my dossier of cases will show how proper guidance has brought success to many, and will convince you that *you, too,* CAN BE A SUCCESS, have a home, a car, freedom from worry, security for loved ones in the event that you do not live to age 65.

John Dinwiddle, whose name we need not mention here, was in a quandary. Was it not Shakespeare who said, "He who cannot fynde hymselfe is loste?"* Dinwiddle had been offered two jobs, one at three thousand dollars a year, and the other at eight thousand dollars a year. However the three thousand dollar job carried with it a bonus of forty-eight dollars. In despair over his inability to choose the proper course, Dinwiddle consulted me. (Dr. Chas. B. Psycho.)

"My boy," I said in a voice that sounded sincere, "in cases like this we must *balance* the opposed courses. Be calm. Look at it impersonally. Now which is greater, three thousand dollars even *with* the forty-eight dollar bonus, or eight thousand dollars?"

Dinwiddle was startled by the directness of my attack on the problem. After a moment he said:

"Why, I believe the eight thousand dollar job has a *larger* salary. That means more *income.*"

"Then your course is clear, my boy," I said.

Dinwiddle had his first lesson in the psychology of success. That was years ago. He is now president of a great corporation, employing thousands of men. He writes that he will soon make the initial payment on his *own home.* That boy grew up to be Abraham Lincoln.

At another date a prominent business man consulted me regarding the psychology of success. He had already consulted seven eminent psychologists for whom I had the greatest respect, but whose advice was almost always worthless.

This man had purchased a huge quantity of Schwaltzer's Toxic Cough Drops, only to find them a drug on the market. What to do? Accept a great loss and be an object of derision? The situation was already complicated by the fact that several users of the cough drops had consequently suffered mental deterioration and become hopeless idiots. It was pointed out that their coughs had been eased, but this seemed to carry little weight with the relatives. Supporting the relatives' point of view was a piece of medical research which concluded that ". . . a cough drop relieving coughs but causing mental deterioration is to be regarded with suspicion." Another authority discounted the beneficial influence on coughs, saying that those who became feebleminded were simply too stupid to know when they were coughing.

It was not long after consulting me that this frenzied individual rose to a position of respect and power in the community. The method by which I brought him to success is too complex to be related in this limited space, and in addition is not included in the sales price of this book for ethical reasons. He recently wrote to me, expressing his gratitude, saying that he is now assured of an income of two hundred dollars a month, protection for his loved ones in the event that he Should Not Live (as users of the cough drops had maintained) and is about to make a first payment on *a home of his own.*

Aids In Selecting A Husband

1. Spiritual Considerations. Has he as much as a million dollars? If not, he probably has less. Approach this question tactfully, with a hint: "So what we gonna live on, huh?" If he has not a million dollars, suggest that he hold up a bank. Many a successful modern holdup is engineered by a woman—"the power behind the throne"—and the procedure is now deep in the mores. (Of or pertaining to "mores," more often in the sense of "mores chair," an old-fashioned support for the sedentary.) However, the tea gown is still *de rigeur* for the afternoon "social" or *shebang.* Charles Chesttlethorpe wore a loose draped model with rolled lapels on his way to the hospital, and his acceptance of the white trouser cuff is now a *must* for ambulance wear.

2. Is he an introvert? Never marry an introvert without looking at the stitching in the lining. Introverts invariably cook spaghetti without enough seasoning, due to their calcium deficiency.

3. Is he "beside himself?" This may be known by seeing whether he appears next to an individual looking exactly like himself. If he is, send him back to the factory.

4. Has he a "one-track mind?" This may be determined by removing a portion of the skull and looking inside. The single track may be seen connecting with the *sclera* or *alma mater.* If he does not object to the operation you may be sure he has nothing to hide.

* * *

Will John Doe escape the clutches of poor concentration?

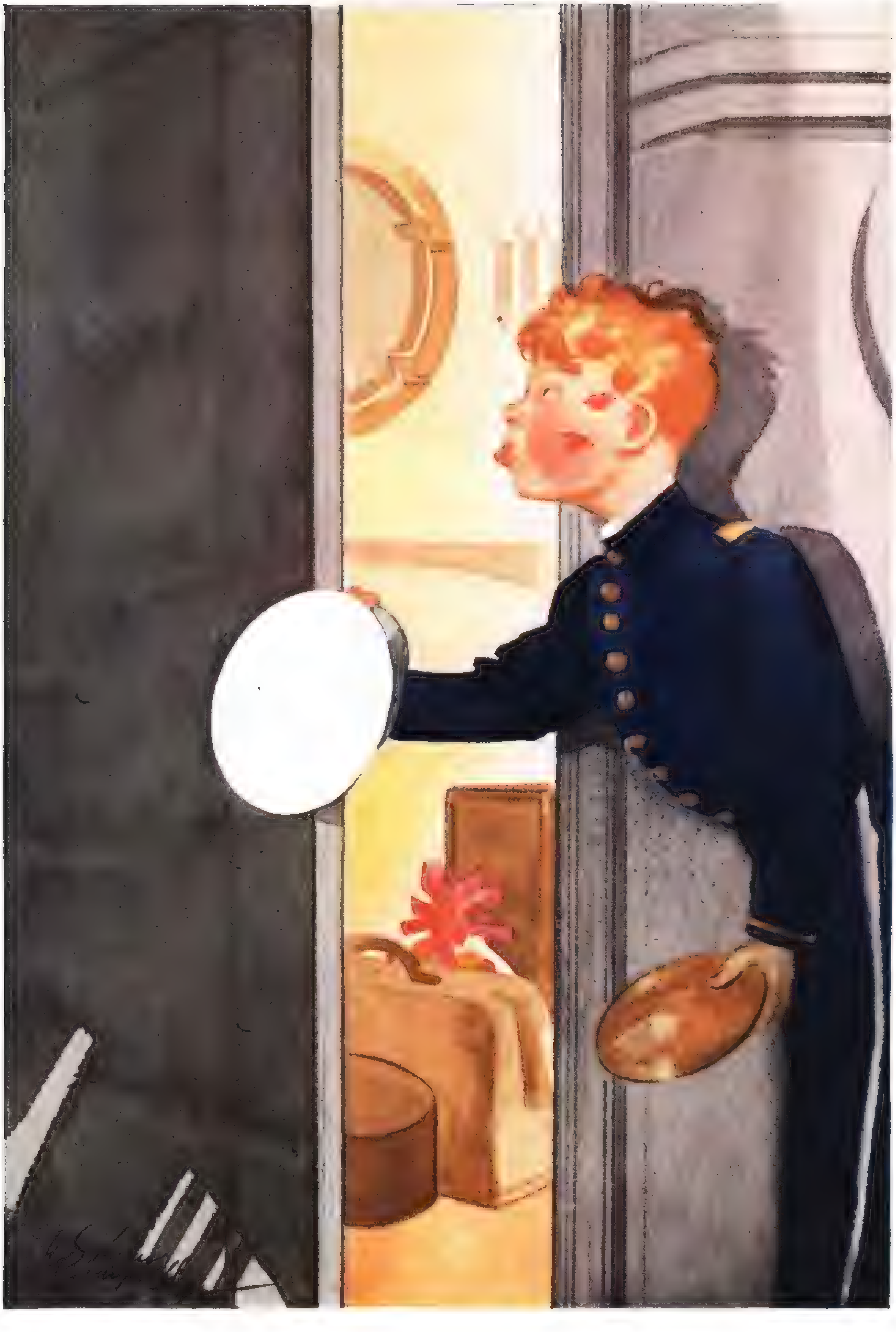
Will he say "Yes" to Life?

Is love a whoozie?

What is the psychology of belching, heartburn, and gas on the stomach, as well as late night rising?

Dr. Chas. B. Psycho answers these and many other questions of vital interest to YOU in his next fascinating analysis of human psychology. #

Editor's Note: No, it was not.



"O. K. lady—but I'd rather have had the tip."

Ill-Fated Cruise of the Canarsie III

Continued from page 66

did I understand why there should be anything wrong with it in the first place. So I let it go. There were other more pressing things on my mind. All sight of land had been lost. I had planned to stick within sight of the Atlantic coast until I'd mastered this navigation business. But somehow the Atlantic coast had got away from me. The needle in the compass was pointing sou' by sou' sou'west on the stationary dial; but the bow of the *Canarsie III* might very well be headed toward Nova Scotia for all I knew. My common sense told me it was immaterial where the needle was pointing; what mattered was in what direction the boat was going.

After reading a few more pages of Bowditch, the vessel meanwhile bouncing unpleasantly over the whitecaps, I decided that a conference with my wife and first mate, as I had laughingly dubbed her, would not be amiss. We rejected as leaving too much to chance her suggestion that if the weather became appreciably warmer after a few days we would know we were correctly heading south. At the conclusion of a protracted debate, during which the seas had become choppier and choppier, the solution presented itself to me; my intelligence, sharpened preternaturally by this first stark struggle with the elements, convinced me that if the helm were turned about in such a fashion as to bring the needle directly north, so that it aimed at my stomach, it followed quite logically that the prow of the vessel must point exactly in the opposite direction, or dead south. I was forcibly struck by the soundness of this reasoning and immediately put it into practice. Indeed, as I had found no advice in Bowditch on this essential matter I decided, at the first opportunity, to type a note to him about this little practical bit of creative seamanship.

Other problems of seamanship absorbed us as the day wore on. Someone should have to stand watch all night, though there would be very little to watch. We just couldn't go to bed and let the vessel drift, however. Dorothea had got somewhat upset by the motion of the ship. Frying the bacon had made her, indeed, quite ill. Truthfully, I was not feeling so hot myself. I saw that if we were both to be seasick it would seriously interfere with the navigation of the *Canarsie III*. Of course we could lash the helm as Lord Jim or somebody had done when the niggers on the *Narcissus* had mutinied. But the prospect was none too enticing. I am afraid that my thoughts were, in this extremity, traitorous to our new determinations. For an instant I felt a sharp pang of regret that we had put the symbols of a decadent civilization behind us. In that weak moment I longed for a well-iced Orange Blossom. However, I did not make my treacherous fancies known to Dorothea. Rather I tried to bolster her courage against the future.

"Marvelous, isn't it, darling?" I smiled manfully. "I wouldn't swap our adventure for all the gold in the world."

"W-w-wonderful, sweetheart," she replied bravely, swallowing as the boat bounced recklessly about.

"Just wait until we get to our island paradise. We'll build a grass hut with our bare hands and fish for beautiful colored tropical fish and run naked, our golden bodies flashing in the sun, and lie stretched upon the beach unworried by whether George Gloptig's new novel sells five thousand copies or five hundred."

"Can't you make the boat ride a little smoother, sweetheart?" asked Dorothea, rather naively, I thought. But I loved her for it.

"Perhaps we can run in and out of the different islands and trade copra or something with the natives," I told her cheerily. "Just to kill time, you know. They've always called me a shrewd trader at the office. Remember that time I got Henry Wadsworth Smith, the guy who wrote the book on Dynamic Dialectics, to take five per cent on the first fifty thousand?"

"Yes, sweetheart. That'll be lovely. But—well, couldn't we turn back and start out some day when it isn't quite so rough?"

"Here," I said, being something of a psychologist—in an amateur way, of course. "You take the wheel for a while." I was sure that if her attention were diverted for a time the joy in our spendid odyssey must reassert itself. On top of that I just couldn't stand up straight another moment. I turned the watch over to her and promptly went aft and dizzily threw myself upon my bunk. I refused to give up. Naturally we should feel the tug of civilization drawing us at times. But we must master it. We must expunge it from our system. We—I just had time to make the rail. When I returned I felt as though quite everything, including civilization, had been expunged from my system.

I do not know just how long I lay in a hazy sort of coma on my bunk; Dorothea's cries penetrated my consciousness and I leapt up. Darkness had fallen over the sea. The sky was a Stygian blanket that blotted out my vision.

I was awed and mystified by man's puny insignificance when pitted against the unfathomable elements. The brave little craft was no longer slung about by the choppy, broken waves. Instead she skidded in long, running lunges, the ground swells spinning her up on her beam ends, then sucking her down into what seemed like bottomless wells. I felt as though I'd got caught in an elevator that was running wild inside a building designed by a maniac. Dorothea was sitting on the wheelhouse floor. The helm was spinning crazily.

"Doesn't man's puny insignificance when pitted against the unfathomable elements awe you, darling?"

"I thought you had died," she said reprovingly, ignoring my question. "I sat down for some reason that I don't remember now, and I can't get up. Isn't there a dial or lever you can set to make the boat stand up straight?"

Grasping the wheel I reassured her. I was getting my sea legs. I welcomed the opportunity to defy the magnificent fury of nature. "Everything'll be under control in a moment," I added.

"Well, help me up, can't you?"

In spite of the marvelous control I was exercising over myself my patience in this situation almost deserted me. "If I let go of the damned thing we'll turn over and dive to the bottom," I shouted. "You've got to sit some place, anyhow. Do you realize," I demanded, "that we are in for a blow? Probably a sou'wester, or a nor'easter. This is the sort of thing that tests a man's manhood."

"So what?" said Dorothea, and I detected a trace, the merest soupçon, of annoyance in her voice.

The *Canarsie III* lifted lightly in the air, then roller-coasted straight downward for half a mile; in the trough of the huge black seas she was all but engulfed. The wind howled unmercifully. The stout little craft tossed frenziedly in the sheer darkness as though it were an eggshell in a pot of boiling coffee. Sea stories invariably had the Old Man shorten canvas when weathering a blow, but as the *Canarsie III* had no sails up, this didn't seem to be much use as an emergency measure. I hung on to the plunging vessel with one hand and turned Bowditch with the other, hoping to strike some sage bit of advice. All I could read was, "The Northern Equatorial Current originates to the northward of the Cape Verde Islands." That wasn't much good.

Meanwhile Dorothea had somehow managed to clamber to her feet. There was a worried expression on her countenance. "Look, sweetheart," she murmured as a chart on the wall came loose and blew through the door and into the swirling sea, "suppose our oil runs out and we can't get back to land."

"Don't fret about that," I advised her confidently. "All we have to do is run up a tops'le and a couple of halliards and so forth and tack in."

"Tack?"

"Sure. Just run before the wind."

"Oh. I think I'd rather run after it. I've been reading McFee mostly, and he's an engineer, so I wouldn't know about tops'les. But I was thinking that if we don't know what direction to tack in what good is it?"

"Well," I calmed her, "we've got enough supplies to last a couple of days—a couple of months the way my stomach feels just now," I joked. "By that time I'll know this Bowditch backwards. Never you fret, darling."

"I know, but we may be floating in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean by then," she sighed. "Maybe we should have mastered Bowditch before we put the decadent symbols of civilization behind us."

"You've got that a little wrong, darling," I said, always a stickler for accuracy. "The symbols of a decadent civ—"

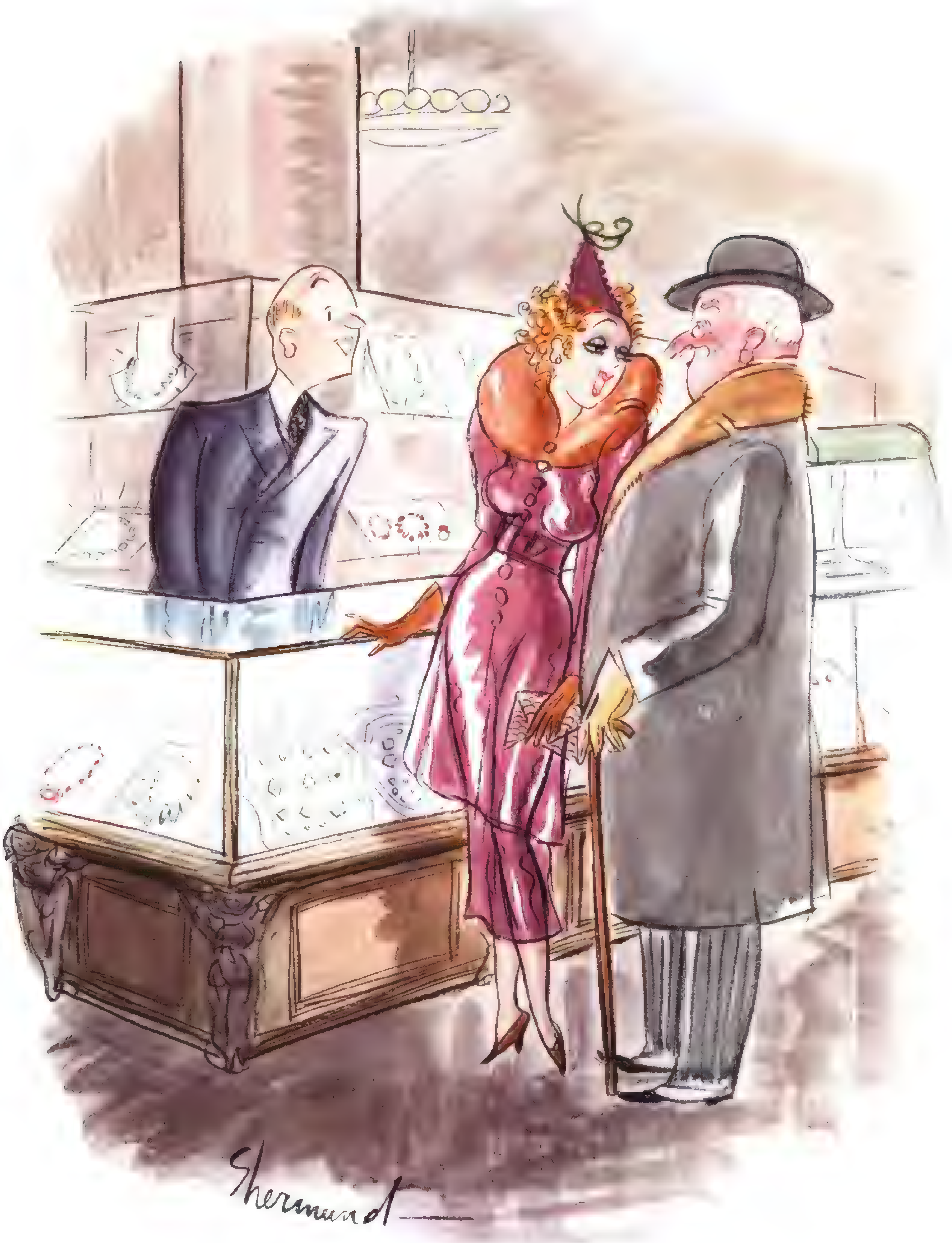
The *Canarsie III* drove herself with a stunning shock against some huge, black looming shape; there was a splintering crash and I was thrown against the opposite wall of the wheelhouse. My senses reeled. My first thought was that we had run down the *Ile de France*, followed by the conviction that we'd piled up on Cape Hatteras. Dorothea sat supinely in a corner, a puzzled frown spreading over her features. At last I took courage to make my way up the slanting deck in order to view the situation; we might have time to don lifebelts and fling ourselves overboard before the craft settled to the bottom. If we had collided with a liner she would probably lay to and pick us up before we drowned.

The black looming shape carried a row of steady yellow lights. When I had blinked my eyes for a moment I made out what looked like a long pointed metal superstructure. Dorothea had followed me.

"Say," she said delightedly, "this doesn't make me mad at all!"

I shook my head, still dizzy from the impact. I wondered what nonsense she was talking. Here we were about to drown at sea, and—and then I saw what we had run into. Beyond the structure the familiar skyline of Manhattan was dotted with its myriad twinkling lights. We had been dashed up on one of the new Staten Island piers. . . .

We are now studying Bowditch assiduously. Some day we shall sail away to our island paradise in the Caribbean, there to laze in the sun-drenched tropics. Our opinion of decadent civilization is unchanged. Maybe we just need a bigger boat.



"Well, it's not exactly an engagement ring—is it, Mr. Merger?"

The Honor of the Goon

Continued from page 53

"No, of course she hasn't. I meant—"

"And Meese Lei Chamoro is not a goon."

"Of course not. Your sister is—"

"She is not my sister. She is a relative. I wish to know just how they treat one who is a so-called goon."

"Treat them? Why, no special way. I still haven't made it clear—"

"Is it not true that they do not escort them to dances, nor dance with them if they are there, nor ask them to eat in their girls' fraternities, nor walk with them on the street?"

"Why, no. That is—"

"Is it not true that they fall down whole flights of steps and when one who is termed a goon comes up kindly to help they make a joke of her?"

"Why, no—I didn't know about that. I haven't been told—"

"—that she is made a pariah and lower than a slave, that she is neglected and scorned?"

It really was hot in the room, the Dean thought. He went and opened a window, letting in a breath of sunny February. Fortified by this he tried to take over the situation.

"In an American institution," he said, "a foreigner is naturally an exception, and must seem a little strange. But I should not like to think—"

"Nor should I," said Mr. Lei Chamoro dryly. "Nor should I be here save that her father is ill. I see you know little of what goes on here.

"You should, no doubt, be immediately removed to make place for a more competent man. So if you will kindly give me the address of the student Bomar Winlock I shall no longer trouble you."

"Why, certainly — certainly," said the Dean thumbing his catalogue. "But I assure you—"

After his visitor had gone the Dean went to his window and watched a great black limousine crinkle stones down the gravel drive.

"Goon," he repeated to himself. "A goon, a goon, a goon."

II

For the midwinter dance Bomar Winlock and his roommate were importing a girl from the nearest city, and they were getting ready—a cocktail mixture was developing, flowers were being arranged, and a pile of feminine cabinet studies lay on the table, ready to be put temporarily out of sight. There were quite a few visitors on the campus today and when the Oriental gentleman knocked at the door they merely thought it was someone who had got the wrong room.

"I am searching for one Bomar Winlock."

"That's me."

The visitor took a long look at him with eyes that Bomar observed were black as coals, with a little diamond glint in the center of each.

"What can I do for you?" asked Bomar.

"I should like to see you alone."

"This is my roommate, Mr. Mulkley."

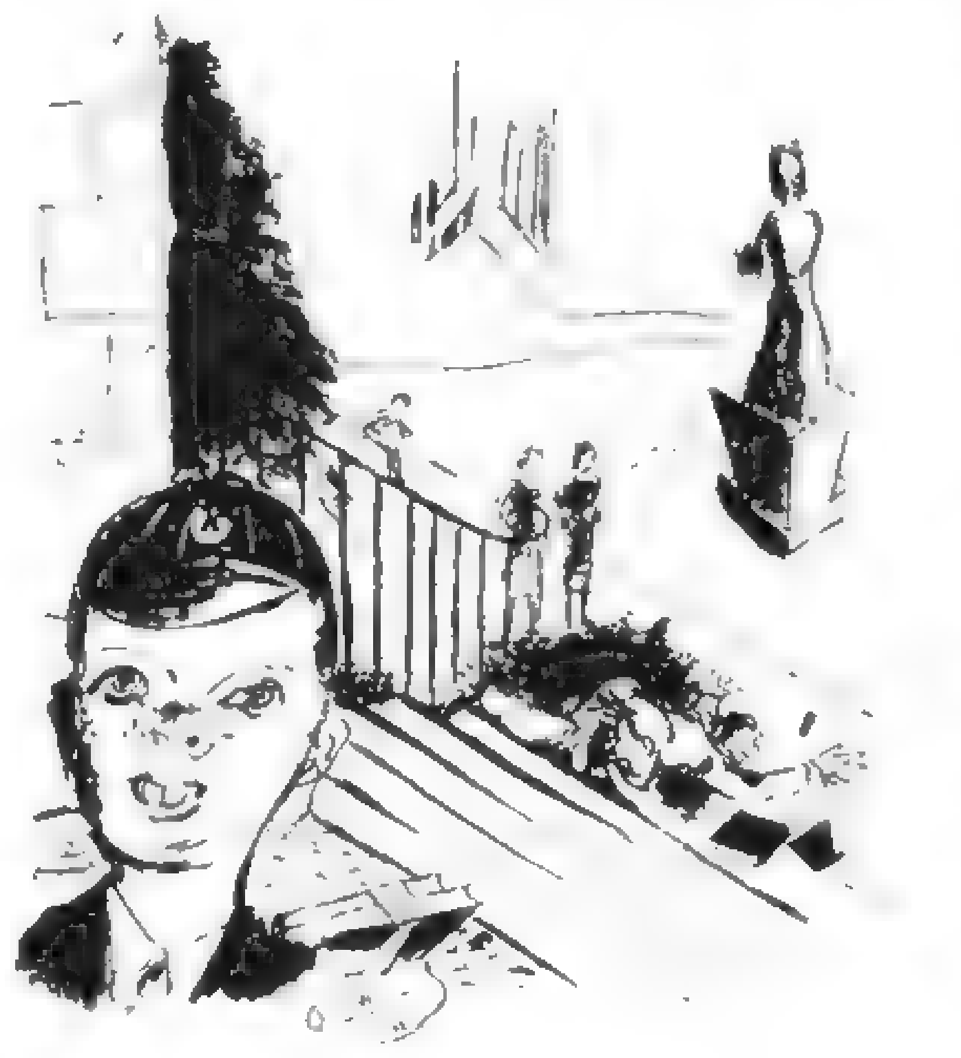
Mr. Lei Chamoro looked at Mr. Mulkley not quite as long as he had looked at Bomar.

"Oates Mulkley?" he inquired.

"Why, yes."

"You had better stay here."

Both young men regarded Mr. Lei Chamoro with surprise which began to be mingled with a faint apprehension as they hastily reviewed recent sins.



"Well, what is it?" demanded Bomar.

"You have seen fit to cause a certain discomfort to my relative Meese Ella Lei Chamoro."

"What do you mean?" Bomar demanded. "Say, what is this? I've hardly ever said hello to her."

"That might be one of the methods employed."

"I don't get you. I hardly know Ella Lei Chamoro. What do you want me to do? Take her out and perch?"

Suddenly he realized that this was not at all the right note. The diamond in Mr. Lei Chamoro's eyes had enlarged a little and now he was in them as definitely as Dean Forney had been fifteen minutes before.

"You've got the wrong man," Bomar said. "I never had anything to do with your sister."

"Then you never referred to her as a goon—or as the Goon?"

"The Goon? Why, of course I—why, a lot of people use that expression, I don't know whether I ever did or not."

"That is a lie, Mis-ter Bomar Winlock," said Lei Chamoro. "Eleven times within her knowledge you have applied this word to my relative."

Bomar and Oates Mulkley exchanged a glance, deriving a certain truculence from the other's presence.

"I'm not used to being called a liar," said Bomar.

"No? Well, are you used to being called a low cur, discourteous to female strangers in your land? Faugh! Your room stinks of stale cowards' sweat." He raised his voice slightly, "Fingarson!"

Even as the two young men took a step toward Mr. Lei Chamoro the door opened and a huge, slab-jawed chauffeur came in, drawing off his gloves. Bomar stopped in his tracks.

"What is this, anyhow? What—!"

"All right, Fingarson."

Bomar took a step backward, then another step, then he literally flew backward as the Norwegian swung a huge fist against his jaw, slamming him against the piano where his shoulder played a crashing discord as he fell.

Oates, forewarned, tried to interpose a table between himself and the giant, then reached ineffectually for a vase of flowers but the onslaught was too sudden. He took a blow full in the mouth, went down, struggled to his knees and went down again, saying, "Hey, what the hell!" and spitting blood from his lip. Fingarson looked at Bomar but the latter had been seriously jarred and lay groggy where he had fallen.

Lei Chamoro addressed them calmly as if they were in full possession of their faculties.

"For the honor of my relative it is necessary that you be degraded and I had thought of a burn from the curling tong of Meese Lei Chamoro. But here's something ready to hand. Fingarson, take those pictures on the table out of their frames. It will give me great pleasure to defile the likenesses of their female relatives."

Bomar, his head still reeling, watched uncomprehendingly; Oates stirred and said with all the menace he could put in his voice:

"You lay off those photographs. They aren't relatives."

"The girls you love then," said Lei Chamoro. "Fingarson, now I want you to spit carefully upon the face of this one with the lovely comb in her hair. Then with your finger I want you to rub the face, just the face—so—until it's no longer there—you see."

With a curse Oates staggered to his feet but this time Fingarson acted so quickly and efficaciously that during the rest of the proceedings he saw only blurred figures and heard voices that were dim and far away. Bomar, who was alive enough to see this second debacle, remained discreetly on the floor.

"But these are all young flappers," caviled Lei Chamoro. "Look in the bedroom, Fingarson." And when the chauffeur returned, "Now this is better—this woman of sixty or so. A pleasant, kindly face—it shouldn't have to look at this dog."

"That is my mother," said Bomar hollowly, "and she's dead. Please—"

Lei hesitated momentarily, then he spat and with his finger made a white rough smudge where the face had been.

"It's better like this," he said, regarding it. "And here is the father, too. Yes, certainly a resemblance—it will be a pleasure to defile it, though I had thought you were fathered by some stray peddler. And here—well, it is Jean Harlow, and in such company. We will spare her, for surely this is a picture you wrote for. Surely she'd never look at you."

"Shall I hang them up, sir?" asked Fingarson when the mutilation was complete.

"Certainly," said Lei Chamoro. "Shame should be a public thing. Their friends will say 'Here are two young men who are fond of speaking of young ladies as goons. And just look at all the goons they choose to have around their room'."

He smiled at his joke, for the first time. Then the pin points of light in his eye grew large again as he addressed Bomar.

"I regret that the law doesn't permit me to slit your throat. In future when you pass my relative, Meese Ella Lei Chamoro, I prefer you to cross the street lest she breathe the foul odor that I detect on you."

He took a last look around.

"Toss the flowers from the window, Fingarson. They must be unhappy among those who torture women."

The black limousine had been three minutes gone from the gravel drive before there was any activity in the room. Bomar was the first to rise and walk dumbly around the sudden tomb.

"Say, that was awful," he said, "awful!"

"Why didn' you do something?" said Oates. "I couldn't fight that big guy alone."

"I was out. Anyhow I bet that Chink had a knife up his sleeve—did you hear what he said about cutting my throat?"

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Go over and complain to the Dean, that's what I'm going to do. You know that's burglary—entering a man's room and destroying his property like photographs. A lot of those photographs I can't replace."

He stared aghast at the wall, "God, they look awful. We've got to take them down."

"Well, let's get going," said Oates. "And let me tell you, what I'm going to do to that Goon will be plenty."

Bomar glanced uneasily at the window.

"He said he was coming back."

"No, he didn't."

"Yes, he did."

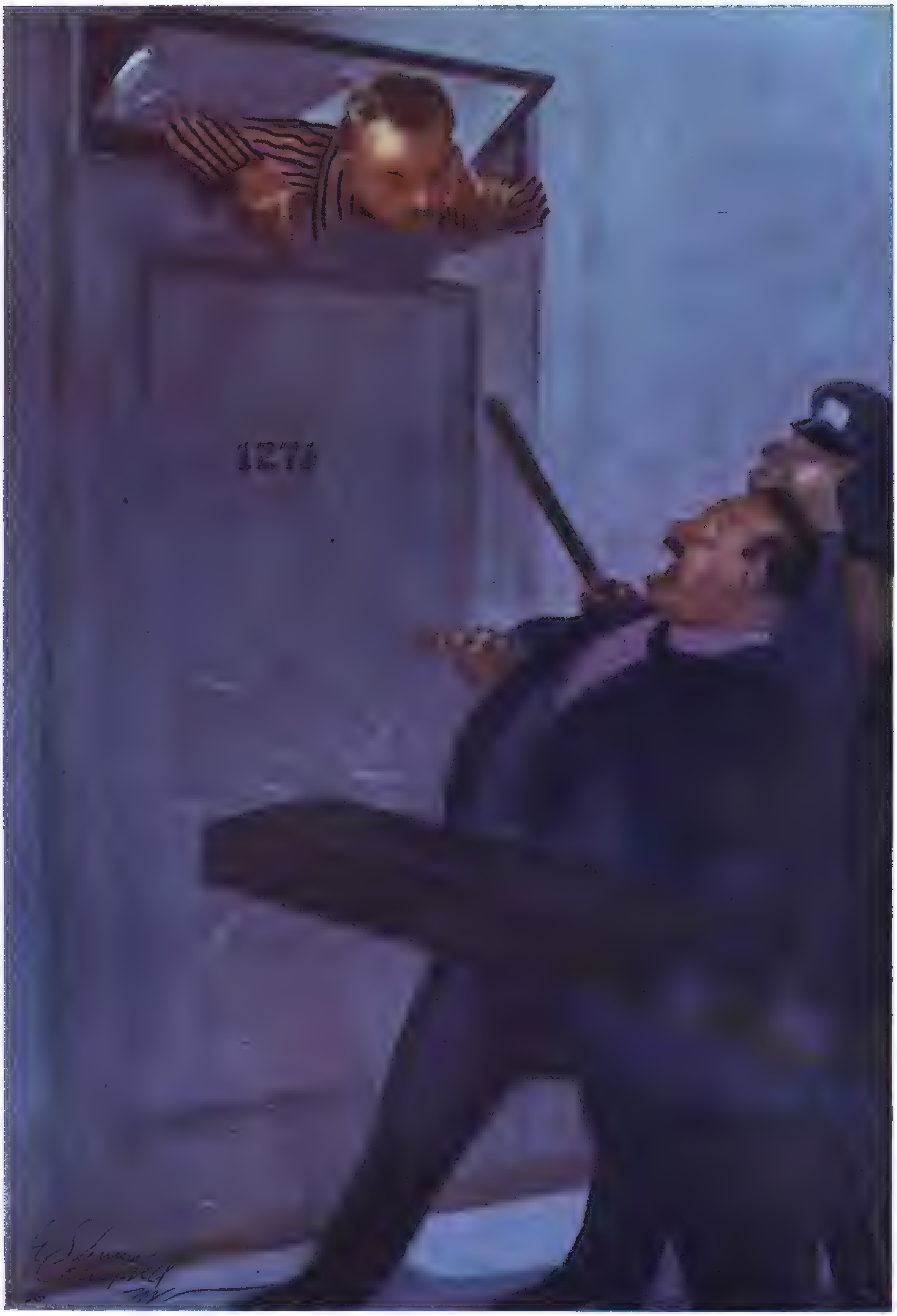
"Next time we'll be ready for him."

"You bet."

Bomar regarded himself in the mirror.

"Say, how am I going to explain this face to the twitches?"

"Oh, hell," said Oates, getting to his feet with a groan. "Tell them you fell down stairs."



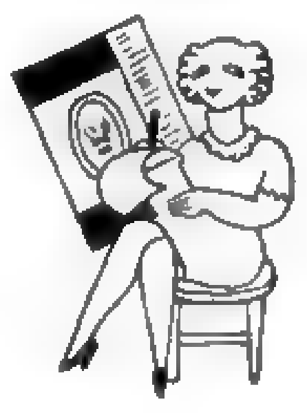
"That's entirely unnecessary—your wife said you were impetuous."

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8

ESQ. SERVES THOSE WHO WAIT

At its inception I am sure the publishers of Esquire little dreamed that one day their thoroughly masculine magazine would be called upon to play the role of "Cupid" as set out in the "Success Story" of L.H.J., Baltimore, Md., carried in your March issue—or be used as a pacifier, in which rôle I find it most helpful.



As a Public Stenographer my dealings are, for the most part, with the masculine gender—their problems—joys and sorrows. Many times I have been complimented upon my unusual understanding (for a woman not yet forty) of these self same problems. The secret is I read Esquire—a Man's Magazine.

Men, like little boys, become very impatient when compelled to sit around an office awaiting their turn to be served, but unlike the little boy they can not be offered a nickle to keep quiet. As an experiment I tried leaving the latest copy of Esquire in full view and find that no longer do the customers wander down to the cigar stand for a pack of cigarettes—and forget to come back.

Yours very truly,
San Antonio, Tex. Clare Sadd

ALL RIGHT, COME IN

I have written two letters to your *Sound and Fury* Dept., each time with the hopes of getting there. In other words, I tried to get in Esquire the contemptible way. Therefore I am not pleased with myself. However, you did write to me that one of my letters—the one about *Destructive and Constructive Critics*—would appear in March. You did not say whether it should be in the month of March or the March issue. Beginning in Feb. or a trifle before I commenced looking forward to the time when I should see with mine own eyes something of my making between the covers of Esquire. How the time dragged, you will never know. Each day seemed like a year. At work I would watch the clock go around, and my boss gave me the devil. Well, things went on like this until the middle of Feb.; but when Esquire came out, my letter was not in it. So I began to wait for the April issue to come out. I went through the same routine as before. When March the 15th finally crawled into ken, still my letter was not to be seen. Now I have given up all hopes of it ever appearing. But that is not the end of the sad tale. . . . I had told several of my friends that a letter of mine would be in Esquire, and the whole town heard of my "great fortune," but since my letter hasn't made its appearance, people are beginning to think I had a pipe-dream, delusions of grandeur or something. . . . Now they ask me if my letter is still to appear in Esquire and I reply, I guess not. Then the sweet creatures smirk a mean smirk. . . . And I don't like smirks, especially when I am the smirkee. It's downright perturbing, to say the least. If I had your letter, in which you said my letter would appear in Esquire, then I could show these smirkers where to get off. Couldn't you be sporting enough to say that you had said you would print my letter but for some reason or another that you had decided not to print it? . . . After all, I am not sore about your not printing my letter. I didn't think it so hotcha.

Esquire is supposedly a man's magazine, is that not true? Well, why not make it more manly by printing pictures of sports? The finishes of track races, the kind in which men and not horses run? Or pictures of Chinese men as they lean against a telephone pole or something. . . . How about a picture of a wild horse?

In Coronet you wondered the why of the sudden rise of said magazine. In my humble opinion, pictures are at the bottom of the mystery. . . . For new writers. . . . Why not get in touch with Phillip Wyley, Bill Cain? And why not have Albert Einstein interviewed about what he thinks of—say—women? His answers might prove interesting. Besides a lot of muggs would buy Esquire just to read what the bloke had to say on the subject. . . . And I don't like Burton Rascoe. He's plenty punk. Did you ever think of *William Phelps Lyons*, or however he spells his name? He's first-rate. And this guy Gilbert Seldes is rotten, no foolin'. But don't get me wrong, there are things and quite a few things that I like about Esquire and I intend to plunk my dough down on the counter every time it comes out.

Yours truly,
Concord, Cal. V. Rundle

P. S.—Why do you always act so surprised when you hear that the sales of Esquire or Coronet are expanding? Some day I expect you'll faint from shock when both hit the million mark.

A PROFESSIONAL ON AMATEUR COMPETITION

I hold this truth to be self-evident, and paradoxical besides: That if a manuscript reader possessed the deep learning, wide reading and knowledge and understanding and appreciation of the principles of creative writing required for such a responsible position he would not be a manuscript reader.

Of course there was a magazine in business for fifty years which finally faded away and their rejection slip used to exasperate me particularly. It stated in effect that rejection implied no lack of merit on the writer's part, and I used to add "or lack of intelligence on the part of the reader." After all, it is somewhat incongruous for a writer's work to be passed upon by a reader, for an office boy to reject an Edgar Allan Poe or a penny a word editor to turn away a Robert Louis Stevenson, both of which happened. There are any number of instances. Why should even a Jack London have beefed so about his difficulty in crashing the gates? His best stories were rejected by places which are now unknown. So were O. Henry's. These are outstanding examples. There is much of this sort of thing to a lesser degree everywhere.

I can appreciate the editorial prerogatives and I can also appreciate the number of manuscripts received in an office, what with everybody out of work and everybody who has made a name in any line becoming writers. It's going to be a fine world when professions are recognized and people stick to their respective lines. In fact, I wrote on the subject of certain popular magazines having everybody but writers writing for them.

To further prove my point I read somewhere recently of a special envelop in which writers send manuscripts to editors, and I know for a fact that in places where I have succeeded in doing effective and consistently excellent work over a considerable period the middleman was eliminated. That indicates a lack of confidence in readers discovering talent, does it not? "Full many a gem" you know, but I refuse to quote the one about pearls, as insulting.

After all, think of what the writer does; think of his sacrifice. He spends twenty years studying his subject and becoming expert at it, then uses up energy and spends his postage and then receives his work back with no confidence that it has really been appreciated by understanding people. At least he is justified in thinking that he knows more about it than they do. After all, who ever heard of the reader? And I don't even recognize the initials.

Sincerely and with best wishes and thanks for your consideration.
New York, N. Y. R. C. O'Brien

THE MAGAZINE FOR TRAMPS

Why don't you get wise to yourself? Since when have you gone in for reprint jobs and handing out a by-line for what amounts to a legendary ballad. I refer, of course, to Jim Tully's (?) *The Dying Hobo* in the latest issue of your retrogressive mag. I would suggest that you refer to Godfrey Irwin's *American Tramp and Underworld Slang*, Sears Publishing Co. (1930), page 222. In this book you will find one version of *The Dying Hobo* (4 verses) and an explanatory note in which Mr. Irwin states, "The author, if any, is unknown, but the verses *have been printed* in several versions, *more than once*, and every tramp knows the piece."

If you like to have a transcript I would be glad to send it to you. The version in Irwin's book, although only of four verses, is entirely too close to yours for your comfort, and I, personally, know variant lines.

Could you use an article on *The Mutiny of the Bounty?* I know of only about five variations of this tale so it should be eligible for your magazine and I might make some money.

Vale,
Baltimore, Md. James Louis

PRACTICAL PUSS-POKER

Anyone following Mr. Allan P. Cross' instructions on *Poking a Puss* would come out holding the polluted end of the baton. The poke that he describes reads like fair advice to a left-handed fencer, but as an offensive move in boxing, it would not bother Tom Thumb. The poke would either miss completely and cause Mr. Cross to fall on his ear, or he would break his thumb and a knuckle or two if by chance the punch landed—which could only happen in theory. All punches that travel in a horizontal position should be delivered with the knuckles in a horizontal position from start to sock. The exception to this is the left hook, and then the knuckles are turned in to receive the shock of the punch. Punching with the knuckles in a horizontal position has prevented more jammed or broken thumbs and cracked knuckles than any fifty yards of adhesive tape. Mr. Cross' poke, wherein the knuckles are held in a vertical position and then twisted around as the punch lands, sounds like Popeye's famous "twisker blow." In fact his entire straight left poke sounds like something he "thought up out of his own head."

Angrily,
Indiana University Joseph Rice

WHEREIN WE ARE BORED FROM WITHIN

Anent your April number and your prissy attitude towards dogs as expressed in that issue (and noted on occasion before) the question raises anew in my mind if your Editor did not have the crease of his first pair of long Hart Schaffner & Marx britches irrigated by some hound? Since the object of your distinguished contributor (name disremembered) is unable to articulate English I will take the liberty to waste a little of my time—since you seem to consider the subject worthy of consideration in your immaculate pages. This author bemoans the state or condition of any person who finds it necessary to have a dog to bolster his ego as it were. The condition of such a person (assuming his presumption to be true) is not nearly as sad as the condition of people whose mental equilibrium is entirely upset by the presence of an uninhibited canine.

Or possibly in the asserted strong masculinity of your views you begrudge dogs their undiluted joy in pursuit of the properties of procreation as if this should rightfully be reserved for men?

Dogs and men have been associates on this planet for a long time and I understand their first partnership came about through the dog's nose being closer to the ground and thus more convenient in trailing the game that man followed. By this time they have many things in common, none of which reflect particular discredit on the quadruped. Both men and dogs may have breeding or lack of breeding, character or lack of character, be healthy or unhealthy. Both men and dogs are greedy, will take after one of their kind that flees and both enjoy fighting. Ownership of a dog is not entirely a onesided affair if only looked at from an educational point of view. You learn that a sick dog (and likewise an ill man) will not behave, do his work or keep his place.

Elbert Hubbard called attention to those certain monks that grew out of the desire of certain people to be to their god as dogs are to men. (*Domini Cannes*—Dominicans—Dogs of God.) The comparative relationship was also greatly expounded on by Jack London. The analogy is not as far drawn as at first appears. He gives flesh the form to fit its apparent intelligence or the form to which it seems to aspire. To that form of life content to be only a vertebrate he will distill a poison in its jaws; to another he will spread its flesh and bone to safety in the air; to another he will make its face into a plow so that it may root the earth; to still another he will create a dizzy biped to confound itself by articles about canines in Esquire.

I see our mutual friend E. Hemingway has donated an ambulance to the Loyalists in Spain and is to report from the seat of the trouble. It would be more interesting reading than his dispatches to learn how he arrived at the desirability of donating his money to one side in favor of the other.

As far as canine intelligence is concerned I have a pet bull that has as much intelligence as at present being displayed by the English bulldog—namely he shoulders into another dog's yard and struts around and calls him all the sonsofbitches in dog language and when the outraged hound can stand it no longer and engages in combat the spectators shout "Why Ginger wasn't doing a thing—it's all the other dog's fault." Which looks to me about the way the British bulldog has always started a fight and was starting the one that's coming up. Yours for a little less pro-British influence in clothes and magazines as it seems to me that they are more dangerous to us Yanks (after our experience in the World War) as allies than as opponents.

Yours sincerely,
McGill, Nevada W. L. Spaulding

ESQ. BREAKS THE NEWS

On the advice of one of our leading psychia—doctors, I decided to be brutally frank in explaining the facts of life to my fifteen-year-old daughter. She listened carefully and finally I said "Are you sure you understand? Have I made it plain?"

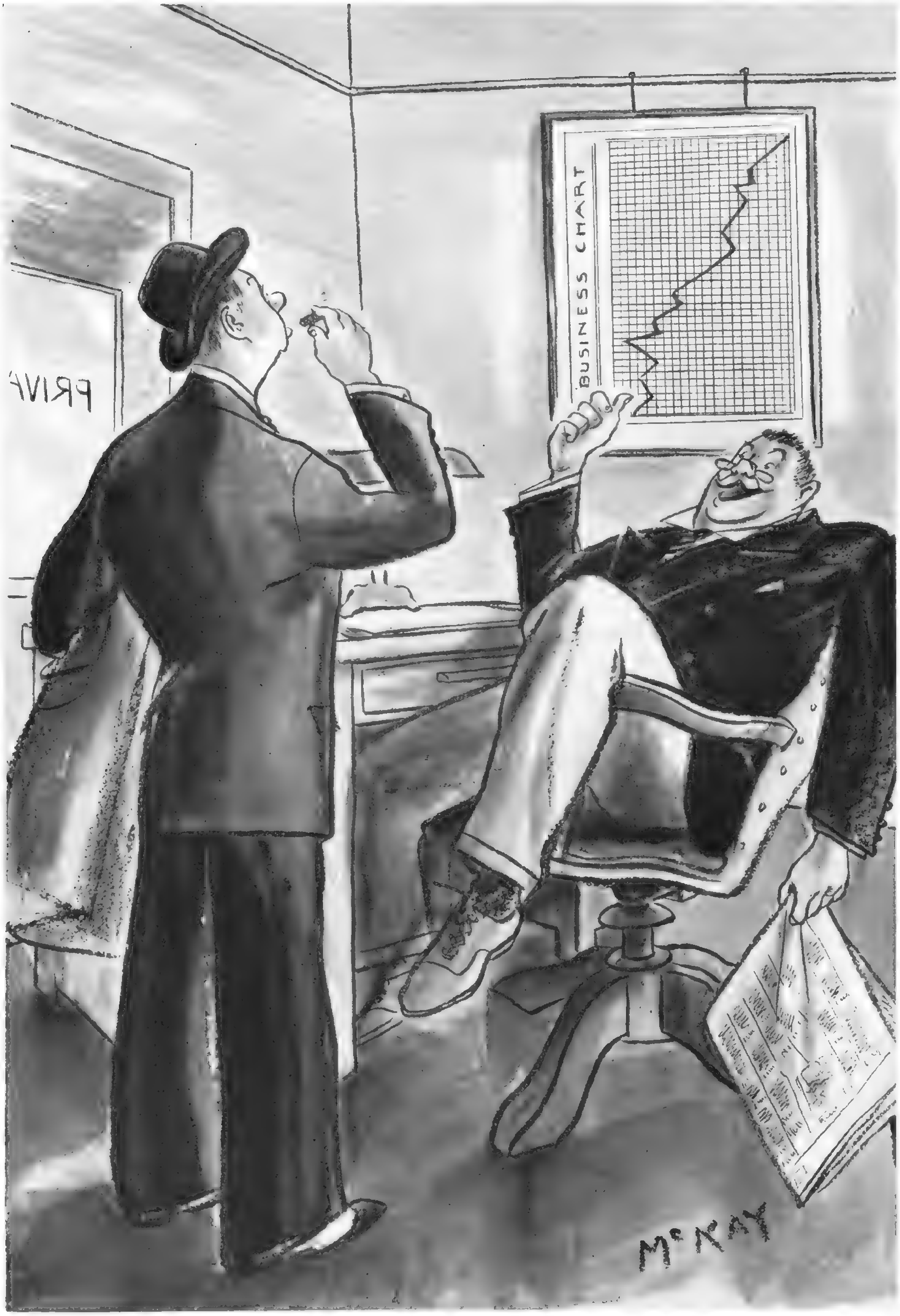
She came over, patted me on the back and said, "Of course I do, Mother. Remember that picture in Esquire—two girls talking—that baby in the bassinet and one said, 'And here I am holding the bag'."

No fooling, Esky, that took a load off my mind, because the picture fit perfectly into what I had been explaining and left no doubt in my mind as to whether or not she understood.

You started as a man's magazine—the women devoured you and now I'll bet you are surprised to find yourself in the "What Every Adolescent Should Know" class.

My profound thanks and undying gratitude.

Sincerely,
(Mrs. Edw. W.) Edna M. Tripple.
Philadelphia, Pa.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"I hung it sideways so I wouldn't feel so badly."

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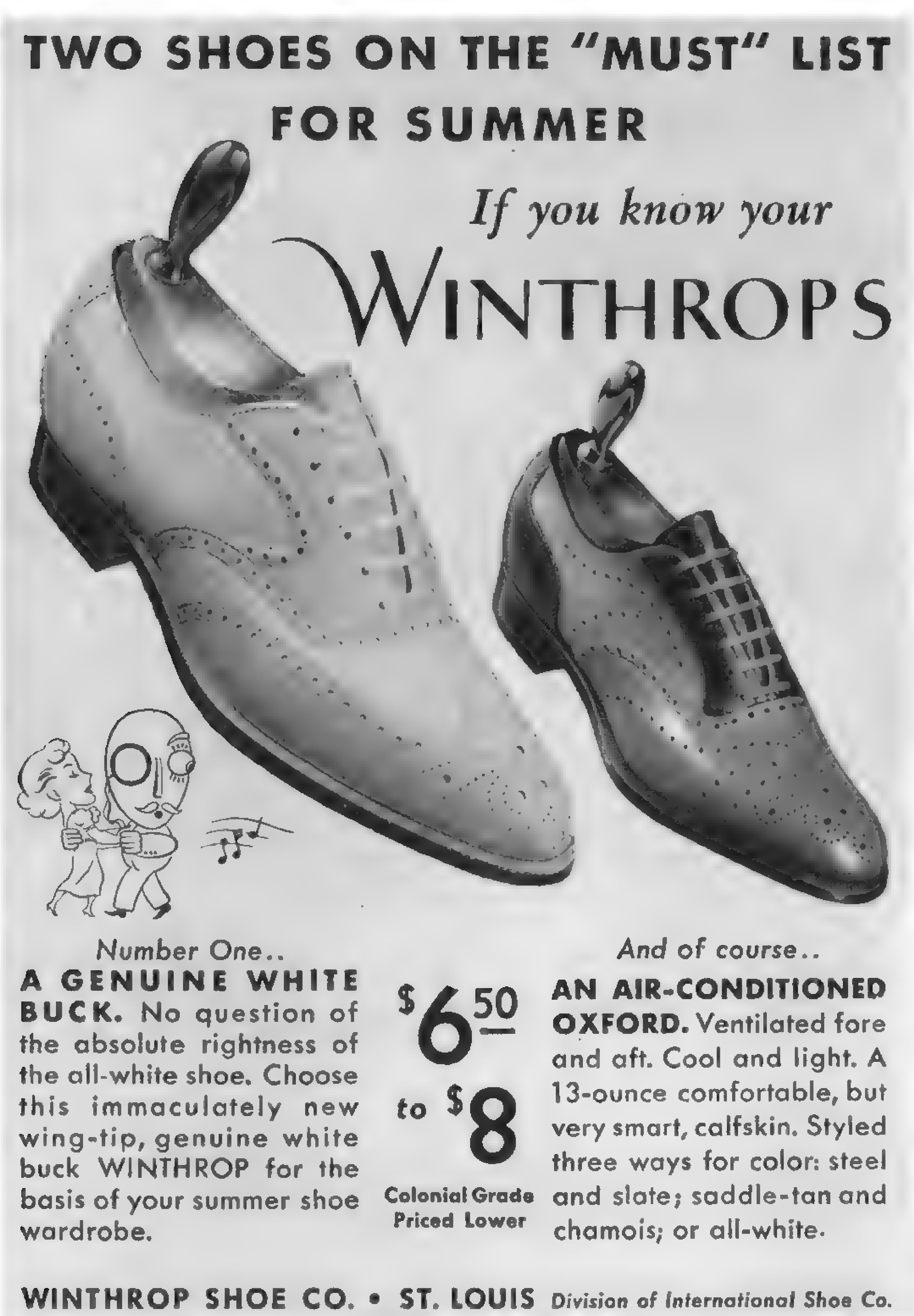

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A Surprise Party

Continued from page 117

The air was soft and there was a full moon. They didn't talk because they were both curiously tense and happy. They didn't have to talk.

Marion was standing in the center of Ellen's high-ceilinged living room. "It's been three hours," she said. "*I* think it's time we turned out the lights. Three hours is a long time to take for dinner. If they started at . . . let me see . . . six, well *I mean* you couldn't take any longer eating, could you?" She turned to her husband, embracing the six guests in an anxious look. "Do you suppose they could have changed their minds and gone to the theatre?"

"No," Orin said.

"No, of course not. After all our lovely plans, things couldn't go wrong. Now. Straighten the pillows and things. The room must look just the way it did when we came in. The presents are in the kitchen . . . *aren't* they?"

"Yes," Orin said. "You put them there yourself."

"So I did. The food's in the icebox . . ." She sighed, delighted with herself and her lovely plans and life and everything she had anything to do with. "There's room behind the draperies for four people without puffing them out. You, Jim . . . and Eleanor . . . and Carter and Helen. You go behind the draperies. Orin and I will get down behind the davenport . . . Esther and Mac back there in the alcove. Don't anybody move until the lights are turned on. Then we all yell surprise. Is that right?"

Their sibilant little whispers in the dark subsided when a key clicked in the lock. Ellen crossed the threshold with Tom's huge, dark figure looming behind her outlined against the light of the hall. His arm went around her waist. Silently, as they had walked home, they crossed the living room without turning on the lights and entered the bedroom.

"*Darling*," he said, huskily.

A few moments later Ellen started up saying, "Tom . . . I heard something."

"How do you mean?"

"Something in the living room."

"There couldn't be anything in the living room, bunny," Tom said. "I'll go out if you like."

She rested back against his arm. "I guess it was just my imagination," she said. #

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 105

by the ream) than it has in years." Certainly, it was never more in the people's consciousness.

To top it all—and this is important—the public seems to be satisfied with the quality of the performances. There was vociferous applause for uncouth and unpardonable delivery of great music, for performances that were a disgrace to the work. There was prolonged shouting for singers who emitted harsh and inadequate tones, who had sung off-pitch. There was wild excitement for grandiose climaxes, over almost any affectation, in fact, that was sufficiently exaggerated to attract general notice.

It may be that much of the applause was due to the music. Perhaps many in the audience were realizing for the first time the profound secrets of the great Wagner masterpieces. A few of them may have been like the fellow who came to the box-office for a two-dollar seat to hear Rosa Ponselle and, seeing six hundred people in line, thought he must be missing something. "Who is this guy Wagner, anyway?" he inquired of the box-office man. "Does he sing next week, too?"

That the Metropolitan management and its helpful associates have found ways of increasing the numbers of opera-goers and of enlarging their knowledge of the more significant repertoire is praiseworthy. It will be still more gratifying when they are taught not to be satisfied with half-baked, second-rate performance.

Great conductors would help the Met more than anything else. Victor de Sabata has a reputation in Europe for being, next to Toscanini, the best living conductor of Italian opera. There must be someone in France, perhaps Fritz Wolff, who could lend distinction to the French repertoire. And, as a colleague for Artur Bodansky, I should enjoy Wilhelm Furtwaengler, whose appointment, due to the present misunderstanding of his attitude and position in Germany, is impossible. In that case, why not Bruno Walter as a guest, and Fritz Reiner to share the Wagner performances with Mr. Bodansky? The German section might benefit from a little competition. Mr. Bodansky is capable and, when he chooses, can do a right handsome job. Too often, he either feels it isn't necessary or is burdened by overwork with a consequent deterioration of his performances.

All this would cost more money, as would extra rehearsals, but that, it appears, will be forthcoming. And Mr. Johnson has already signified his attention of obtaining extra solo players in the orchestra's woodwind and brass sections. It will be a happy day, if ever the Metropolitan is affluent enough to have a reserve or second orchestra. Eight performances and as many rehearsals a week are too much for any musician who hopes to keep his freshness and vitality of spirit.

The campaign to find youthful American operatic material is excellent. The public auditions over the radio stimulate interest

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and uncover otherwise hidden talent. Great voices, obviously, can be had only as they are born. The Met's supplementary season is a beginning along the right direction: nowhere else in this country, except at one or two small schools, can a talented singer have any stage training and preparation for the Metropolitan.

Improvement in the productions and an enlarged repertoire will come when there is more money to spend. Constructive experimenting is costly, but Herbert Graf has done good work in Europe and he should have a fair chance here.

And, when all this is done, let us admit frankly that it will be well-nigh impossible to get a perfect opera performance. Even Toscanini does not always achieve them at Salzburg. It is simply not in the nature of things: so many things are combined in an opera performance that we cannot really expect each one of them to be perfect. Listening, therefore, to even the best performance, is a matter of tolerating this or that in exchange for having something else that is worth having for its own sake.

Circumstances force us all to do that and, happily, we can be grateful that the Wagnerian singing at the Metropolitan upon occasion attains a level not surpassed elsewhere today. Good singing is indispensable. It is perhaps the first requisite for the success of the lyric drama. But it is necessary, also, that the inner meaning of what is being sung and played, the development and portent of the whole drama, be made clear.

The sensitive and experienced participant, who is familiar with each detail of the score, wants every element to be as perfect as possible and the whole to be fused together so that the opera will again be what it once was for its creator. That should be, if it is not already, the Metropolitan's determined goal. ⫲

We'd Ought to Have a Law!

Continued from page 50

of around seven inches became host to a parasite which inhibited both growth and reproductive ability. Until that were disproved, he advised, they'd better let the fishermen get them before the bugs did. Again, some of the listeners were impressed.

But Phil had been in the capital a long time. He let the Commissioner and his helper get through and go. Then he started in on long-haired theorists; he spoke in robust mockery of the charts and graphs the ichthyologist had displayed. He reminded them they were practical men, dealing with a practical matter, and extolled the sagacity of his constituent, Henry Hogholder, declaring that if anybody knew more about bluegills than Henry he'd have to be shown.

One in the room demurred a little. He was a fisherman himself; he'd been around the Fish Commission a lot. This lad the Commissioner had brought over had seen more bluegills some afternoons than most fishermen would see in a lifetime. He'd wallowed in lakes and sweated in laboratories for years to get his doctorate.

Phil kept breaking in with uncomplimentary comments about perfessors and long hairs and got a little red when his opponent made him almost admit that, in managing his dairy herd, he scarcely made a move without consulting the county agent who, after all, was only the spokesman for the lot of technicians.

"But fellers," complained Phil when the tide seemed going against him good and strong, "I'm gonna have opposition next year and if Henry Hogholder comes out ag'in' me they'll have me by the——"

"Well, hell's bells, why'n't you say so in the first place?" somebody demanded and that was that.

So Henry's bill went through and for several years fishing was increasingly worse because seven-inch bluegills were scarce, indeed. The beach at times would be well littered by the putrifying bodies of bluegills which, under the old law, could have been carried home legally but which, under the new one, had to be put back.

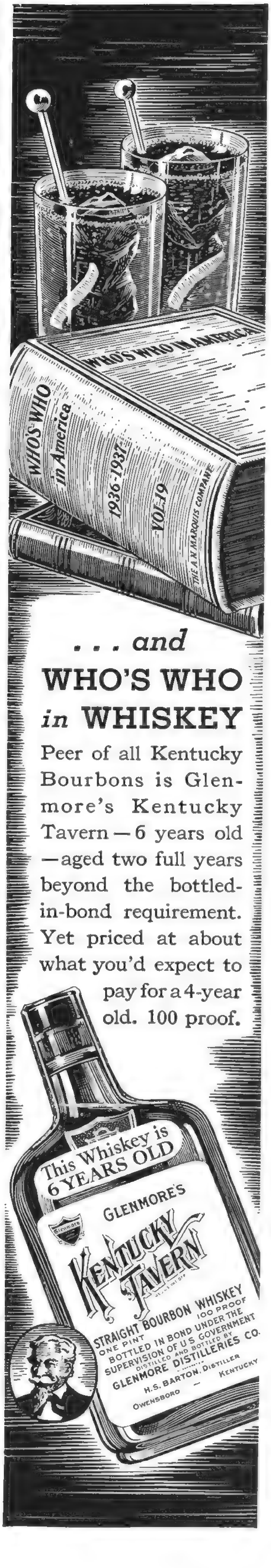
Well, that hadn't worked. And the Fish Commission admitted that the lake improvement projects they had put in would take several years to show results. And Henry Hogholder didn't want to wait. Not when he knew things could be fixed up with another law. It was a case of too much fishing, he said. The season was too long, he said. Cut out the winter fishing, he said, and give the fish a chance.

So Phil had it all over again. The Fish Commissioner didn't want to ban ice fishing. It furnished both food and recreation for deserving people, he contended. Besides, the bluegill, like his cousin the basses, feeds but little during the cold months and is, therefore, seldom taken. On the other hand, pike are taken in winter, he declared, and the pike is the bluegill's natural enemy. Reduce the take of pike and you leave more pike to feed on young bluegill.

But again Phil outmaneuvered him, swapping his stand on the Utilities Bill to get Henry's new one through. And the ice fishermen were banned and pike fishing got a little better while the bluegill population kept sagging.

Then Henry finally got it. He got the answer at last. It was the suckers, he said. The dam' suckers, he said, et the bluegill eggs fast as the little beggars could lay 'em. Thousands and thousands of suckers in the lake which nobody went after since spearin' had been outlawed. Throw the lake open to spearing with jacklights so the boys could take suckers in their spring runs, he said, and it would be fixed up slick as a whistle.

Continued on page 222



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GIRLS INTO GODDESSES

We'd Ought to Have a Law!

Continued from pages 50-221

But Phil bucked a little. Just a little. He tried to argue with Henry and Henry flew off the handle and got up a petition which everybody signed and when Phil saw all those names his Adam's apple fluttered like a shuttle and he sold himself forever to a certain lobbyist who could get him the support necessary and the spearing bill went through and the thing happened that the Fish Commissioner said would happen. He couldn't put enough wardens on the lake to check the boys and the spears took everything that wiggled a fin and fishing of all sorts has become very bad, indeed, and Henry hasn't been bluegill fishing for three summers. He sits in the wire-trussed chair in his office dozing a great deal. Now and then he'll rouse with a start and mumble something about a law we'd ought to have....

So you think that's overdrawn, do you? So you think that's burlesque, do you? Neighbor, you should get around more!

The reluctance to parallel the approach and practices found in, say, the production of beef and poultry crops in the management of fish and game affairs is easily explained despite the fact that it fails to make sense.

The day of game abundance is just past. It passed before the country became conscious that fish to catch or game to shoot were matters of social or economic importance. When supplies commenced to dwindle the nation was occupied with so many forms of expansion that nobody gave much of a hoot except the sportsmen.

Now, sportsmen are naturally a screwy breed. Until most recently it was not manly for a nimrod or angler to admit that he didn't know all there was to be known about his particular outdoor pastime, including every last ecological and biological factor bearing on the species he elected to pursue.

He tried for years to solve his own problems, not realizing help was to be had. He had but one treatment: restrictive laws. And it was a good deal like trying to treat a serious organic ailment by calling in the constable. The patient—supplies of fish and game—kept getting worse until, in desperation, doctors were called in.

The doctors, of course, were the biologists, the ichthyologists, the pathologists, foresters, chemists. They came, at first, with skepticism, reluctance and noses in the air because fish and game problems were not considered weighty enough to test their erudition. But that is another story. They came and they stayed because recreation has come to be recognized as a big and important industry.

Today we find assembled in many states technical staffs of high quality. They are tearing into the problems which perplex nimrod and angler, determining factors are being identified, intelligent procedure outlined and although fish and game management has far to go before it can attain as precisely forecastable results as we find in animal husbandry, we're on the way.

However, one great stumbling block remains in the path, the chief peril of democracy. This is that lag between the realization of what must be done to attain an objective and the willingness of our—by courtesy—statesmen to get it done. And while laws governing seasons and limits are only the first line of attack they are undeniably of major importance and this form of legislation, in many states, is still handled in the old manner.

We still have a lot of Henry Hogholders on the poll books and they're electing altogether too many Phil Popples to office. Again and again legislative measures formulated on the basis of thorough, long and costly research go into the discard because these lawmakers, who consciously or unconsciously base almost every move they make in their own businesses on technical findings, still cling to the notion that the engineering mind has no place in fish and game matters and will listen to the loudest voice lifted back home, no matter how ill-considered or crackpot the theme.

Maybe you're suspecting that the yarn about Henry Hogholder and the bluegills is only, after all, a parable. Take a look at this one:

In Western Michigan is a big swipe of lovely country locally known as the Baldwin territory. The loggers took the pine and fires took the rest and, half a century ago, the place was pretty much down at the heel as far as game went. Then the deer commenced to come back. Slowly, at first; then, about the time of the Hoover boom, they got booming themselves.

Five adjacent counties had been closed to hunting by a Michigan act. The closing order was due to expire in 1930 and the Conservation Commission planned to let the rifles whang away in there once more the following year. This had been decided upon because the Commission's staff of game technicians had been in there for several seasons looking the ground over and watching for those signs of overpopulation which would forecast catastrophe through starvation. They found them, and in plenty.

But as soon as word filtered up Baldwin way that the crazy Commission was going to let their deer be shot off, hell broke loose. Petitions went in by the yard and resident statesmen became positively apoplectic and they certainly showed that Commission a thing or two about who was who and what was what. They whooped a bill through the legislature which closed those counties for another five years and the thing happened which was predicted in these pages just a few months before it

Continued on page 224

Style on the sands, freedom and comfort in the seas—B.V.D. Swim Suits are designed for both.

Honeycomb

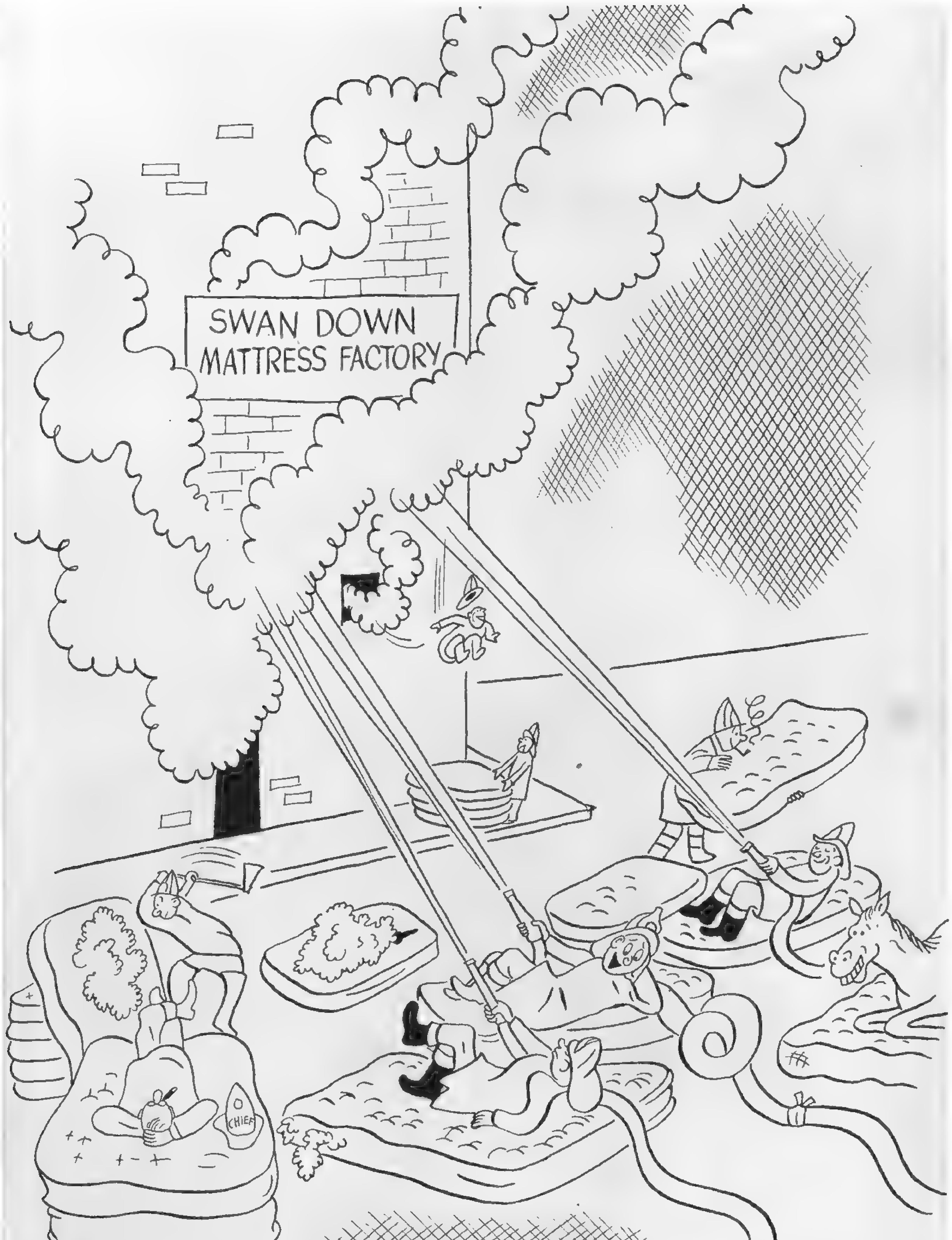
is the name of the stitch in the shirt of this smart detachable by B. V. D. Built-in support (made with "Lastex") in trunks with belt and chrome buckle. $3.95

Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.

WEISSMULLER design and features to guarantee speed in the water and smartness on the sands—that's B.V.D. Rugged fabrics with that life-guard look and the ease of the softest cashmere—that's B.V.D. Patterns and colors that have the flash and audacity that go with the sun and the sea—that's B. V. D. Ask especially to see B. V. D.'s built-in support (made with "Lastex") with its new and exclusive *water-repelling, fast-drying features.* The B.V.D. Corporation, Empire State Building, New York City.

Copyright 1937, The B.V.D. Corporation.

B.V.D.
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Swim Suits
FOR SMARTNESS ON THE SAND AND SWIFTNESS IN THE SEA


SWAN DOWN
MATTRESS FACTORY
CHIEF

"These mattress factory fires are the stuff!"

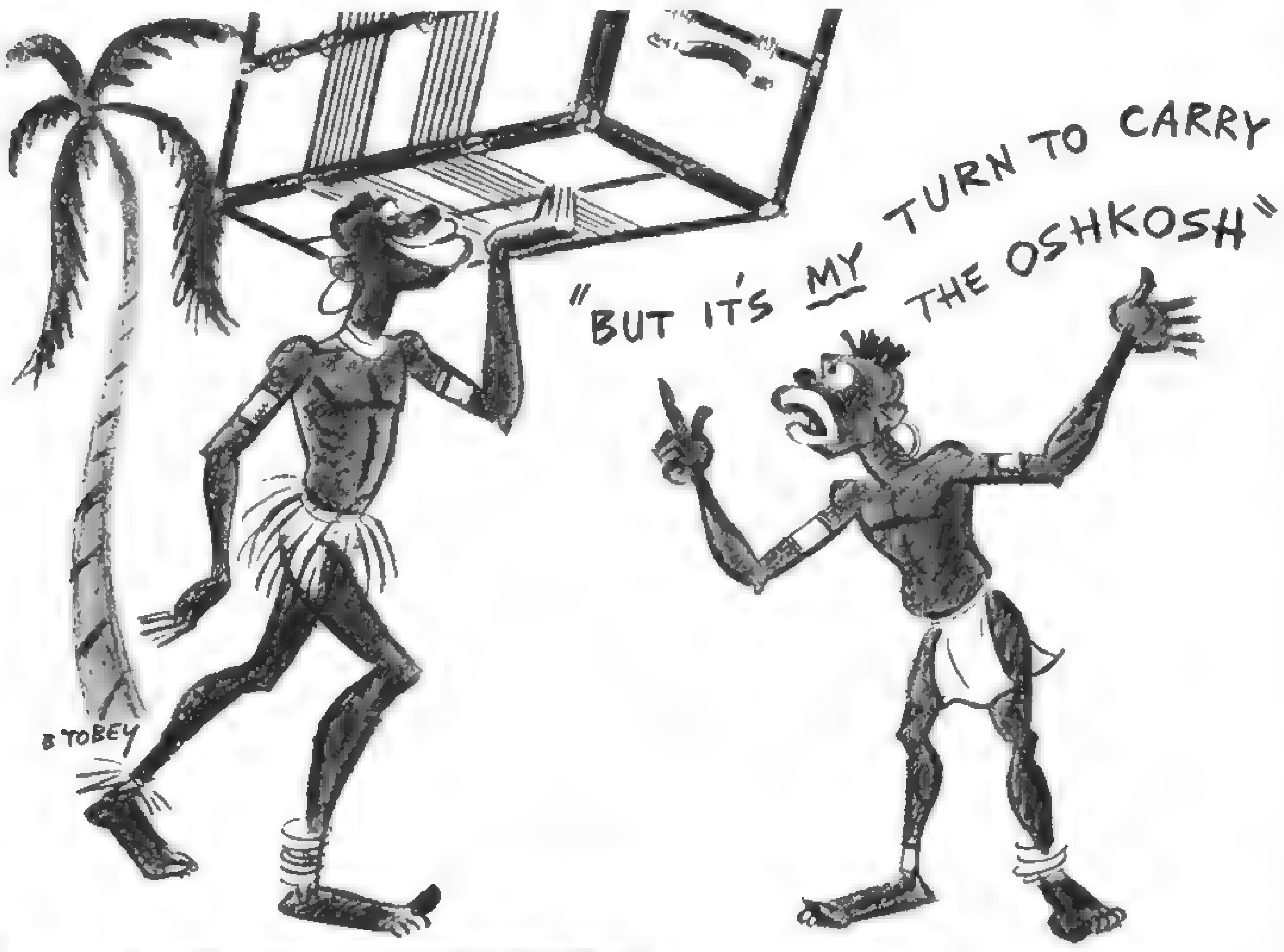
COVERING A MULTITUDE OF Skins

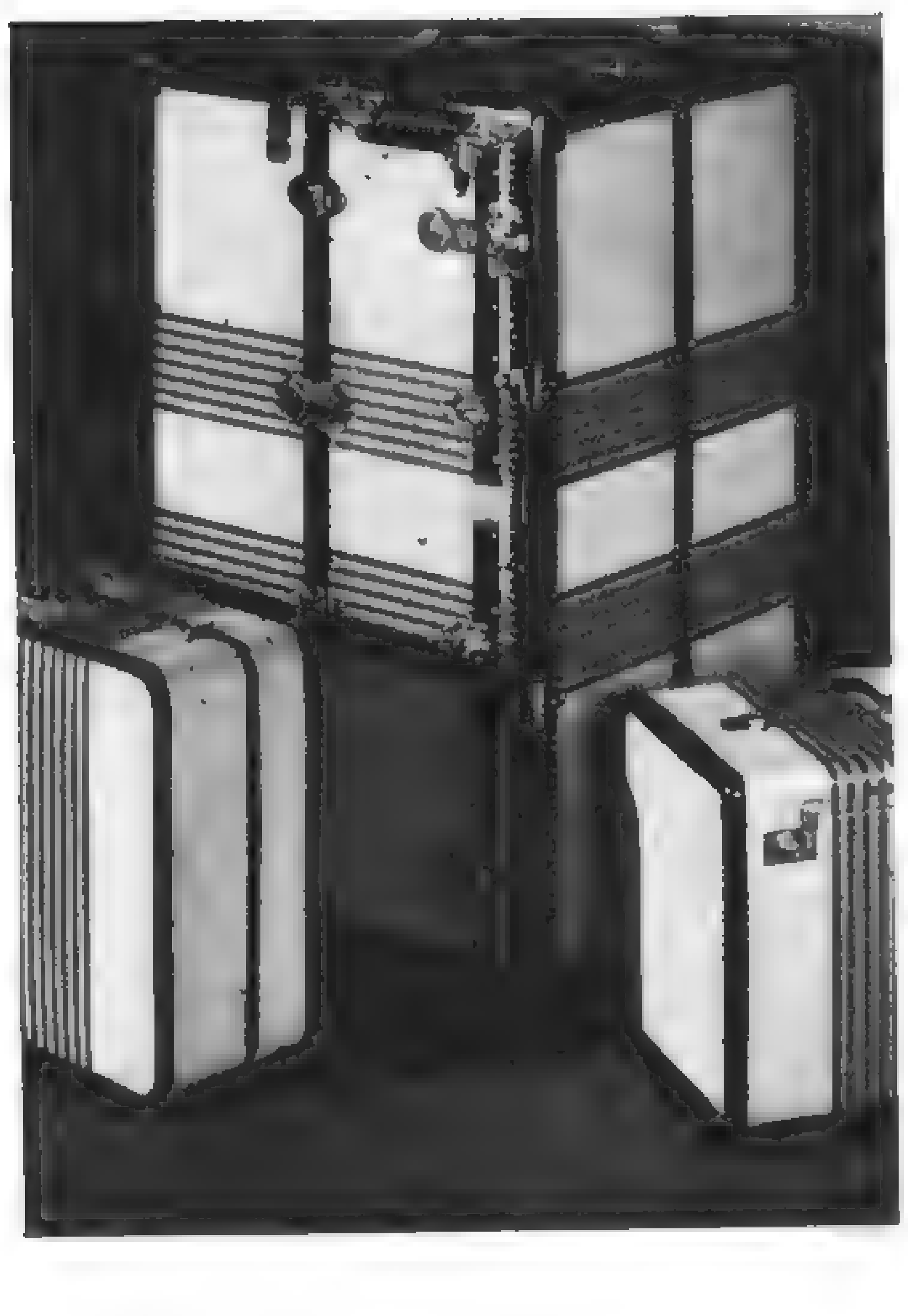
$6.85
SOME STYLES
$7.50

ASK US for the Freeman dealer's name, and for a stunning new free book of spring and summer styles. Freeman Shoe Corp., Beloit, Wisconsin.

Some "buckskin" is anything but! And some, though it *may* be the skin of the buck, is the stretchy raggy kind that holds no beauty and gives no wear. How different it is with these Freemans! When *we* say "Brazilian buckskin" we are careful with our words. We mean genuine buckskin that's fine enough for Freemans. . . . These handsome white oxfords are custom-styled and Freeman-built for smart, cool comfort. . . . Do you know your Freeman dealer?

FREEMAN
WORN WITH PRIDE BY MILLIONS


"BUT IT'S MY TURN TO CARRY THE OSHKOSH"
TOBEY



Porters have professional pride—even as you and I. You can't blame them for preferring to carry Oshkosh.

This 12-hanger Chief Oshkosh trunk stands squarely in a corner while two free-swinging doors give access to its wardrobe and its bureau sections. $225. The hanger case for men, with cowhide binding, carries two suits, shirts and smaller articles. $47.50. Man's hat box, for four hats. $40.

OSHKOSH
TRUNKS AND LUGGAGE
Oshkosh Trunks, Inc., New York and Oshkosh, Wis.

We'd Ought to Have a Law

Continued from pages 50-221-222

came off. (Ed. note: See *I Never Could Kill a Deer!*) That law still had a year to go when along came the winter of 1935-36 with deep snow and bitter cold which drove those thousands of deer deep into the browsed-out cedar swamps and for weeks C.C.C. boys and conservation officers lugged emaciated carcasses out to be stacked up like cordwood and photographed for the record. The devil of it is that although they've seen those pictures, Henry Hogholder and Phil Popple are still working against the advice of their Fish Commissioner for another bluegill law!

The United States Forest Service is up against similar difficulties and what a row that promises to be!

Until recently the Forest Service has been rather much—too much—concerned with the production of timber alone. In the last few years, however, it has manifested a belated but driving interest in the wild life ranging the millions of acres under its jurisdiction, recruited a staff of game technicians and wants to do business.

One of the most pressing problems confronting it is this same overpopulation of big game animals. Some deer and elk herds in the western mountains have become so numerous that they are eating their fodder faster than it can be grown, which means eventual disaster.

The states are doing little or nothing about it, though up until now the states have held control of game within their boundaries despite the dedication of lands as National Forests. In some of our western commonwealths the machinery for administering game affairs is most rudimentary. In several instances it isn't even a state function, but the affair of counties.

Now comes the Forest Service with authority to take over game control where populations require reduction within its areas and at thought of seeing it exercised much mouth-frothing is going on. This is a fundamental matter of who shall run the show, state or federal government; and in the debate which seems to be in the making, a great number of deer and elk appear to have a fair-to-excellent chance of becoming a few hundred tons of scattered, bleaching bones. Forest boundaries do not coincide with those of states and the thought of getting several legislatures—to say nothing of a few dozen county boards of supervisors—together and acting in harmony on a decent program of game administration is material for plenty headaches. They have their Phil Popples out where the West begins, too.

And here's another thing. Supplies of fish and game are not static. Recognized cycles of abundance and scarcity occur with many species of upland game and the guess current is that fish populations behave in a similar manner. Ruffed, sharp-tailed grouse and prairie chickens are notable examples of creatures that have marked ups and downs. Every seven to ten years their numbers will go from low to high and back again. At times the fluctuations are amazingly sudden. In a year's time they will go from a satisfactory stocking to nothing at all, or vice versa.

The gun doesn't do that. The gun has nothing whatever to do with that because it happens in territories where not one bird a year is shot at. Many factors are known to be involved and probably many more remain to be determined.

So the thing to do is to let the guns take the birds in periods of abundance and ban the hunters when the supply drops to seriously low levels. You can't depend on legislatures to do that. Even if they were willing, most of them meet only every two years and in two years a lot can happen to your grouse supply.

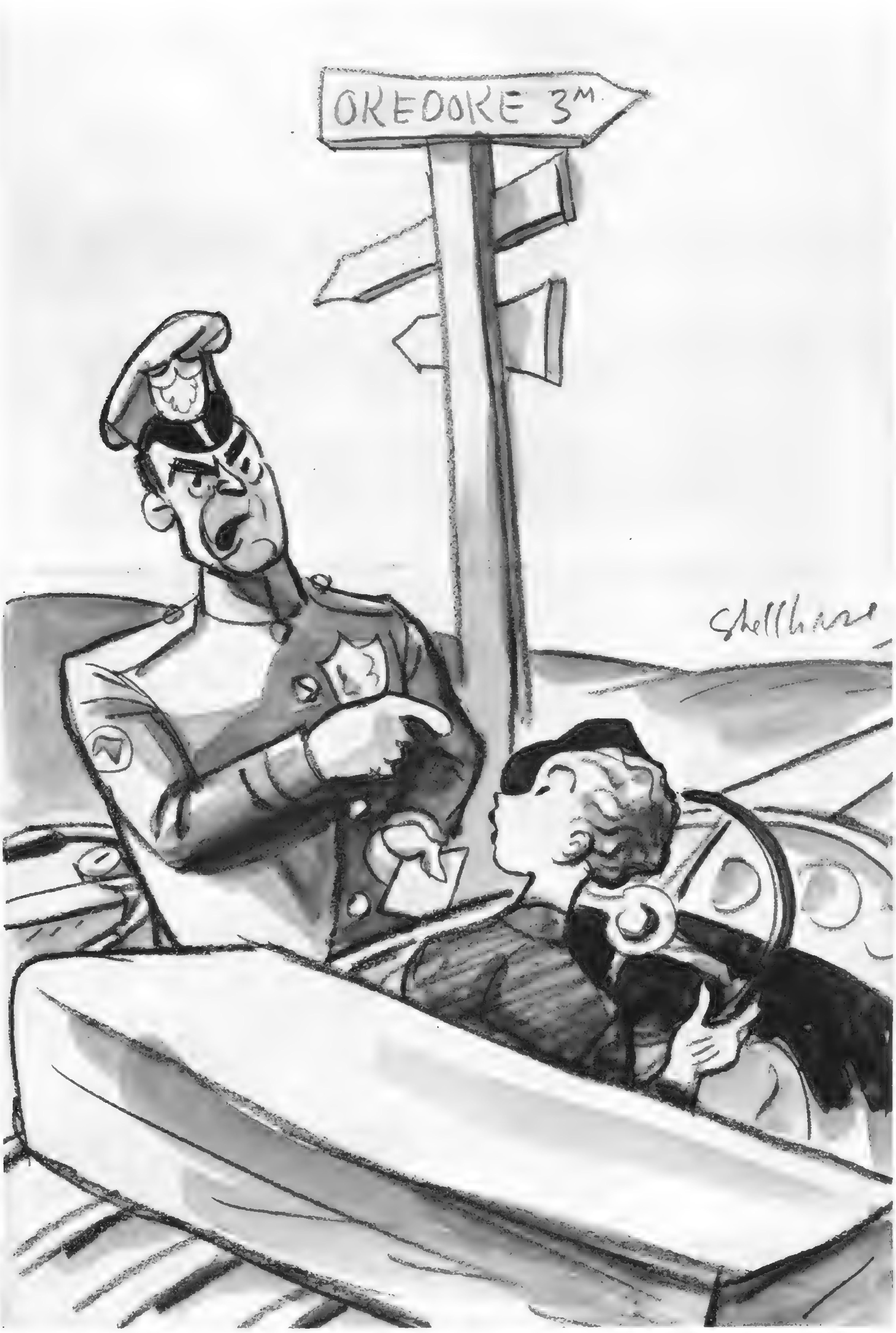
Dr. Aldo Leopold, in his *Game Survey of the North Central States*, points out the classic example of the consequences of attempting to handle the grouse situation by a static law. Minnesota has an open season on the bird in alternate years. Repeatedly, this open season has coincided with the cyclic low when there weren't enough birds in the cover to keep a dog interested, while the closed season has happened to hit when the grouse were so abundant that the swellest gunning ever would have been possible.

In Michigan this situation has been handled in what appears to be an exemplary manner. That state has what is known as a Discretionary Power Act which authorizes the Conservation Commission to curtail seasons or bag limits in a period of emergency.

So in 1935 a bill was wangled through the legislature fixing the grouse season at thirty days, which is long enough for anybody even at the peak of the cycle. The supply of birds not being maximum, the following year the Commission exercised its discretionary power and established a fourteen-day shooting period.

It's a grand idea. Prayers that it may set a precedent are now penetrating the stratosphere. Regulating the take of fish and game is no job for the Phil Popples of this land. It's been tried for over a generation and it doesn't work.

The thing to hope for is the arrival of that day when regulatory measures will all be in the hands of well conceived bureaus, competently staffed, where both intelligence and speed are available. Then, m' lads, when the game law digest comes off the presses and we think of the Henry Hogholders and the Phil Popples it won't be with ire but with that tolerantly chuckling spirit with which we look back upon childish indiscretions. ⁂


OKEDOKE 3M
Shellhase

"I don't give a damn if I do look like Clark Gable—you were still doing seventy!"

How a bride gave her husband

ATHLETE'S FOOT

She was a CARRIER★

At the summer resort on their honeymoon, she picked up a case of Athlete's Foot, infected the bathroom floor at home, and now her husband will probably get it.

But where you contract the infection isn't as important as what you do about getting rid of it—before more serious trouble develops, before you give it to other people. Why not play safe and examine your toes for infection?

Is the skin between them red, irritated? Does it itch? Prompt application of Absorbine Jr. cools and soothes, and may ward off painful soreness. For as the infection progresses, moist white skin may appear, peeling in patches, with skin cracks, rawness and pain—unless Absorbine Jr. is used to soothe the soreness and help the tissues heal.

If your case gets really serious, consult a doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. Buy a bottle today and insist on the genuine. It has been proved for its ability to kill the fungus when reached, a fungus so stubborn that infected socks must be boiled 20 minutes to destroy it. Absorbine Jr. is economical because so little brings relief. At your druggist's, $1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 430 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

★ "CARRIER" is the medical term for a person who carries infection. People infected with Athlete's Foot are "carriers." And at least one-half of all adults suffer from it (Athlete's Foot) at some time, according to the U. S. Public Health Service. They spread disease wherever they tread barefoot.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, and Sunburn

Those Boy-Gone Days

Continued from page 111

run-down automobile batteries, did something to the voltage, somehow, somewhere, so that when the juice finally came in contact with a person it would make him leap wildly and sometimes yell like bloody murder. It was called a jump-spark, having a faculty of jumping from an iron object and meeting a person halfway, so to speak.

We were in Mac's upstairs bedroom, trying the coil out on all sorts of things and getting plenty of good shocks ourselves, when I started laughing. Mac wanted to know what I was laughing at.

"Oh, nothing," I chuckled. "Just thought what would happen if we connected this jump-spark coil to your mother's kitchen stove." I doubled up with more laughter.

Mac thought it an excellent suggestion and the proper connection was made in a few moments. We knew the current couldn't hurt anyone, much, because we had been getting it first one way and then another all afternoon.

But Mrs. McAfee must have been in a weakened condition or not feeling well that day. She had evidently started to place a pan of water on the stove when the spark hit her. We heard a scream, a crash and clatter, a heavy thud that shook the house and everything got still.

We found her sitting against the kitchen wall, her face as white as a sheet.

"Lewis, I've had a stroke," she gasped. "Go, call your father."

Lewis was afraid to call his father. His father was a very old man, twenty years older than Mrs. McAfee. The old fellow had had one partial stroke of paralysis and Lewis feared any excitement might bring on another stroke.

"Oh, Ma," Lewis said, lifting her gently to her feet. "That was just a shock of 'lectricity you got. We thought it would be a good joke. You know, Ma. It was just in fun. Ha, ha, ha." Mac laughed and so did I. Right in the middle of my laugh I felt the floor tremble and there was Mr. McAfee, his long white beard bristling in the doorway.

I went home.

Next day Lewis told me the only strokes suffered by anyone around his house that day was about fifty-leven dozen strokes his father gave him with a razor strap.

With aviation making such strides during the past decade I expected Henry would develop naturally into an aviation enthusiast and make some real experiments along that line. But Henry and his boy friends have confined themselves to making models of all kinds of airplanes, have competed in airplane model contests and taken a few honors, and then, just stopped right there.

Lewis McAfee and I made several model airplanes that actually flew right off the ground and stayed up for several yards. That was some twenty-four years ago. We made one model, a small monoplane type, that got caught in an accidental gust of wind which blew it up and over our school building, a two-story structure. The superintendent of the school saw the plane shoot upward, its propeller spinning. He couldn't see the puff of wind. He thought the plane actually flew over the building and he wrote the weekly newspaper about it.

When Mac and I saw ourselves heralded as a couple of aviators of the future, saw our names in print, it went to our heads.

"We'll build a glider," I said, "and show them some real flying."

All that summer Mac and I picked peaches and white-washed trees to earn money with which to buy the materials for building a glider. We already had the plans. Another issue of this same boys' magazine told plainly how a glider could be built.

During the fall months we worked every evening after school, fitting the framework, making pencil joints, mortice joints, tight fitting struts, and fastening the whole together with strands of piano wire; just what the plans called for. During the cold winter evenings we applied the canvas and shellacked it with three coats. How that flying machine glistened there in Mac's workshop!

It was about the middle of March that we finished the glider. The time could not have been better for the March winds were blowing and our instructions for flying the glider stated that we should take off into the wind. Over and over we read those instructions, how its center of gravity could be changed, etc.

The glider was of the biplane type. It had no runners or wheels beneath it. Instead, the pilot stood in an opening in the center of the lower wing. He grasped a handle on each side to hold up the plane while on the ground and to help hold him in the plane while in the air. Across the opening was a rope swing into which the pilot settled himself as soon as he was in the air. Swing the body forward, and the ship would nose downward. Swing the body slightly backward and this would point the nose of the glider upward. If the ship went into a side slip to the right, throw the body to the left to counter-balance it and bring the plane back to a level keel. It all sounded very simple and easy.

Came the day for the flight. Mac and I had flipped a coin to see who got the first chance to be pilot and I was the lucky one.

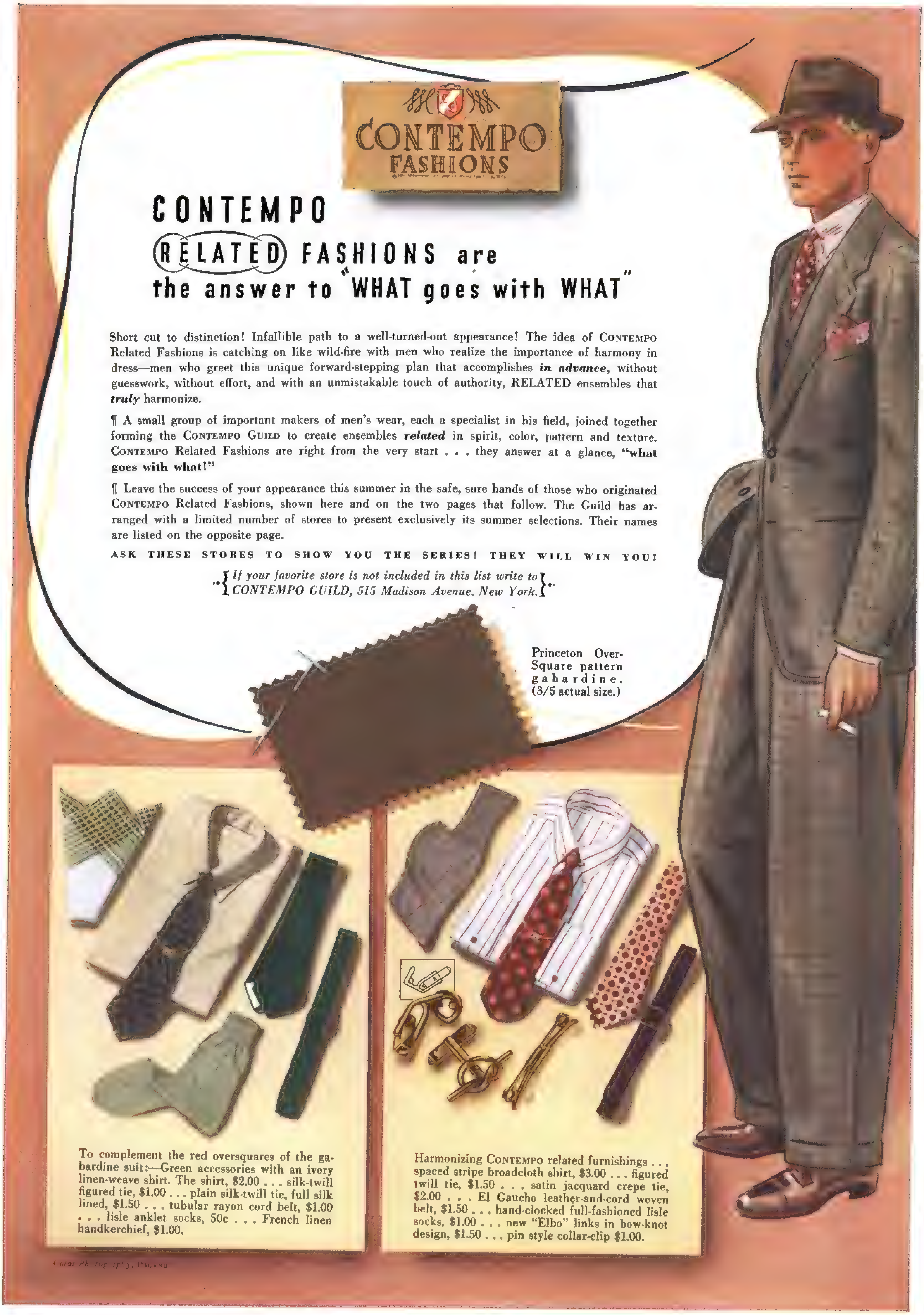
Looking back on that eventful day from the standpoint of my more sober years of the early forties, I cannot help regretting the absence of mature witnesses.

Continued on page 230

CONTEMPO FASHIONS

The CONTEMPO RELATED FASHION GROUPS FEATURED ON THE NEXT THREE PAGES WILL BE FOUND *EXCLUSIVELY* AT THE FOLLOWING STORES...

Akron, Ohio	Lang's
Albany	McManus & Riley, Inc.
Allentown, Pa.	Hess Bros.
Asheville	M. V. Moore & Co.
Baltimore, Md.	Leed's, Inc.
Binghamton, N. Y.	Hills, McLean & Haskins
Bridgeport	The D. M. Read Co.
Canton, Ohio	C. N. Vicary Co.
Cumberland, Md.	Schwarzenbach & Son
Dallas, Texas	Dreyfuss & Son
Davenport	Simon & Landauer
Dayton	The Metropolitan Co.
Detroit	Hughes & Hatcher
Durham, N. C.	Durham Men's Shop
El Paso	The White House
Flint, Mich.	Crawford & Zimmerman
Ft. Smith, Ark.,	The Boston Store Men's Shop
Ft. Worth	Washer Bros.
Hammond, Ind.	Jack Fox & Sons
Harrisburg, Pa.	Stark Bros.
Houston	Sakowitz Bros.
Indianapolis	L. Strauss & Co.
Jamaica, N. Y.	B. Gertz, Inc.
Kansas City, Mo.	Woolf Bros.
Lansing, Mich.	F. N. Arbaugh Co.
Marshalltown, Iowa,	Abel & Abel, Inc.
Mason City, Iowa	Abel & Son, Inc.
Memphis	Phil A. Halle
Milwaukee	MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis	Juster Bros., Inc.
New Orleans	Porter's, Inc.
Niagara Falls, N. Y.	Amberg's
Omaha	Nebraska Clothing Co.
Paterson, N. J.	Konners
Philadelphia, Pa.,	MacDonald & Campbell
Pittsburgh	Kaufmann's
Portland, Me.	A. H. Benoit & Co.
Reading, Pa.	Croll & Keck
Richmond, Va.	Jacobs & Levy
Roanoke	Davidson's
Rochester, N. Y.	National Clothing Co.
Rock Island	Simon & Landauer
Saginaw, Mich.,	Heavenrich Bros. & Co.
Scranton	Cleland-Simpson Co.
St. Louis	Boyd's
Syracuse, N. Y.	Dey Bros.
Sunbury, Pa.	Markley-Altvater, Inc.
Toledo, Ohio	B. R. Baker Co.
Tulsa, Okla.	Woolf Bros.
Washington, D. C.,	Lewis & Thos. Saltz
Wichita, Kans.	Woolf Bros.
Williamsport, Pa.,	Troisi Tailor, Inc.
Winston-Salem, N. C.,	Norman Stockton, Inc.
Youngstown, Ohio,	Hartzell Bros. Co.



CONTEMPO
FASHIONS

CONTEMPO RELATED FASHIONS are the answer to "WHAT goes with WHAT"

Short cut to distinction! Infallible path to a well-turned-out appearance! The idea of CONTEMPO Related Fashions is catching on like wild-fire with men who realize the importance of harmony in dress—men who greet this unique forward-stepping plan that accomplishes ***in advance,*** without guesswork, without effort, and with an unmistakable touch of authority, RELATED ensembles that ***truly*** harmonize.

¶ A small group of important makers of men's wear, each a specialist in his field, joined together forming the CONTEMPO GUILD to create ensembles ***related*** in spirit, color, pattern and texture. CONTEMPO Related Fashions are right from the very start . . . they answer at a glance, **"what goes with what!"**

¶ Leave the success of your appearance this summer in the safe, sure hands of those who originated CONTEMPO Related Fashions, shown here and on the two pages that follow. The Guild has arranged with a limited number of stores to present exclusively its summer selections. Their names are listed on the opposite page.

ASK THESE STORES TO SHOW YOU THE SERIES! THEY WILL WIN YOU!

If your favorite store is not included in this list write to
CONTEMPO GUILD, 515 Madison Avenue, New York.

Princeton Over-Square pattern gabardine. (3/5 actual size.)

To complement the red oversquares of the gabardine suit:—Green accessories with an ivory linen-weave shirt. The shirt, $2.00 . . . silk-twill figured tie, $1.00 . . . plain silk-twill tie, full silk lined, $1.50 . . . tubular rayon cord belt, $1.00 . . . lisle anklet socks, 50c . . . French linen handkerchief, $1.00.

Harmonizing CONTEMPO related furnishings . . . spaced stripe broadcloth shirt, $3.00 . . . figured twill tie, $1.50 . . . satin jacquard crepe tie, $2.00 . . . El Gaucho leather-and-cord woven belt, $1.50 . . . hand-clocked full-fashioned lisle socks, $1.00 . . . new "Elbo" links in bow-knot design, $1.50 . . . pin style collar-clip $1.00.

Color Photography, PAGANO

Makers of CONTEMPO *Related Fashions*

Neckwear	BACHRACH CO.
Shirts	C. F. HATHAWAY CO.
Pajamas, Belts, Braces	KNOTHE BROS. CO.
Robes	VAN BAALEN, HEILBRUN & CO.
Jewelry	SWANK PRODUCTS
Handkerchiefs	BLOCH FRERES
Suiting Fabric	PRINCETON WORSTED MILLS

CONTEMPO shows a Tropical worsted suiting in medium grey. The Summer Suit of the carefully dressed business man.

CONTEMPO
FASHIONS

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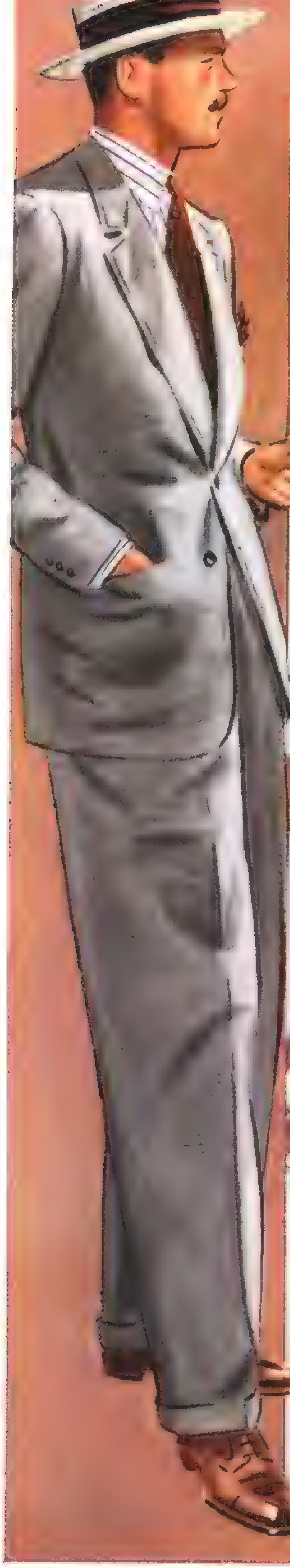
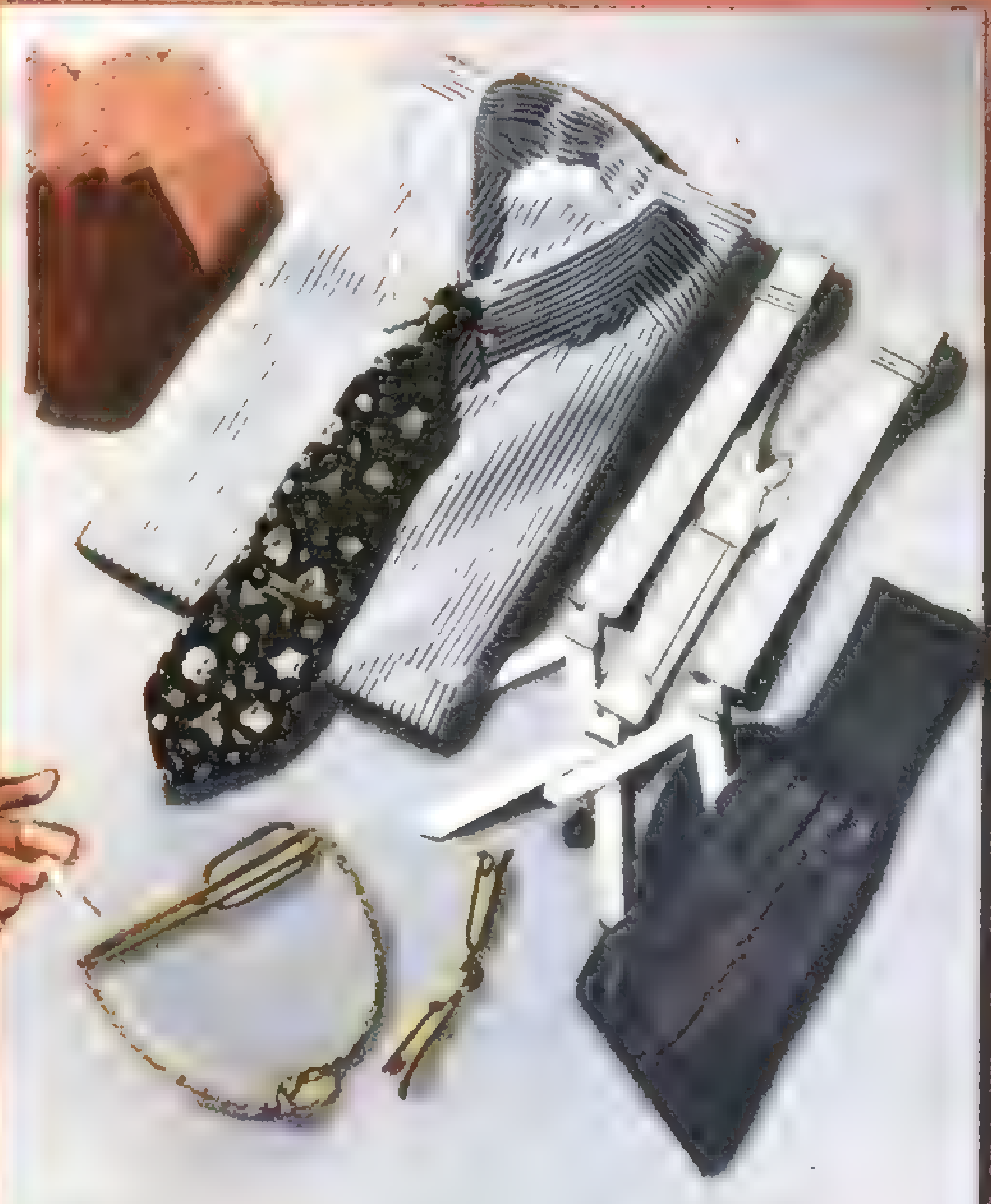
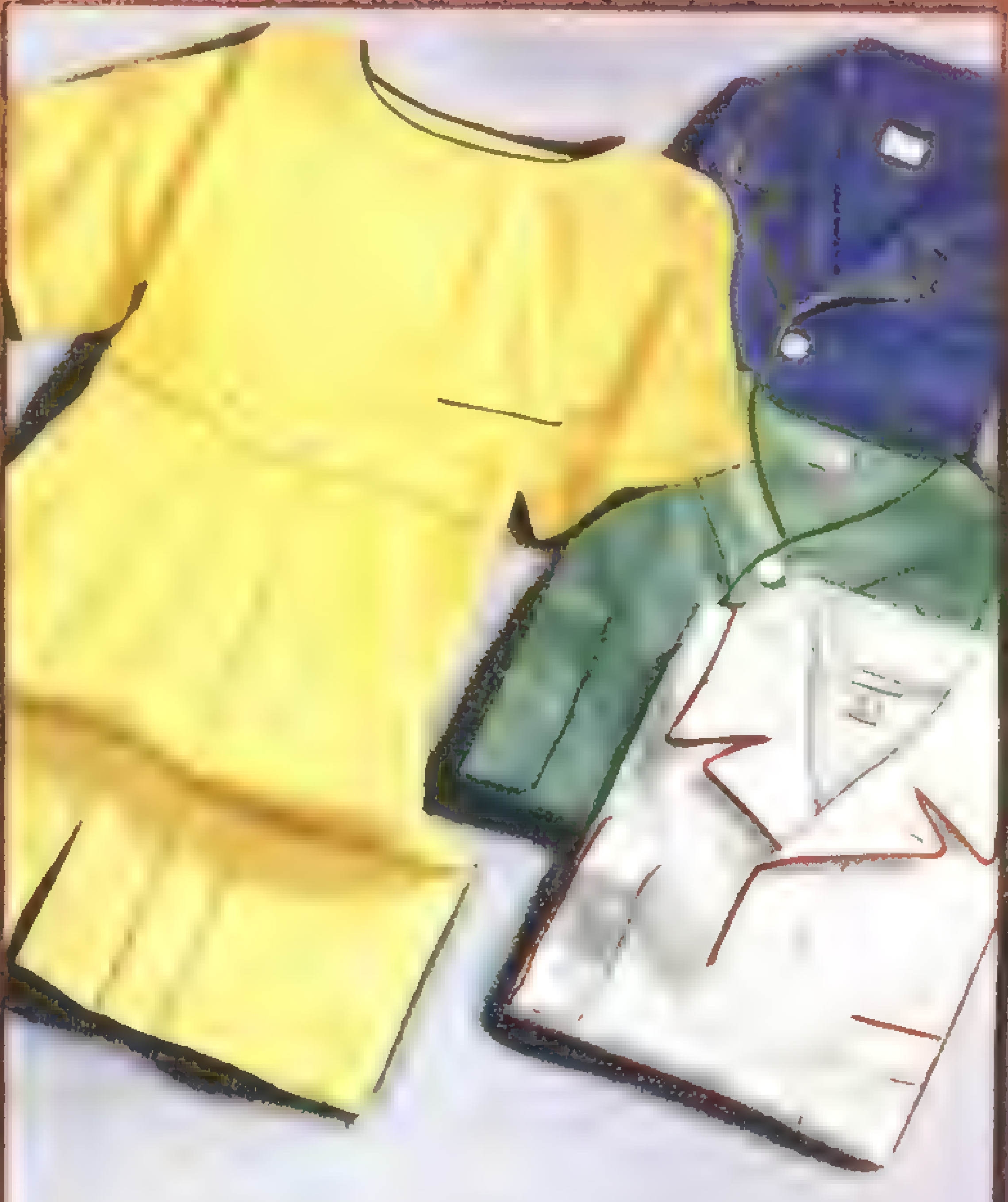
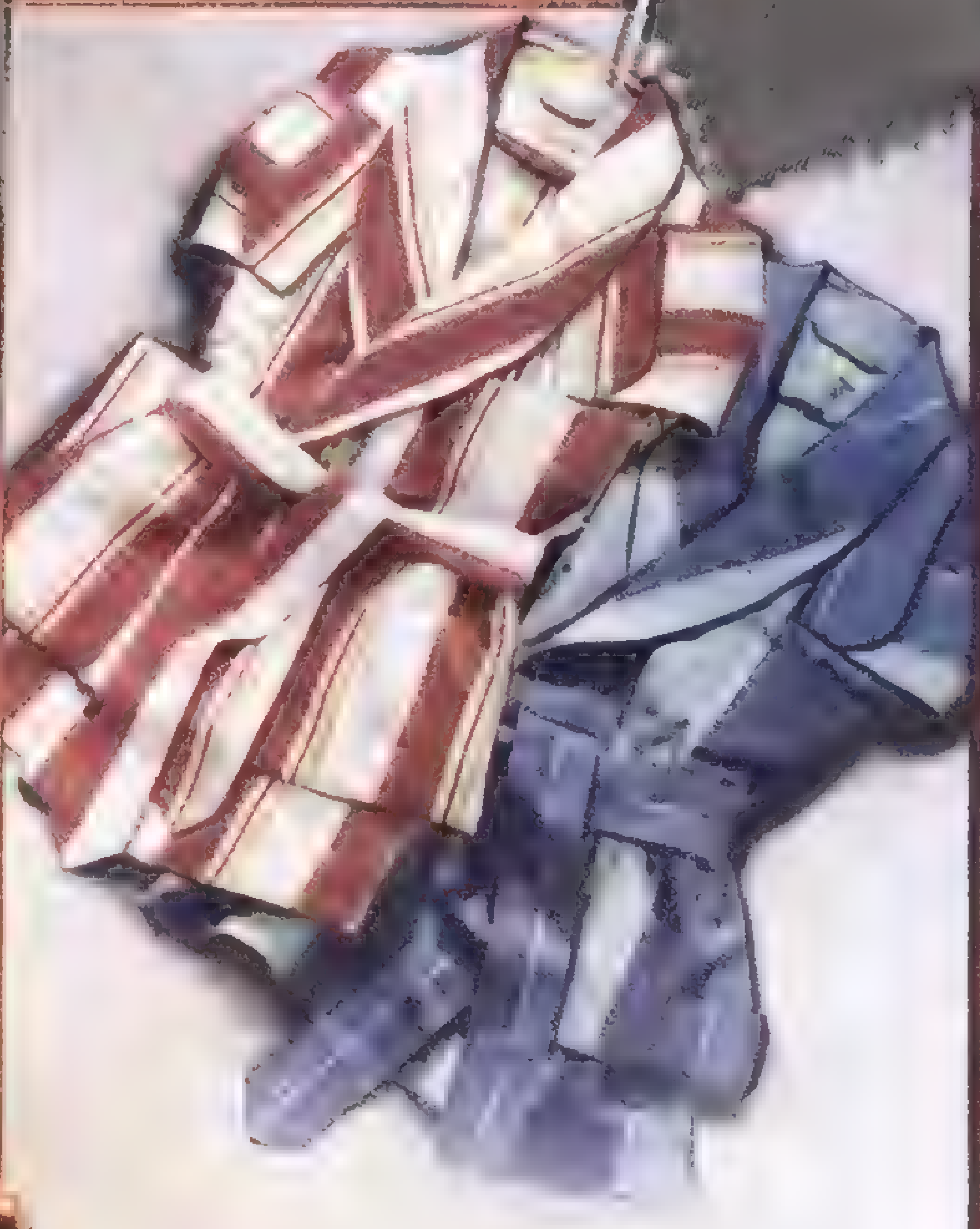




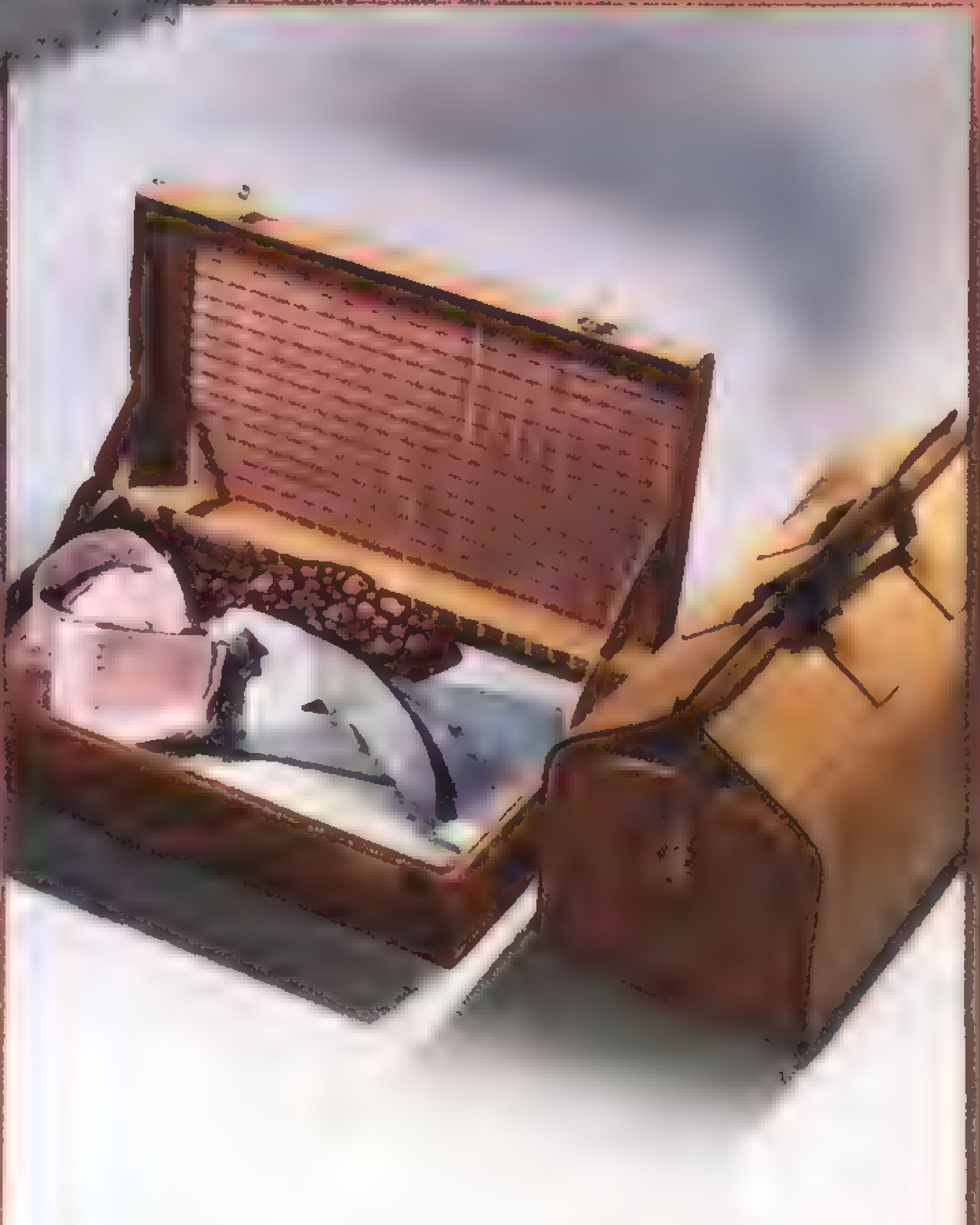
Well organized for business. Tape-stripe oxford shirt, $2.50 . . . satin jacquard crepe tie, $1.50 . . . mesh cord braces, $1.50 . . . full-fashioned lisle socks, $1.00 . . . French mull handkerchief, 50c . . . bow-knot cravat chain, $1.00 . . . Rotator adjustable collar-clip, $1.00.



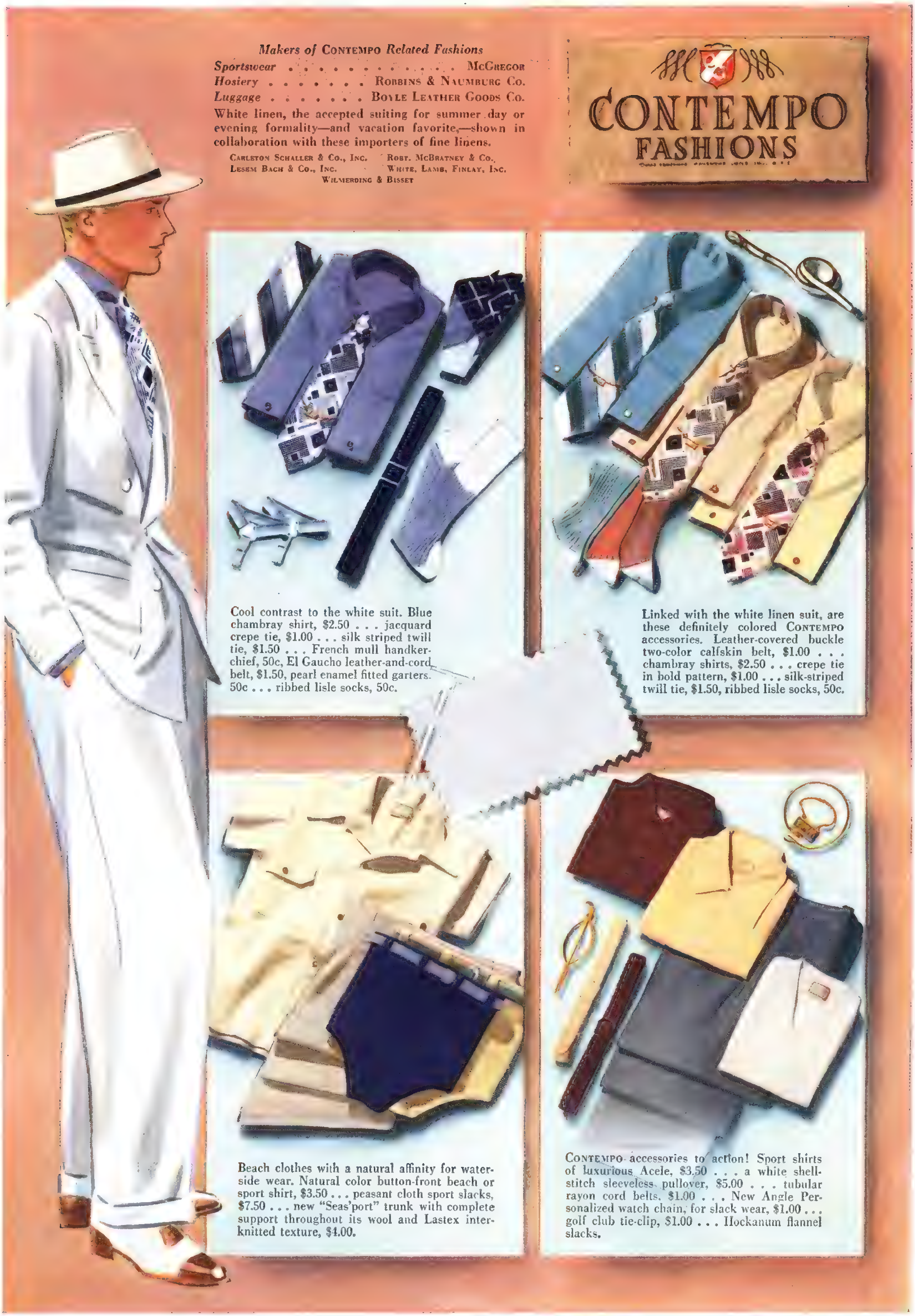
Summer sleeping comfort problem solved! . . . India Zephyr pajamas, light and fine as a handkerchief. This athletic model has tuck-in top, short sleeves, boat neck, and knee-length shorts, $3.50. Or, if you prefer, in your favorite pajama model, $3.50.



CONTEMPO Companions to comfort and relaxation . . . genuine Palm Beach cloth has been specially soft-textured to make the perfect robe for every summer use . . . ideal for home, beach, travel or locker-room, $10.75.



Vacation luggage to carry a CONTEMPO week-end ensemble. The week-end case either in imported shrunken pigskin or suntan hide, 20 inches, $17.50 . . . 24 inches, $19.50 . . . The Talon closed kit, in either leather, $27.50.



Makers of CONTEMPO *Related Fashions*

Sportswear . . . . McGREGOR
Hosiery . . . . ROBBINS & NAUMBURG CO.
Luggage . . . . BOYLE LEATHER GOODS CO.

White linen, the accepted suiting for summer day or evening formality—and vacation favorite,—shown in collaboration with these importers of fine linens.

CARLETON SCHALLER & CO., INC. ROBT. McBRATNEY & CO.,
LESEM BACH & CO., INC. WHITE, LAMB, FINLAY, INC.
WILMERDING & BISSET

CONTEMPO
FASHIONS

Cool contrast to the white suit. Blue chambray shirt, $2.50 . . . jacquard crepe tie, $1.00 . . . silk striped twill tie, $1.50 . . . French mull handkerchief, 50c, El Gaucho leather-and-cord belt, $1.50, pearl enamel fitted garters. 50c . . . ribbed lisle socks, 50c.

Linked with the white linen suit, are these definitely colored CONTEMPO accessories. Leather-covered buckle two-color calfskin belt, $1.00 . . . chambray shirts, $2.50 . . . crepe tie in bold pattern, $1.00 . . . silk-striped twill tie, $1.50, ribbed lisle socks, 50c.

Beach clothes with a natural affinity for waterside wear. Natural color button-front beach or sport shirt, $3.50 . . . peasant cloth sport slacks, $7.50 . . . new "Seas'port" trunk with complete support throughout its wool and Lastex interknitted texture, $4.00.

CONTEMPO accessories to action! Sport shirts of luxurious Acele, $3.50 . . . a white shell-stitch sleeveless pullover, $5.00 . . . tubular rayon cord belts, $1.00 . . . New Angle Personalized watch chain, for slack wear, $1.00 . . . golf club tie-clip, $1.00 . . . Hockanum flannel slacks.

MAN-WISE, WOMAN BUYS

"BABY, YOU'RE THERE!" cries Husband when Wife gifts him with distinguished Val-A-Pak; gossip has told him this modern luggage exiles packing-and-unpacking cares, banishes "wrinkle worry."

TRAVELING ENJOYED now by Husband who knows how to zip open lightweight Val-A-Pak, remove what he needs, zip it closed. Stows flat in car; "air-cushioning" plus special compartments keep things neat.

DOLLARS STAY IN POCKET when Husband opens Val-A-Pak, finds both suits crisply pressed, complete wardrobe as fresh as though it had home-and-wife treatment. "No pressing, bellboy," he exults.

DIVIDEND DECLARED by home-coming Husband who splits with Wife on pressing and cleaning savings. "A dozen chaps asked about Val-A-Pak. Hardly believed they could buy one for from $8.95 to $60.00." (Prices west of Mississippi, 10% higher.)

• • •

Val-A-Pak, distinguished, dust-proof, moisture-proof, lightweight, "air-cushioned" luggage is sold in solid leather or assorted weights of fabric models at department stores and luggage and men's wear shops.

THE STYLED
Val-A-Pak
WARDROBE
ATLANTIC PRODUCTS CORP., TRENTON, N. J.

Those Boy-Gone Days

Continued from pages 111-226

There were a few small children who saw what happened. They didn't all tell it the same way afterwards.

I stood inside the glider and faced a strong wind that was blowing up a smooth grassy slope. The hill dropped gently away from my perch for about a quarter of a mile. At the bottom of the hill was a small stream, with willow trees nodding on each bank. The sun was shining brightly, the time was about two o'clock in the afternoon, and all was right with the world.

"You've got to run against the wind just as fast as your legs can go," Mac said, giving the glider a last inspection. I gripped the wing handles tightly, gritted my teeth together until they ached and prepared for the take-off.

"All set?" I asked in a thin voice. Mac nodded his head. I saw him gulp, saw how moist his eyes had become all of a sudden. "Here goes," I shouted and down that hill I started running, carrying the glider on a level just below my belt line. The wind began to hum across the wing surfaces and around the guy wires. I gave an extra burst to my speed and leaped high into the air, tilting the wings just a little at the same time.

As luck, or something, would have it, the very moment I leaped, a strong gust of wind got under the ship and I shot upward with a lurch that I felt to the pit of my stomach. I worked my legs and they touched only air. I glanced down. The ground had dropped some twenty feet below me and was flashing past at terrific speed. The ship seemed nosing down. I swung my body backward slightly, the front of the glider arose—

Cr-a-a-ck! For a split second I thought a wing had snapped. But it was the wind changing its pressure from the top of the wings to the bottom. As the pressure changed the shellacked canvas popped against the cross struts, popped and snapped with a fearful sound. Another glance downward; the glider was higher and still going higher.

The wind roared in my ears. The glider dipped to one side. Frantically I swung to the opposite. It dipped in that direction and I swung back. The whole machine wobbled and quivered with the strain.

There wasn't time to give way to any emotion, fright, laughter, thrill of flying or anything. Every split second was a busy one and every split second seemed to be putting me farther away from the earth. Now I was heading down with the ground rushing at me with terrifying velocity. The next moment I was going upward with a sickening sweep and popping of wing covering that threatened to tear the fabric completely away and leave me to float on only the skeleton work of the ship. Each time I tried to go toward ground I gained so much speed that in the following upward sweep I was carried higher than before.

I saw the little tree-lined creek pass below. The trees looked like bushes and the stream a ditch of water. The wind sang and hummed, the canvas jerked and popped, the framework creaked and squawked. I was in a heluva spot.

How to get the blamed thing down was the big problem. Every time I nosed down a little bit the speed increased so fast that I had to nose her up again or be dashed to pieces on the ground. Grimly I held on, my hands aching with the mighty clutch I had on each side of me. Not once had I sat down in that swing. I just held my arms stiff and supported my body above them. I didn't have time to sit down.

The hill on the other side of the little creek sloped toward me. This hillside was rapidly approaching. It represented my last chance to ever get to earth. If I missed it I might sail on forever, I thought at the time. If I could just keep on a level keel, I figured I would just about hit the top of this hill. And then if I could ease it up slightly just before hitting the ground, kind of stall the ship, reduce some of its forward speed, and, at the same time, hit the ground running as fast as possible, I should make a good landing. Such were my racing thoughts.

I managed to keep a level keel. The ground came swiftly toward me. The closer I got the swifter the ground seemed to move. A half-second before it seemed I must hit with terrific force, I leaned backward a trifle. The wing surfaces fluttered, popped loudly a couple of times and there was the ground speeding only a few inches below my feet.

I worked my legs like steam pistons going at top speed. The glider settled downward another foot or so and I knew I had to step and step fast. I got in two steps that must have measured twenty feet apart and then somebody blew out the lights.

But luck was with me. Only a broken collar bone and some skinned knees, elbows and hip joints. The glider was a total wreck. Mac said it took them five minutes to get it unwrapped from around my body. He said he thought sure I was dead. I noticed he had been crying when I regained consciousness.

"I'm sorry I broke the glider," I told him.

"That's all right," Mac said, sighing deeply. "Boy, I thought you were never coming down. I wouldn't have traded places with you for a million dollars."

That was in the Spring of 1913 and I still think I broke some kind of a glider record at that time, but have no official proof of it.

My son is fourteen years old

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now. I haven't had to buy any window panes he has broken, haven't been sued for damages or doctor bills by the parents of any children he has injured and I guess it is better that he is missing a lot of the adventures I had.

Henry should be ending his boyhood days in a couple more years. I figure it will be when he starts noticing there are such things as girls living on this earth.

My boyhood days ended abruptly one afternoon when I saw Lillian Smith walking down the street ahead of me; saw what pretty legs she had, what pretty eyes and kissable lips. Yes, that's when my boyhood came to an end, but I still went on experimenting with this and that for quite some time. #

The King of Laughter

Continued from page 47

proach to life, no man better concealed disdain with charm and a lack of trust in all men with unctuous, appealing manner, and a smile that would have melted the heart of Cromwell.

Politeness was his house of steel, his bulwark against the rough, never-ending waves that would otherwise have engulfed him.

He was contemptuous of praise. When Faure, the French author of *The History of Art* went into panegyrics over him, I read the words aloud. Chaplin listened with the expression of one who thought Faure quite gullible. He did not care for the opinions of Gilbert Seldes, Konrad Bercovici, Max Eastman and other self-appointed midwives of art. Neither did he like contempt. When George Jean Nathan said that if he had genius it was in his sit spot, he smiled forlornly.

Of Elmer Ellsworth, my predecessor, who could laugh at him while taking his money, he said, "a real highbrow."

The rascal in Frank Harris appealed to him. He was touched by the tragedy of Oscar Wilde. Alone among masters of words, he liked Wilde. The Irishman's chapter on Wainwright, the poisoner, enthralled him. The facile falsity of such sentences as "Like most artificial people, he had a great love of nature," escaped him.

Neither sunset nor star, nor mauve on evening mountain, appealed to him. He once spoke of the London fog, and hoped to die in it. "It draped the buildings and hid their ghastly ugliness."

Inept upon the screen, the helpless foil of invidious circumstance, in private life he was forceful, domineering, arrogant.

A chameleon of the emotions, he was often criticized by radicals who wanted him to be more revolutionary. He smiled with the cynic who said it was presumptuous in any man being burned for an opinion—he might be wrong.

His disdain was greater than his pity.

He had the shrewd man's distrust of a lawyer, and horror of all things pertaining to business.

With love for no country, he had none of the duplicity so common in business and politics.

If adroit, it was to protect himself. "My moods are all I have left." They were many and variable. Like beautiful women, they were the problems of his life.

He had no antagonism toward any race or creed. Once when speaking of Negroes, he said, "I never laugh at their humor. They have suffered too much ever to be funny to me."

He did not believe in large remuneration—for others. His salary list was the lowest in Hollywood.

When Diego Rivera told me Chaplin had given $50,000 to the Communist cause, I said, "It must have been money of the Madera régime."

Uncomprehending, Rivera did not smile.

He had, however, a generous quality. Edna Purviance, who was his comedy foil for many years, still receives two hundred fifty dollars a week. Her wage with him was never more than that amount, while women of the same ability were earning several thousand weekly. But Edna has not worked in a dozen years.

When he met Granville Redmond, a deaf and dumb artist of more than usual ability, he invited him to make his headquarters at the Chaplin Studio. Redmond remained there until his death. Several of his paintings adorned Chaplin's home.

A mendicant master of legerdemain often entertained him on the London streets. When old and infirm, he wrote the famous clown a letter asking for aid. Chaplin immediately put him on his pension list with the comment, "*He was a very great artist.*"

When Mack Swain, the nationally known comedian, incurred the wrath of a movie mogul, and could not obtain employment, Chaplin engaged him at $250.00 per week, telling him that when *The Gold Rush* was finished other companies would pay him much more. They did.

Monta Bell, later a successful director, was one of the most efficient men he ever employed. Feeling that his salary of $150.00 per week was too low, he asked Chaplin for a raise of $50.00 weekly.

Chaplin had but recently released five old films that reverted to him, for a million dollars. Bell did not obtain the raise.

It was Bell who wrote the book on Chaplin's trip to Europe. The comedian's name was attached. It sold less than twenty thousand copies. "There's no money in books," he remarked sagely.

His Japanese valet, Kono, would hand him twenty-five dollars each morning for spending money. He would often have a portion of the money left at night.

Continued on page 232

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The King of Laughter

Continued from pages 47-231

No man was allowed to pick up a check at Chaplin's table.

He admired Eleanore Duse. When she came to Los Angeles, a journalist, knowing my connection with Chaplin, decided it would be excellent to have the comedian's opinion of the subtle Italian's acting. It fell in with Chaplin's mood. As if studying his arrival, he came late. No one was seated while Duse was on the stage. We remained in the rear of the theatre. The lights on, we marched down the aisle. Receiving an ovation, for which he was prepared, he bowed in surprised self-consciousness.

Madame Duse fascinated him. Gesticulating and saying, "Marvelous! Marvelous!" he hurried away at the last curtain, and left me to accompany the journalist and write *his opinion* of the actress.

If he ever read what I had written he made no comment.

He did not again mention Duse.

He was quick at repartée. When Elinor Glyn met him, she said, "Why you don't look nearly as funny as I thought you would."

The madame in the bawdy house of words did not confuse him. The retort was, "Neither do you."

His favorite story was that of Joseph Grimaldi, the great English-Italian clown, going to a nerve specialist.

"I would recommend that you see Grimaldi," said the specialist.

"*I am Grimaldi*," was the worn return.

His mansion in Beverly Hills, furnished in flamboyant taste, was architecturally simple as a barn.

He had no vanity about personal apparel and was more careful about his tramp make-up than in dressing for dinner.

He had an aversion for neckwear, and all articles of clothing that hampered the free movement of his body. He would not shave for several days.

He would walk about the set, his head down, snapping his fingers and talking to himself.

Odd characters alone interested him. But never for long.

It was claimed that fear of weak vocal chords made him refuse to talk upon the screen. This was unjust.

I recall his rehearsing a group in a French song. Mimic-like, he could pronounce the words without knowing their meaning. He would walk across the stage, chanting beautifully, the others following. When they returned, singing without him, something had gone from the group. It was the sublime actor with the rich and resonant voice.

With the exception of stage and screen, his knowledge of all subjects was superficial.

His reputation brought with it a certain awe. As a result, people listened politely who knew considerably more about the subject of which he was talking than himself.

He seldom glanced at his own publicity.

Fond of the violin, he could evoke certain weird tones from the instrument. Otherwise, he could not play.

Men who considered themselves quite close to him were often mistaken. One such gentleman, who called himself Chaplin's "father confessor," called at the studio.

The comedian looked from a window. Beholding his "father confessor," he made a frantic effort to hide and at last succeeded in getting into a clothes closet. With the usual prevarication, the caller was told that Chaplin would not appear at the studio that day.

In departing, the gentleman said, "Well, just tell Charlie that I dropped in to say 'hello'."

Perspiring and panting, Charlie emerged from the closet. Being told the visitor's message, he wiped his forehead and exclaimed, "Why the devil didn't he send it on a postal card?"

He took his work seriously. When I slumbered in a story conference of *The Gold Rush* he awakened me with, "Jim, you're a snob." It was one of the few compliments he ever paid me.

His kindness took strange turns. There were two sisters in London whom he knew in childhood. When one wrote of her distress he placed her on a small pension. The other he did not answer.

While dining in Hollywood a well-known director came to our table. As we were leaving, Chaplin invited him to the studio. Halfway there Chaplin decided he did not want to see the director. It was my duty to meet him at the gate and explain that Chaplin had been called into an important conference.

Confused at Hollywood genius, the director stamped angrily away.

His staff had one device by which to furnish him ideas. No matter how original the thought was, each member would say, "I was just thinking of that gag you told me about, Charlie—it's a good one."

When his assistant director went to New York suddenly without permission and remained a month, all at the studio speculated as to whether or not Chaplin would discharge him. The comedian was silent. When the assistant suddenly appeared on the lot, Chaplin greeted him and said, "Go back to work now, and be a good boy."

The assistant was later made a director at another studio. He gave Chaplin two weeks' notice. The comedian was very courteous and told him that it was his duty to better himself.

Five minutes after the assistant had gone Chaplin called his business manager and said, "Fire him at once."

He took no pride when former assistants succeeded elsewhere.

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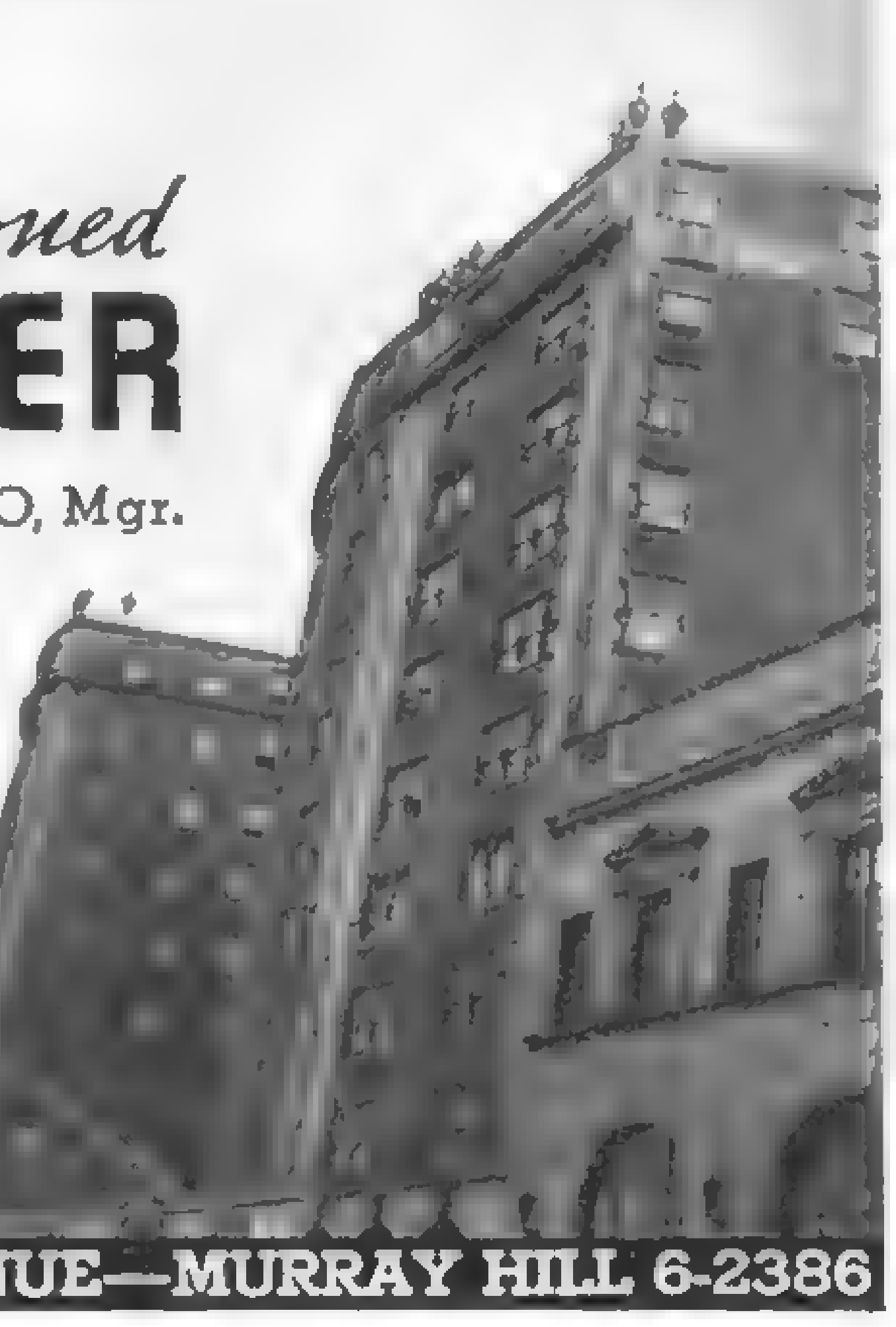

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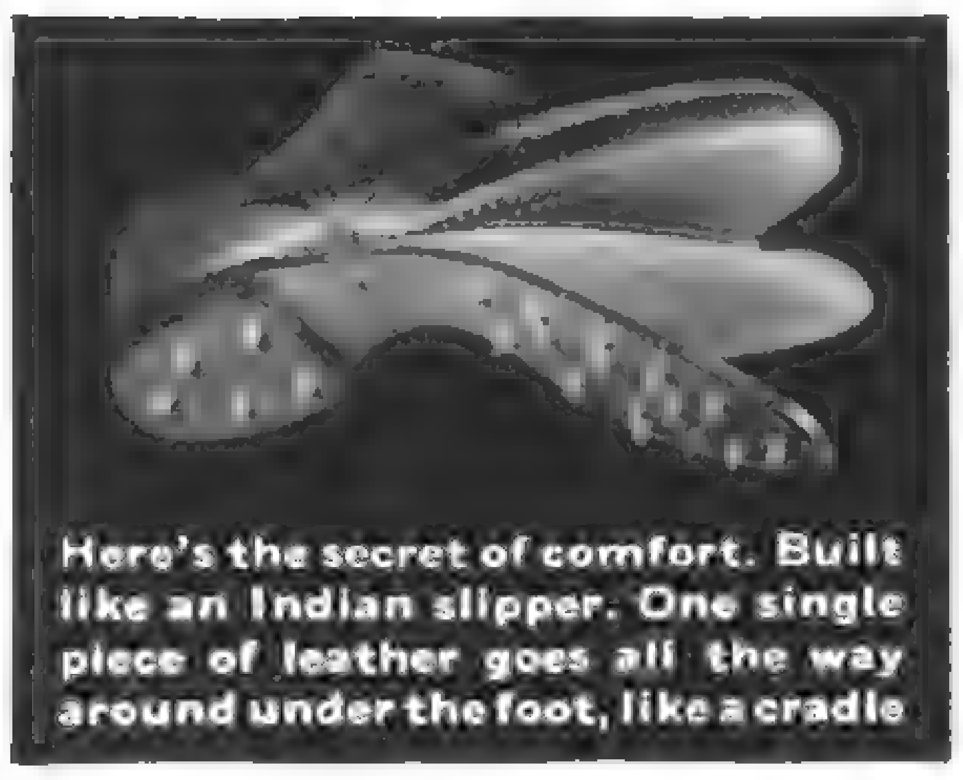
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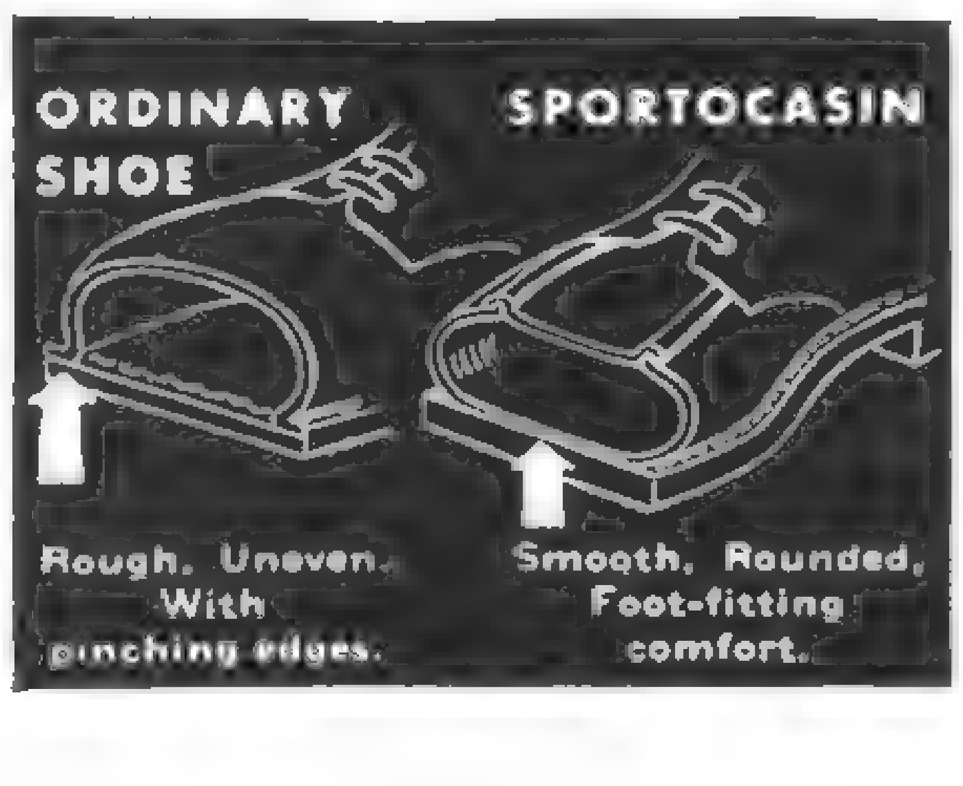
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Always when their names were mentioned he had an expression of supercilious contempt.

He would recognize no equal. When he met another great buffoon, W. C. Fields, they chatted amiably. Hours later, Fields recalled that Chaplin did not mention his work upon the screen.

Walking with him along a side street in Hollywood, we passed a house in front of which a wedding party was being photographed. Observing Chaplin, the group called to him. He consented to be photographed with the bride and groom.

He held his head down for some minutes after we had gone. Finally he said, "Poor devils."

The talk drifted to children. He recalled his baby that died at birth. It had been called "The Little Mouse" by its mother, Mildred Harris.

His eyes narrowed. "The undertaker put a little prop smile on its face." He stopped a second. "You know, Jim, that kid never smiled."

Lita Grey was engaged during my period with him. If five minutes lost the battle of Waterloo, it was enough to create havoc in the comedian's life. He was selecting a girl to play opposite him in *The Gold Rush*. He wanted one who was unknown. Names meant money. Many beautiful and talented young women appeared and did their pathetic best before the camera. Their work was seen by the great buffoon in the projection room. None pleased his sardonic majesty. At last Lita Grey appeared at the studio. She was living with her Mexican mother and grandparents in a small bungalow nearby. Very poor, her bumptious animal life and beauty, blended of the hoyden, were her chief attributes, making the beholder forget her tawdry apparel in the glory of her awakening womanhood. She was about sixteen, bold as a pirate and carefree as the wind. Black eyes, black hair and a round face, she had neither sensibility, poise nor thought. Backward in school, she could not be forced to study. The Board of Education pursued her with its truant officers and teachers until she was eighteen, and then retreated.

When told that Chaplin was not at the studio, she said, "I'll wait five minutes."

Any other day but the one upon which his destiny was written he might not have appeared at the studio at all. He now came within the five minutes.

Lita had worked with him in a film some years before. About twelve then, she had remained in Chaplin's mind.

He greeted her with enthusiasm and ordered a camera test of her at once.

Foregoing lunch, we waited to see it upon the screen. Though she had less acting ability than any girl who had applied, Chaplin began to say, "Marvelous! Marvelous!" Seated next to him, and not wishing to endanger my insecure position by being too honest, I went to my office.

Aloof from his other stooges, I was seldom consulted by him. By some cantankerous whim, he left them at the projection room door, and followed me.

"What do you think of her, Jim?" he asked.

Evading, I asked in return, "What do you think of her, Charlie?"

"Marvelous, marvelous," was the answer.

He walked up and down the room hurriedly.

Lita Grey entered. "Did you like the test, Charlie?" she shouted.

He became cautious. "Not bad, not bad." Admiration conquered cupidity. "You're engaged," he said, laughing.

She jumped up and down, clapping her hands and exclaiming, "Goody, goody."

A contract was prepared, a photograph taken of her signing.

"Don't look at your salary," he laughed.

He had engaged a leading lady at $75.00 a week.

They were soon everywhere together.

During the height of his romance, he asked my opinion of her.

I was frank.

He studied. "I know. I was teasing her last night. She admitted she might like me better because I'm Charlie Chaplin." His eyes became weary. "If I were a clerk, she would not want me."

"Would you blame her, Charlie—all the moods of Lord Byron in a clerk."

"But women loved Lord Byron."

"Not as a clerk."

"Oh, well—it makes no difference," he said.

After their marriage in Mexico, he still avoided me.

The months passed.

Except for a love of play, his child wife had nothing in common with him. There were chords in the great comedian that echoed to grander music. The weary and life-hurt man in search of something his intelligence might have told him he never would find, was soon in the bogs of disillusion.

An order came to me, "You are to see the prize fights with the boss tonight." My economic law, it had to be obeyed.

For months we had not spoken. It was not considered unusual. Others had often been treated in the same manner. A group of strays from the far and rough fields of the world, we pointed no finger at another in the bad graces of the master. Like the rain, his mantle of disdain fell on all alike.

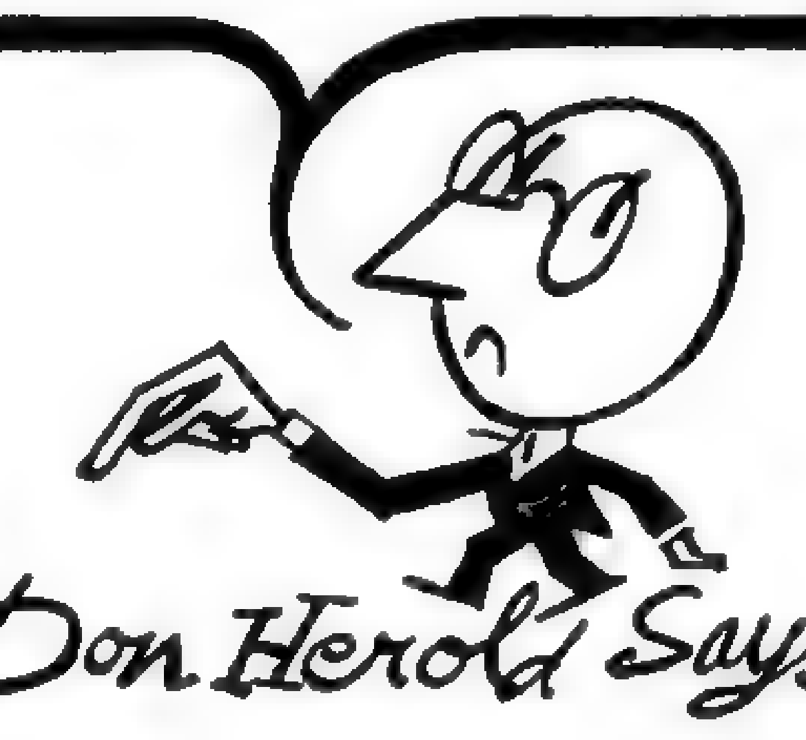
We dared not express sympathy or give other evidence of understanding. He abhorred sentimentality, and could not differentiate.

I joined him that evening.

The past was not mentioned. We talked of the ring and the workings of the mind as connected with pugilists. Chaplin closed his

Continued on page 234

GIVE YOURSELF THIS HINT



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Allen-A
SWIM SUITS
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

The King of Laughter

Continued from pages 47-231-233

eyes when a stout-hearted bruiser went to the canvas. "Terrible! Terrible!"

The last round ended, people clustered about him. Smiling, as always in public, he hurried away with me.

For hours his chauffeur drove along the Pacific.

We arrived at his Beverly Hills mansion before dawn.

It was many weeks before he talked to me again.

He settled with Lita Grey. With hardly a change of clothing a short time before, she now had an immense fortune.

He had never been able to teach her to act. Neither were the best artists of the camera capable of making her photograph well.

A superb ironist, he knew when to laugh at himself.

While on location in Nevada for *The Gold Rush*, five hundred vagabonds greeted him. Selected to make the trek over Chilcoot Pass, they were blue with cold.

"They are cheering for you, Charlie," I said.

"I know." His eyes were slightly disdainful under the battered derby. "How'd you like to be back among them?"

"It could be worse," was my answer.

He shrugged the shoulders in his tight-fitting tramp coat. "I'd rather be me than them."

On our journey to Hollywood he called on a noted editor. A heavy featured, red-faced and aging, matter-of-fact man, he might have been talking to an elf. Before one who could write an editorial about the price of beets or the abdication of an emperor, Chaplin smiled charmingly and said, "Yes, yes, yes," or "marvelous, marvelous." At last he excused himself. On the street he frowned and said, "Lord—what a man!"

His most humiliating love affair was with Pola Negri. That tempestuous female treated him worse than the others. His chagrin was deep when he thought another had supplanted him. "That ham actor," he said in disgust. He had learned the use of more or less correct English by "a good ear" and observation.

Hearing the word "apropos," he inquired the definition. Everything was "apropos" with him for some time.

He was a tyrant toward his half brother, Sydney. Without Charlie's capacity, Sydney remained a varnished Cockney. Unlike the more Oriental Charlie, he was of light complexion, with slick hair parted in the middle, and the manner of a promoted bank clerk.

He had told a California journalist that in childhood he and Charlie were forced to live on thrown away food.

As Charlie was at that time trying to establish his birth as in aristocratic Fontainebleau, France, the journalist's article repelled him. He sent for Sydney, and heaped vituperation upon him until his rage was exhausted.

When Sydney left in silence, Chaplin pounded the piano and scraped the violin. His mood did not lift for the rest of the evening.

The only man who ever received a large salary from him was Adolphe Menjou. The comedian was dining with Peggy Joyce when Menjou entered the restaurant.

"There's the leading man for *A Woman of Paris*," said Peggy.

Menjou was asked to call at the studio. After weeks of dickering, he was engaged at $500.00 per week.

Menjou, French and Irish, with military and college training, "stole" the film and became a star.

A tawdry story, it was saved by his acting.

Coming in a year of bad films, it was lauded highly by those who should have been more discriminating. Their shallow comments filled newspapers and magazines until even Chaplin grew weary.

He was fond of animals, and might, in a mood, have stopped his limousine to be kind to a stray dog.

The canine that played with him in *A Dog's Life* remained a pet at the studio until the end of his decrepit days. He lived with the watchman at the front gate. Whenever the comedian appeared, the dog would follow him. This pleased Chaplin more than the plaudits of the great.

He made peaceful the last years of his mother's life, and discussed her in lingering wonderment.

He was proud of her ability as an actress. "They can say what they want about her," he said. "She was a greater artist than I will ever be. She *was* a great actress.

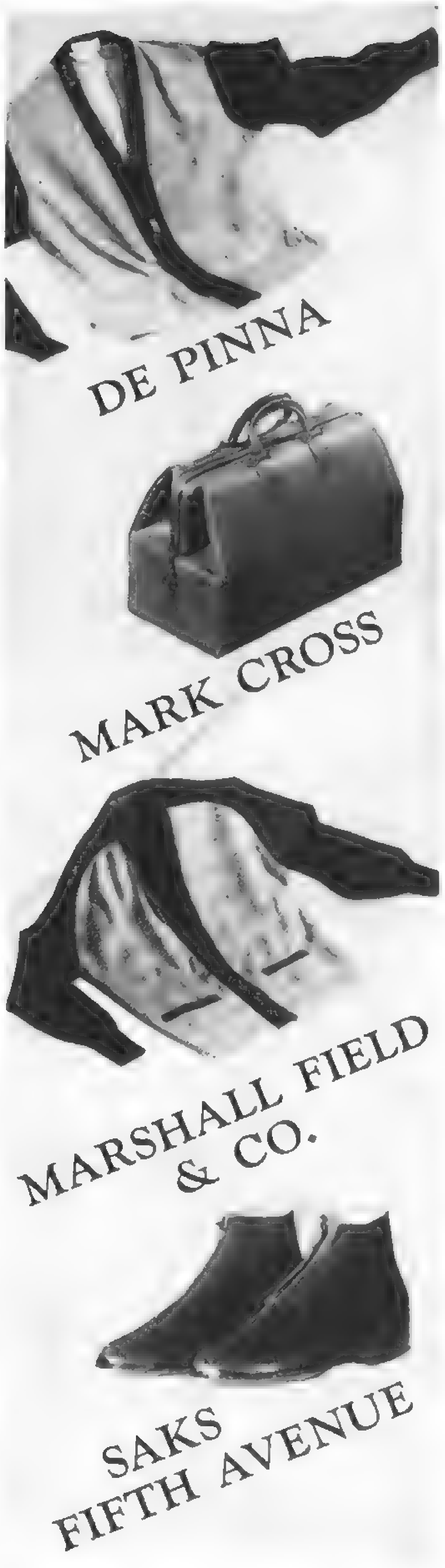
"I've never seen anyone like her. She was good to me when I was a kid. She gave me all she had and asked nothing in return—and I've got no mother complex either."

There was about her a handsome, gypsy-like quality that Chaplin inherited. He would look at her with a tinge of sadness. Without being tender, he was deferential to her. She called him "The King."

There were lines in her face of a woman who had suffered much. More sedate than her son, and less quick moving, she was austere and proud, with the challenge in her eyes of one who could not bow to life, but must face it erect to the last.

Of his father, Chaplin talked but seldom. A music hall entertainer and a dandy in his day, he was blown by the winds of theatrical circumstance around London and vanished early. Tales are told of him, mostly legend. It is likely that he inherited an Oriental, Latin, or Jewish strain from his father.

He ridiculed sentimentality too



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often in others not to have had a touch of it himself.

The publishers of Thomas Burke's *The Wind and the Rain* sent him a copy of that maudlin book. Secluded in a bungalow at the far end of the studio, oblivious of everything else, he read and discussed it at great length, saying, "It's my Bible."

"Charlie," I suggested, "it would be a nice thing to send Burke's publishers a boost for the book."

"Write it. I'll send it." He did.

One evening at dusk Burke wandered through the streets of the London East End with Chaplin.

Each full of his own bitter youthful years in that section, the two famous walkers were silent for several blocks. They then stood in an open hallway and watched a group of children playing under the glare of a yellow light across the street.

Burke finally said, "Charlie, if you want to do something fine—go over and tell those children that you're Charlie Chaplin."

The comedian shook his head, saying, "I don't like children."

They walked away in silence.

He did not drink liquor, and seldom smoked a cigarette. His energy was enormous. His physical condition excellent, he could run a far distance without tiring.

Restless as a storm, his mind was always active.

All things pathological interested him. The Leopold-Loeb case held his attention for months. He had something akin to pity for the Chicago anarchists executed after the Haymarket riot.

An hour before his doom, one fellow sang,

Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew—
It was there that Annie Laurie
Gae me her promise true.

He would shake his head slowly in memory of the incident.

After suddenly growing tired of others, he again desired my company. I was to go with him to dinner.

"He's in a dark mood," a co-worker said. Sensing tedious hours ahead, I looked about for help.

On an errand in Hollywood, I met Lita Grey. Experience had taught me that if she should "accidentally" come into the Montmartre, where we were to have dinner, he would invite her to remain and send me home. I asked her to come to the restaurant, and to make it appear accidental.

As we went toward his accustomed table, he stopped suddenly. There sat the two men of whom he was tired.

He turned angrily about, saying, "I've got no privacy at all," and hurried out of the restaurant. We went to another café. It was crowded.

His chauffeur followed us in the car.

He then decided to go to the Ambassador Hotel. Once there, we remained seated at the same table for more than five hours. I was completely talked out.

In silence, Chaplin watched the dancers. A Spanish girl began to flirt with him. Hope rose again. If she would only come to his table, *he might excuse me*. I praised her beauty. The comedian watched her. In desperation, I said, "Why don't you chat with her, Charlie? She's very lovely."

He answered, "I'm not in the mood, Jim. It's lovelier just to watch her."

Lita Grey arrived at the Montmartre as planned. The two men were still at the table. We had come—and gone.

He was not always considerate of romantic young ladies.

At a swimming club, it seemed that nothing would happen to break the monotony of our companionship. A woman asked if she might meet the great Mr. Chaplin. A very beautiful young girl of sixteen was with her. Introductions over, we chatted until Chaplin invited them to dine with us.

The girl, who had graduated from high school at fifteen, was attending an exclusive finishing school. She was the comedian's match in clever repartée. He was much taken with her. I watched the proceedings with entire satisfaction. He might send me home.

The dinner over, Chaplin asked the young lady to call at the studio next day.

On the way to Beverly Hills, I expatiated upon the girl's charm, her beauty, and clever mind.

He leaned back in the limousine with a rapt expression. He agreed with me volubly. I was pleased.

The girl called at the studio. He refused to see her.

Our roads diverged after eighteen months, through no fault of Chaplin's. We did not part in anger, but indifference.

He later included me in a suit for a half-million dollars. It was thrown out of court in my favor within a half-hour.

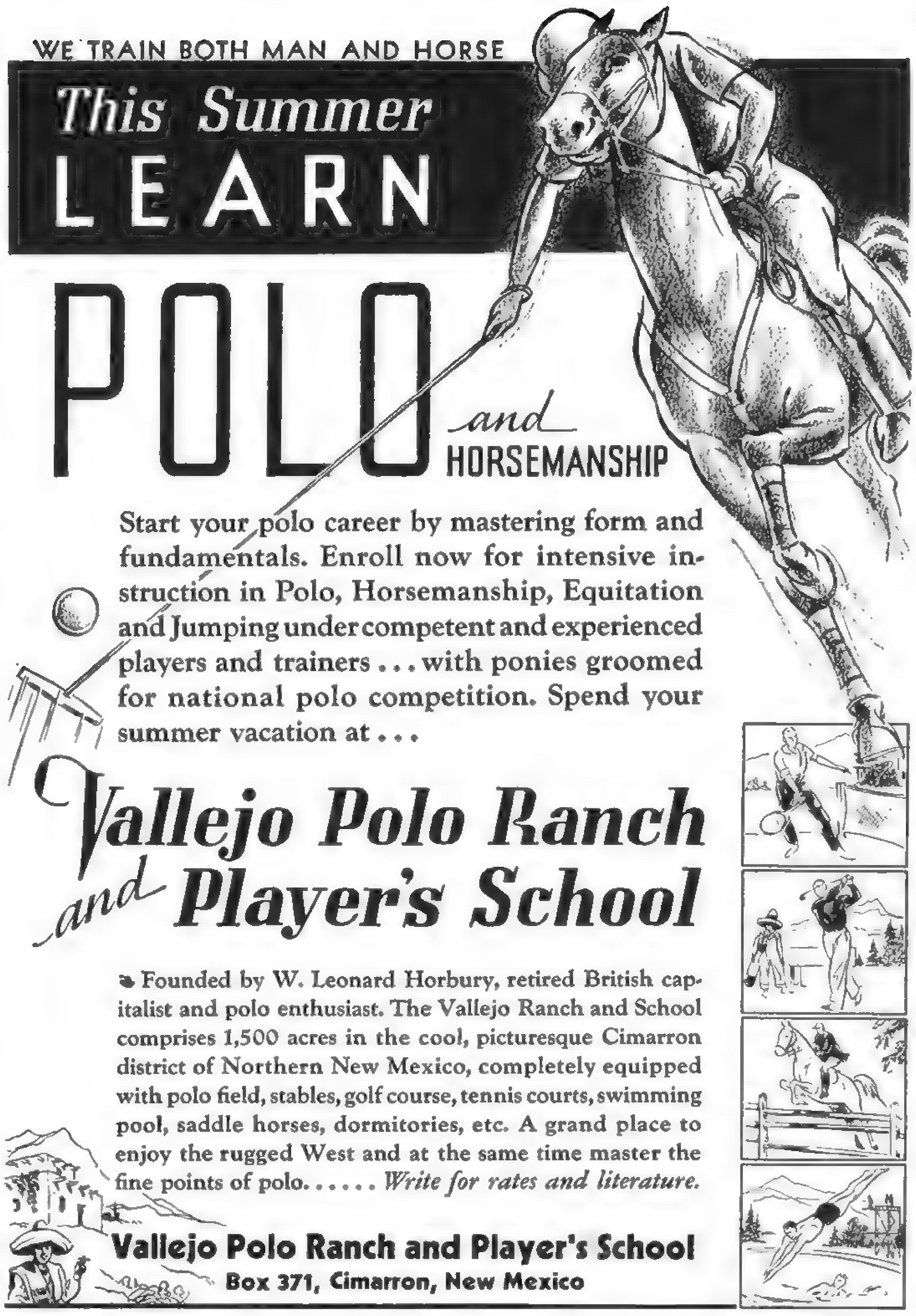
Meeting him socially while the legal squabble was in progress, he was urbane as Talleyrand. When a charade was played, he selected me to assist him. It was suggested that we play a word with four syllables. He laughed and said, "Lord, I don't know any."

He invited me to get in touch with him next day. I did not do so. His mood might have changed.

Long after, at dusk, I stood in a hallway on Sunset Boulevard. A man came toward me. His hands were buried deep in his pockets. His cap was pulled low over his eyes. His shoulders slumped, as though the world were upon them. He did not look up, but passed, silent as a shadow on a screen, into the darkness. It was Charlie Chaplin, the most popular man on earth.

I had an impulse to say, "Hello, Charlie," and then refrained. I have been sorry since.

He was in the mood I liked best . . . that of the frustrated fellow without his mask—who had reached for a star and had pulled down a dusty apple. ╫



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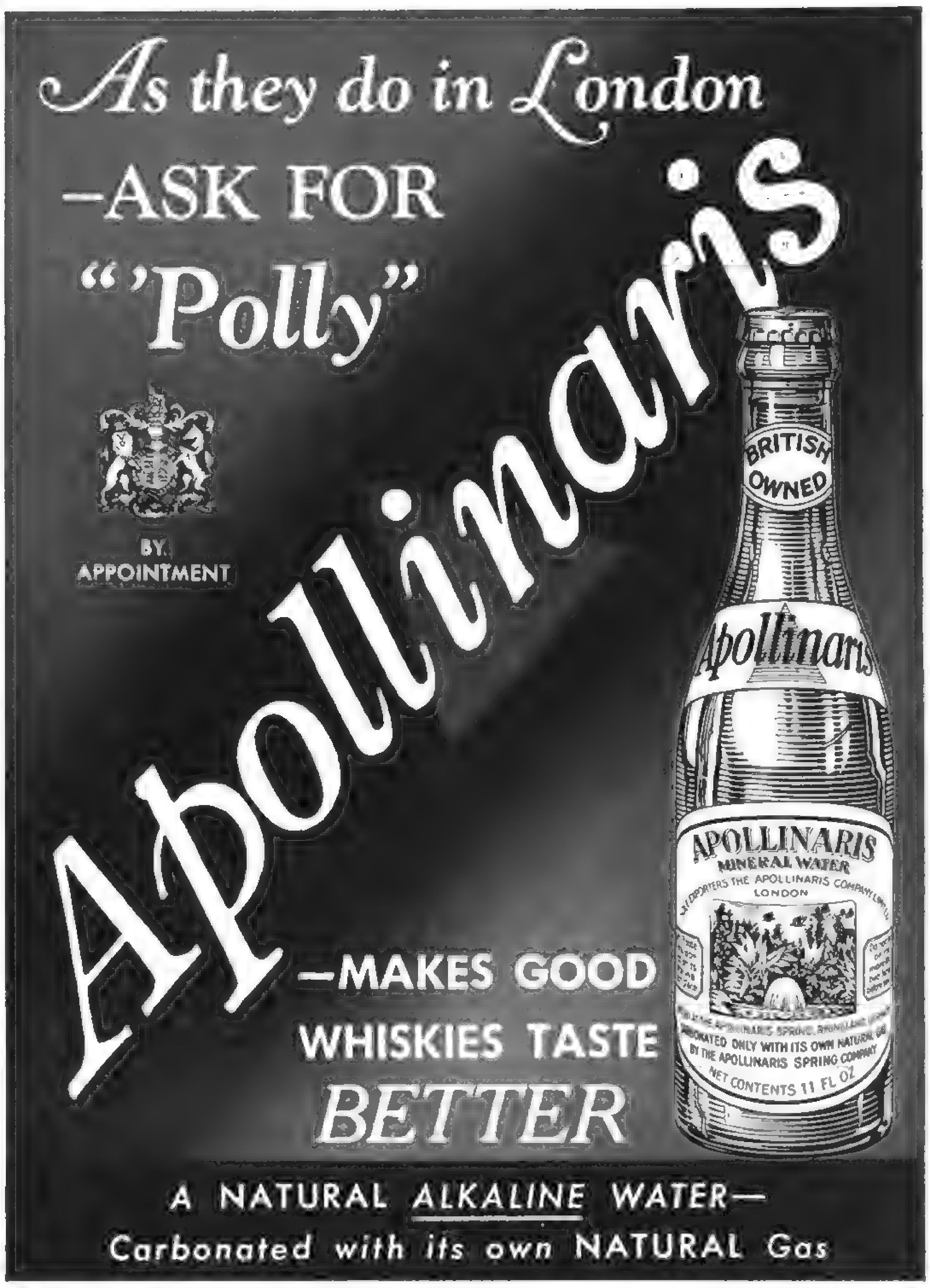

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Education Via the Two-Pay

Continued from page 118

this little white lie. You got your magazines and, likely as not in the early days, the solicitor actually was working his way through college, because the two-pay boys and the others overlapped. But as time went on, the bona fide students became aware of their competitors and, being essentially snobbish (else why would they want to put themselves above their fellow men?), the students dropped out and left the field to the carefree fellows who gave little thought to the morrow.

The two-pay racket grew more and more famous in song and story, until it is now a definite part of American folklore. The first vaudeville joke about "working my way through college" has been dated 1915. You seldom hear it anymore, but do not let that lull you into believing the two-pay has died out. It continues to flourish; not as lushly as of old, but as long as somebody can dope up a new approach it will thrive.

When the Minnesota Machiavellis originally hit upon the solution to the shortage of college students, they were content to work the residential districts of the cities. (They were selling subscriptions, by the way, to a magazine now extinct.) They became fat with gains and two-pay agencies sprang up all over the country. In bygone days, citizens had been annoyed by subscription gatherers, but these usually were representatives of some obscure publication which did not appear on newsstands. Now some of the larger periodicals plunged in. The two-pay crews trawled ceaselessly back and forth, and in time found the metropolitan districts about fished out. It got so that an urban housewife would just laugh when a caller would say: "Good morning, madame. I am working my way . . .", and close the door in his face, unless she was pretty lonesome. Then the housewives stopped laughing and in a short time it was no use even ringing the bell.

So the two-pay boys started working the rural districts. Ah, here the fields lay fallow in the spring sunshine. Into a rural population center would sweep a rollicking crew of college students, wondering where their next meal was coming from, but dressed in the height of Hollywood campus fashion, and sometimes riding in ancient Rolls Royces or Packards to build up additional character. Back and forth they ranged, leveling all before them, systematically combing the countryside until only the shoeless hillbillies and swamp angels, hard put to scrape up their hogback and hominy, lacked the advantages of the education and entertainment contained in one or more of the great national magazines, arriving promptly on or about the tenth of each month. Back and forth they swept, in ever increasing numbers, until a fellow couldn't get his chores done for chasing them off his land, sometimes as many as a half-dozen a day.

Meanwhile, back in the cities, the harried circulation managers of magazines which had not signed up with the two-pay boys were wearing grooves in their office floors while they watched the figures of competitors climbing. They would be summoned to a very humiliating conference with the advertising director, who, after all, really runs the magazine, and then they would enlist with the two-pays. There was nothing else to do; they had to ride along.

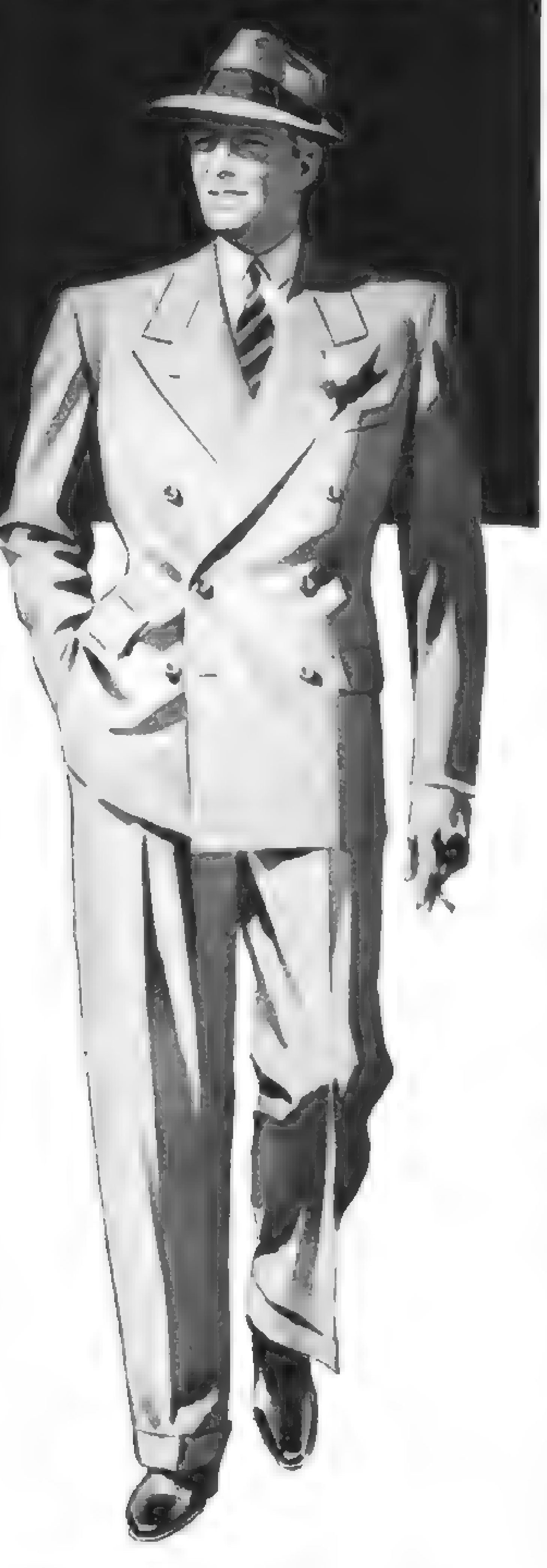
The old-line agencies were frightened, too. Their representatives had been making a living in the hinterlands for years and years, offering club plans, combinations and various other inducements to local subscribers, most of whom were their friends and neighbors. These solicitors—retired ministers, aging spinsters, cripples and kids—saw their living being snatched away by the supercharged itinerants. The two-pay crews used every possible dodge to clean up the territory. They would tell residents that all subscriptions were being credited to the local agent, or that the agency for the particular magazine or publishing house had been withdrawn from the district; anything so they got the money and the subscription.

The subs were rolling in, and this looked good to the publishers. The established agencies, on whom the publishers long have depended for a large bite of their circulations, contract for a huge number of subscriptions. The price they pay enables them to give their agents respectable commissions and permits combination rates on groups of magazines. It is up to the agencies to dispose of the subs as specified, or the rate declines proportionally. When the two-pay crews entered a region with their high-pressure methods, the local agents' sales were stricken with Dutch elm disease. But the circulation figures were running strong, so everything was hotsy-dandy. Nobody was hurt but the, so to speak, widows and orphans, and what are they here for, if not to suffer? The circulation managers almost recovered from their insomnia.

But inevitably the fallow ground became barren, due to ignorance of crop rotation, probably, and from a source of gravy to the magazines, the two-pay racket became a source of grief.

Maybe I should have explained the term "two-pay" before this. It means that the solicitor, after whatever Amazing Story he has seen fit to use, points out to the subscriber that one-half of the subscription is paid then. He issues a receipt for this, and the subscriber sends the receipt and the balance to the publisher. If all goes well, he will begin receiv-

Summer apparel in the Simon Ackerman Manner



Our summer clothes embody the same expert needlework...and refinements of fit and finish that go into every Simon Ackerman garment. The only difference... lighter, cooler fabrics...original in design and texture. Name of your nearest dealer on request to Simon Ackerman Clothes, Inc., 1115 Broadway, New York City.

Simon Ackerman

ing the magazine on the next publication date.

Not all crews work this way. Some offer the magazines "merely for the postage price," a palpable misstatement which is difficult to argue against when the salesman is talking loud and fast. Others collect a part payment in advance and then come around every month to pick up the rest in little driblets which at the end of a year or two amount to an amazing sum.

But the two-pay is the most common system. The money taken by the solicitor is called front money, and is the commission to the subscription agency. Out of this the solicitor receives his commission.

The crew manager collects all the money from his workers. They operate in more or less close formation, with the manager lurking around the edges, riding herd in his car or walking between cover points. Thus, the solicitor has little chance for skullduggery. His receipts are numbered and he has to account for them. The manager pays the bills and allows the crew a little for carfare and lunch, maybe. Some managers don't even let the crews handle that much, but shepherd them into a bus while doling out nickels to the driver. This iron control keeps the crews well in hand.

I suppose a home-town boy, or even a city boy who was bored with living home, or sick of being out of work, would find some fun in the two-pay racket for a while. But after a bit he begins to hate seeing all that money going into the manager's pocket and so little of it returning in the form of pay. So for that and other reasons, most kids don't stay in the profession very long. There's a very quick turnover. But some who were born with the instincts of a con man do stay in.

They get sick of turning over all that money every day. They cut loose and become lone wolves. Scores of these, each with a dozen aliases, are roaming the country now, using the technique they learned as members of college boy crews. They do not now, as a rule, wave the tattered banner of a university to announce their coming. They employ any approach that seems suited to the occasion. They collect all the front money they can get, offering the magazines at almost any price, and in return issue a fake receipt to the subscriber. They often vary their sub-soliciting with check bouncing and other forms of white-collar larceny.

A nationwide association of publishing houses, once happy to welcome the reports of the college boy brigade, now finds it necessary to issue lengthy bulletins about these solitary highwaymen, graduates of the ranks. Bearing some innocent patronym such as Smith, the road agent will leave behind him a trail of destruction similar to that of Sherman, and shortly the circulation department of some righteous magazine will begin to receive shoals of nasty letters saying "my magazine has not arrived yet. Why not?" And there is no very good reply to that. The harm that these egregious fellows do is easily seen.

Nevertheless, there still are scores of agencies who are depending on the never-to-be-exhausted sympathy of the public, and the publishers are compelled to stick along for the doubtful benefit of these extra copies. I am told by those who should know that even now occasional crews of quasi collegians pass ephemerally through the brush, gleaning a dollar here and there while the husbandmen glower in remembrance of the manure-stained bucks they have been bilked out of, and look sourly at the runny-nosed little bastards begot upon their innocent daughters by these devil-may-care fellows in the past.

The present crews are cautious and polite, and practically harmless compared with the flocking buzzards of old. In the cities, too, you will once in a while see one of these fellows pursuing his antiquated profession. They usually eschew the sympathy appeal and just try straight selling. Sometimes a small and struggling publication will try to work the business independently. In addition to the brace of beauties I have mentioned, three different young men have cast themselves imploringly at my feet in the past six weeks. Each parroted the same routine—that he would have the opportunity to become an aviator if two hundred people would sign up for this little magazine; there was no charge; simply pay twenty-five cents every time the magazine was delivered. The opening words used by each were: "I don't know whether you know my family or not. We have been living in this neighborhood for some time . . ." This mystifies the prey so that it stands still until the net can be cast. The first two of these callers I cut off coldly; to the third I listened in fascination, for he was peering at me through spectacles as thick as the bottom of a beer bottle and certainly never could have become an aviator by any stretch of the regulations.

The operators of the agencies are as heartless as Roman generals with hired troops. They don't care how many casualties there are. Someone will always step in to fill up the ranks. Shoot them out again, boys. What if that neighborhood was worked last week? We don't have to pay them anything until they sell something and there's an off chance the goofs might pick up a couples of subs.

So men, unless pretty desperate, are dropping out. And girls are taking over. Where they are all coming from, I can't say. Of the pair who called on me, the Flower of Alabama, the spokeswoman, was from Shamokin, Pennsylvania; the other, who remained comparatively silent, was from Brooklyn. The Brooklyn girl

Continued on page 238

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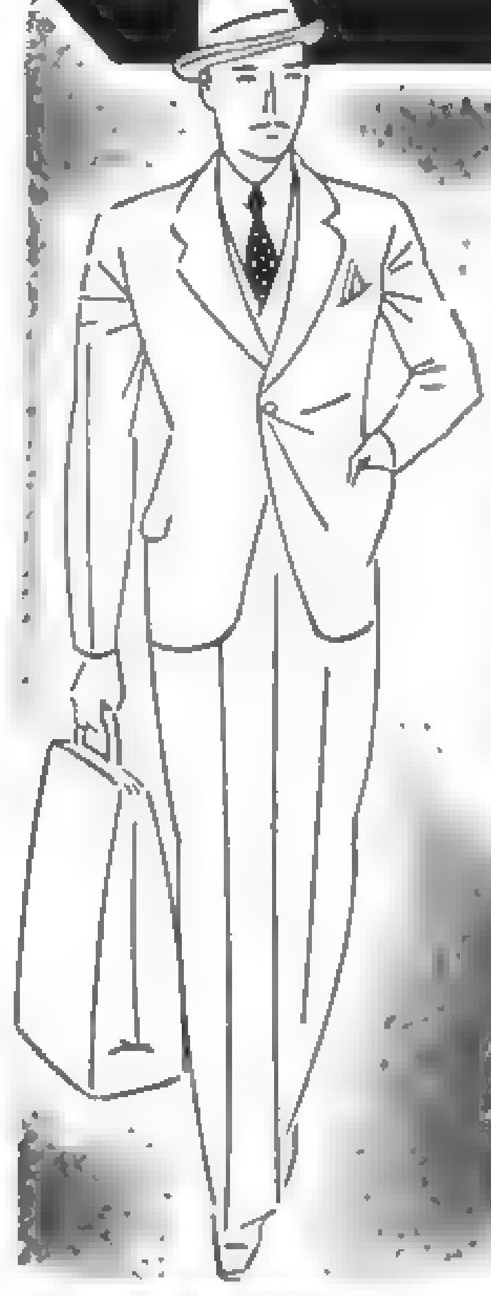

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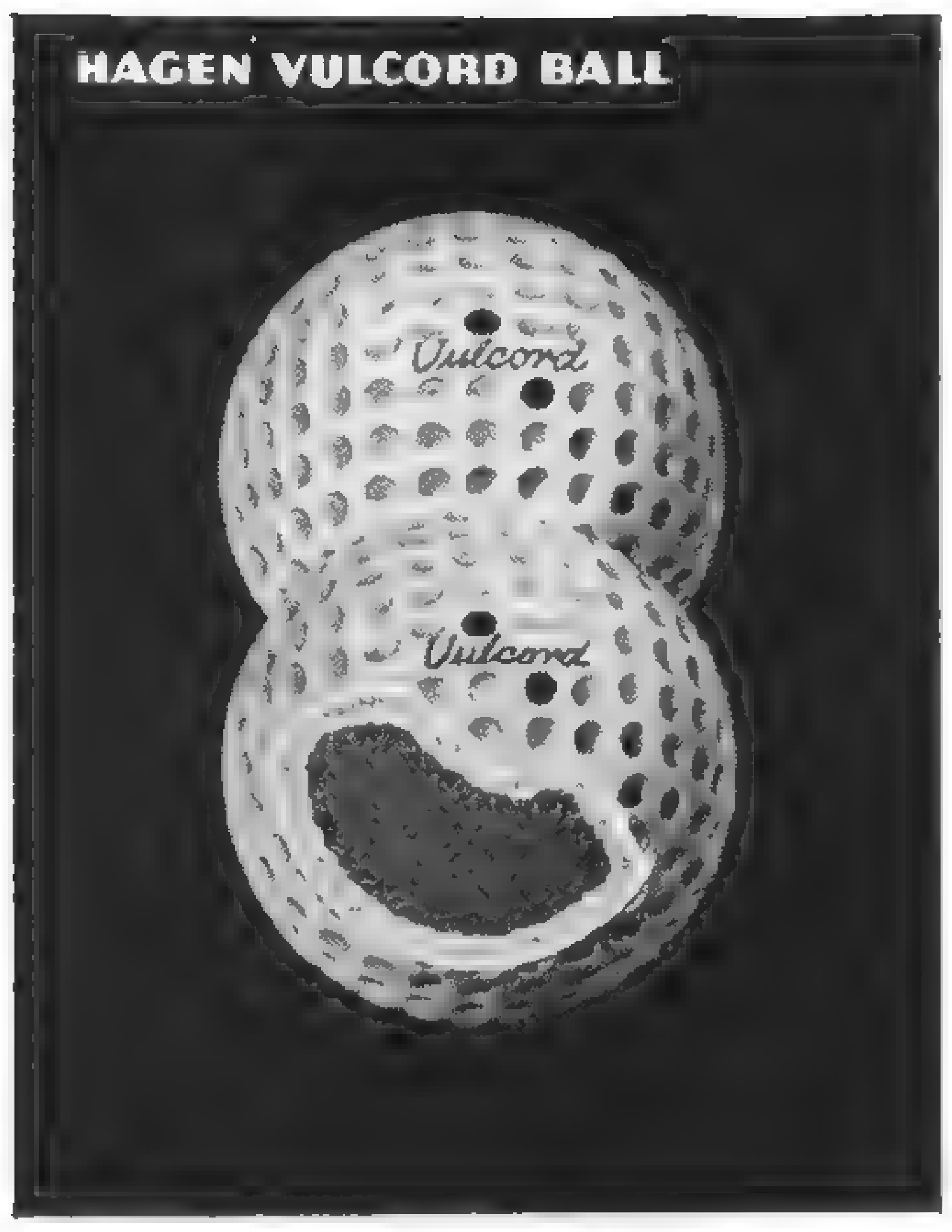

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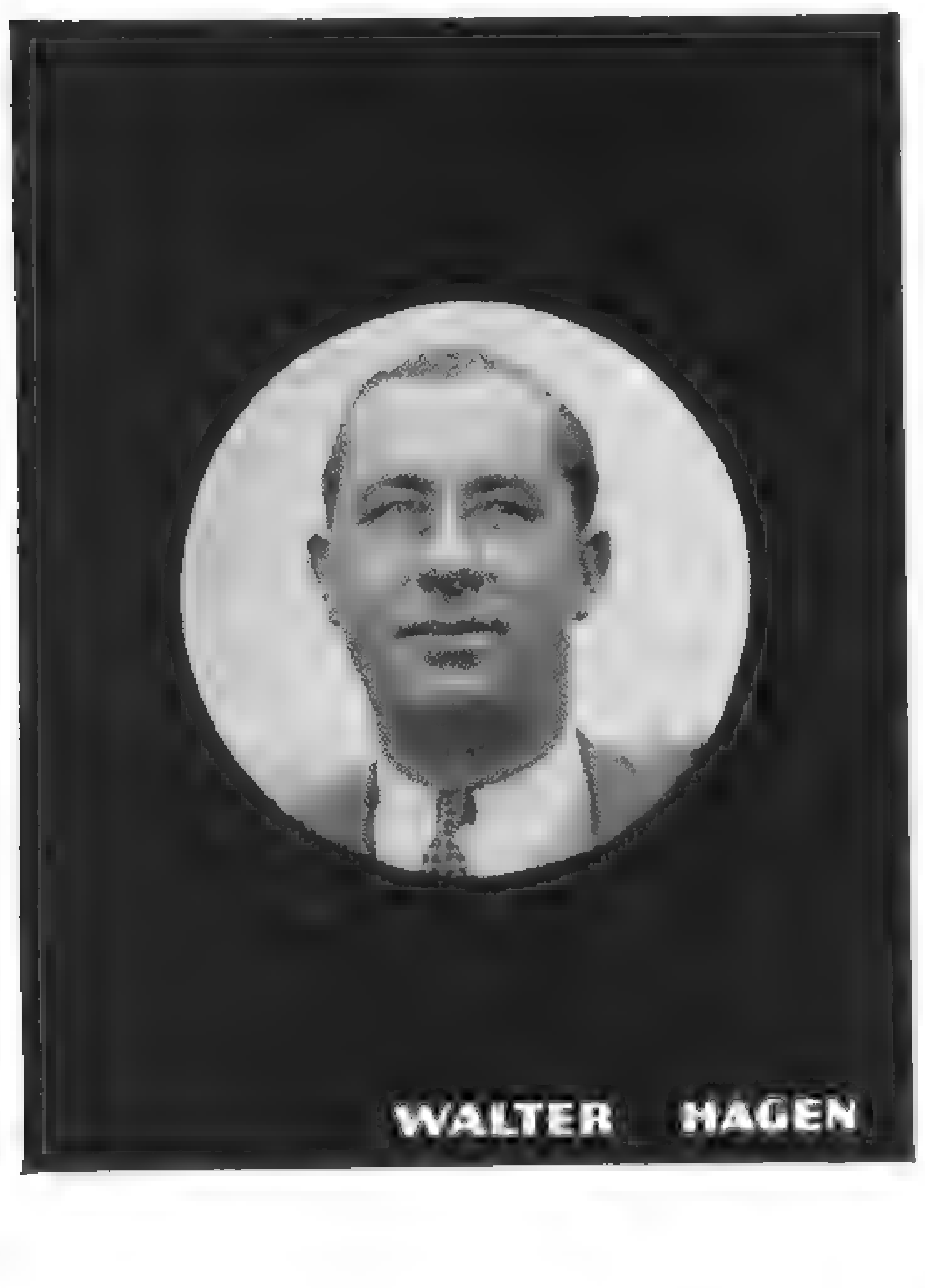

Education Via the Two-Pay

Continued from pages 118-237

was just a learner, and didn't like it; she was out of work for a long while and was just answering every ad she could get around to. The Shamokin girl had come to New York and had worked as a waitress until she got sick of it. She didn't know how to do anything else and there she was. Where she eventually will wind up, I would rather not say. Or maybe she has already.

Squads and squads of girls are entering the work every week. If they are not downright repulsive they will be hired. Then a sales manager will give them a short course of instruction. After that they will be sent out with an experienced girl (and I mean experienced). Then, when they think they can get along under their own power, they try it alone. Sometimes girls team up for safety's sake.

Their approaches vary. A girl needn't stick to what she was told to say, if she thinks she can do better another way. The traveling crews who are shipped out to the back blocks have perhaps an easier lot than their city sisters. It seems that in the back-country every girl, failing the opportunity to become the plaything of a millionaire or at least to marry a fellow with a good job, is ambitious to become either a nurse or a schoolteacher. This ambition is motivated by a desire to get away from home, but that's neither here nor there. The girls of the magazine crews, who find themselves talking mostly to women, state a plaintive case—they have the burning desire to become nurses or schoolteachers but, lacking the tuition fees, had to go to work; they are soliciting subscriptions either to earn the money or to garner enough vague votes to put them through the course. They work the same way as the old college boys, turning over the money to a manager, possibly a fortunate fellow with the power of a sultan, or maybe a case-hardened duenna.

In this business a girl sees a lot of the country, and a lot of other things, too. For years the Travelers' Aid Society has been harassed by the problem of girls left stranded because they couldn't sell, or because the manager has lammed with the proceeds, or something. You are given to understand that while on tour the girls live ascetically, sublimating their sexual impulses in a strict application to the interests of a large publishing house. I cannot, nor would I, offer a contradiction to this. On the other hand, I know of no girl who has absorbed much culture from such a trip. But a job's a job, I guess.

The thing is not confined to these shores, either, because I have seen a letter from a police official in the Philippines asking for information about subscription prices so he could check on the platoons of girls who were going around signing up the Igorotes for magazines. He said the girls were "half white," but I don't know whether he meant half of them were white girls, or the girls were half-castes.

In the cities the girls are likely to encounter more adventures. The experienced female solicitor adapts her technique to the occasion. She cases the joint and the prospect first, and she develops an amazing facility as a physiognomist. Of course, the toughest job is getting in. A favorite subterfuge is to ask to see some big shot about a personal matter. Men being what they are, and the girls who work for them knowing it, this often succeeds. Once in, the solicitor will know in a few seconds what tack to take. Even if it looks hopeless, she will try. She will be young and appealing, if it suits her type; or she will be formal and businesslike; or she will embark at once on the poontang plan which I have mentioned. This consists of dangling her favors enticingly, just out of reach, and for some men it is perfect. There are times, too, when she dangles them within reach, but that cannot be discussed. A girl takes an awful beating, though. Most men have just enough low cunning to avoid taking subscriptions, and they rib a girl until her heart must be breaking. Then there are a few girls who sell subscriptions just as a sideline. It's better than wearing out your shoes on the pavements.

But nobody cares much what the girls do—or the boys, for that matter—just so they bring in the subs. If they don't sell, they don't get paid, so what the hell. There's plenty more where they came from.

A still, small voice within me seems to be saying; "So what?" Well, I can't picture the racket as what Westbrook Pegler might call a festering vulture, twining its slimy fangs in the sacred wellsprings of our democracy, but that's the general idea. I think that the poor souls who enter the profession probably would benefit much more by a few weeks in any reputable reform school.

Of course, the publishing industry is by no means the only industry in the nation resorting to cheap trickery to get its products off its hands, and in so doing, admitting there must be something wrong with what it is selling. But the industry probably could dispense with this way of doing business. If the national magazines would adjust their literary standards they probably wouldn't have to shanghai readers. The circulation would be voluntary.

That's too much to hope for, however, and you will have to take matters in your own hands by buying your magazines from an established agent or (adv.) clipping the coupon. #

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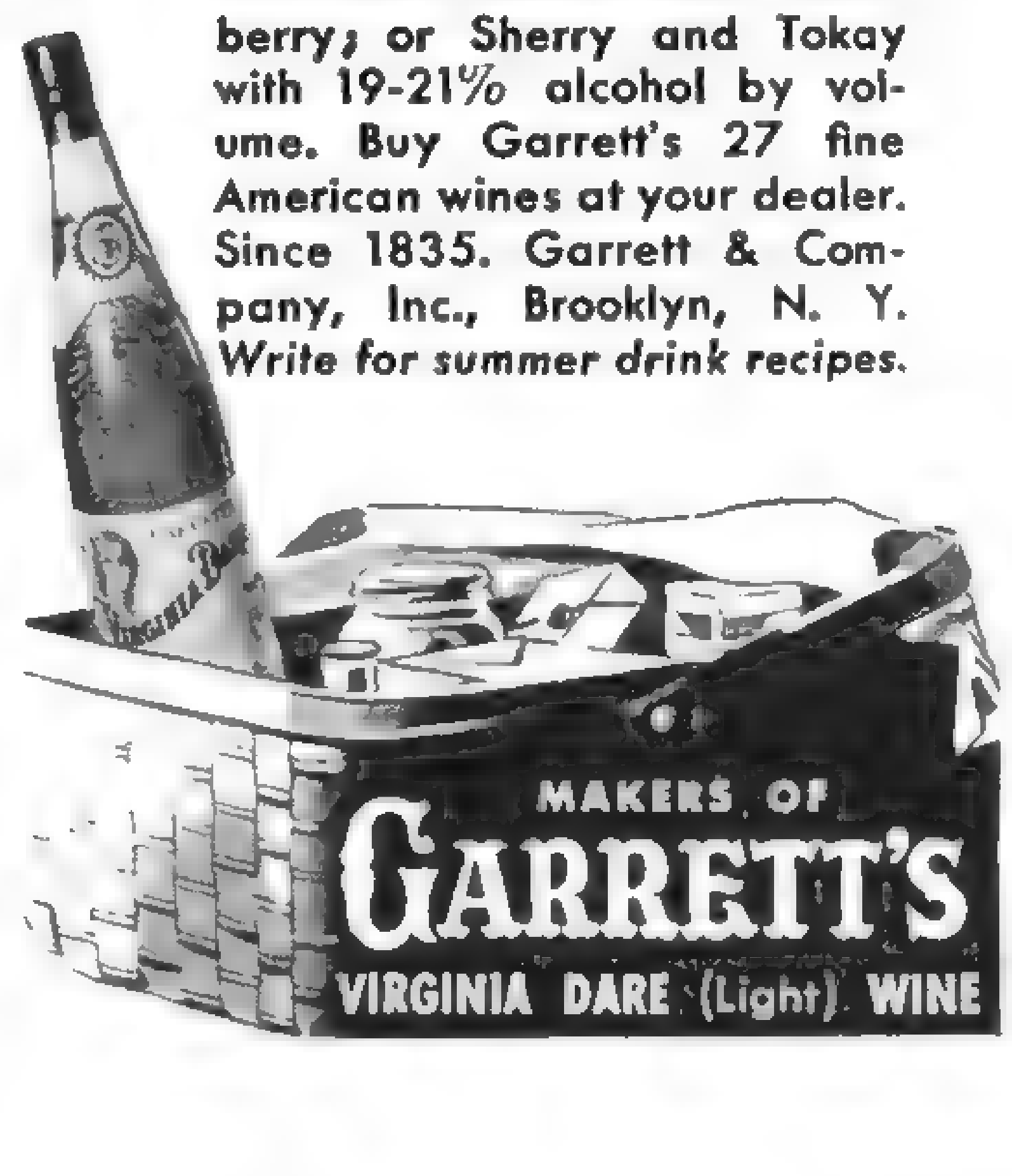

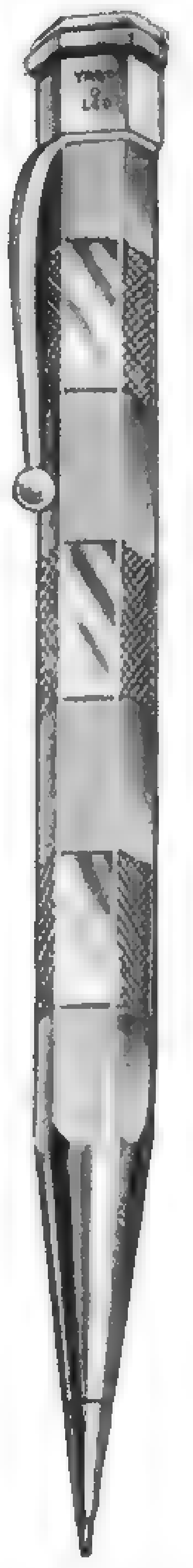

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Joe & Belle
Frank
Anne, Bill
Harry

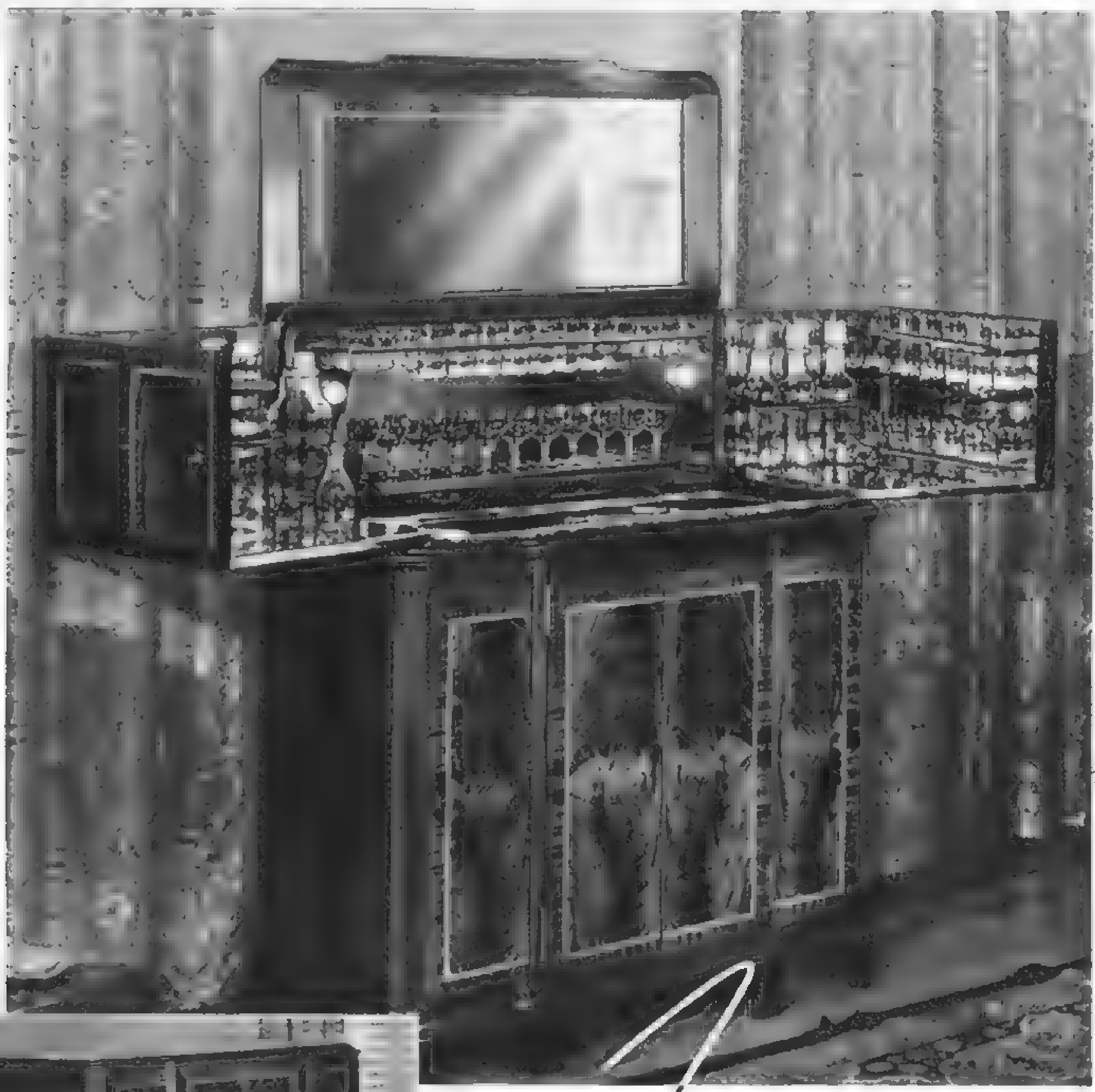
She may be shocked that you, of all people, would dare mention that her chic canapes are off-key with your favorite drinks. But be firm--insist that she serve Esskays--Esskay Cocktail Franks--the new frank that's taking the town. Here at last is a fit canape for good drinks. Tasty, meaty midgets, prepared in America's finest sausage kitchen. Esskay Cocktail Franks are great with cocktails, great for late snacks, in fact they are great anytime. Order Esskay Cocktail Franks from your dealer. They are packed in convenient 5 ounce tins, serving approximately six guests, or in the larger 7 ounce glass jars. When ordering, we suggest that you also try Esskay Cocktail Style Pork Sausage. If your dealer cannot supply you, drop us a line.

THE WM. SCHLUDERBERG--T. J. KURDLE CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.
New York Office, 408 West 14th Street

ESSKAY COCKTAIL FRANKFURTS
ESSKAY COCKTAIL PORK SAUSAGE

Esskay Cocktail Frankfurts

Why give a party if you're going to *miss it* ?



Above: The new 1938 RADIOBAR 550 showing the Automatic Electric Record Changing and Playing Phonograph and the Philco Automatic Tuning Radio compartments open. Below: The RADIOBAR 550 closed.

You can be there with RADIOBAR 550

No more heading for the kitchen for replenishments...because the convenient new 1938 RADIOBAR 550 has everything that's needed to mix refreshments—an exquisitely appointed service bar of spill-proof construction, complete with all essential accessories. Add to this feature a superb *all-wave Philco Radio* with Automatic Tuning...plus an automatic electric *record-changing* and *playing phonograph*...and you have the reasons that the new compact 1938 RADIOBAR 550 is the entertainment topic of the town. You get *everything* when you buy it—a luxurious bar, a fine radio, and an automatic phonograph all in one!

Closed, the magnificent RADIOBAR 550 quietly enhances the decorative scheme of the loveliest room—an accomplishment of perfect cabinet making in Burl Walnut and Satinwood inlay borders. Open (see above) RADIOBAR 550 is an exciting reason for a successful party, with its brilliant electrically lighted chromium-fitted cocktail bar, complete platinum-banded glassware service for 12, (martini, highball, old-fashioned, jigger, cocktail glasses) 6 decanters, ice container, shaker, funnel and other accessories. See the new 1938 RADIOBAR 550 today or mail the coupon.

at all DAVEGA CITY RADIO STORES and VIM ELECTRIC CO., INC. STORES

LIBERAL TRADE-IN ALLOWANCE

MAIL THIS COUPON

RADIOBAR COMPANY OF AMERICA
60 Warren Street, N.Y. City or Phone BArclay 7-5253

FREE TRADE-IN ESTIMATE

☐ I wish to have my radio appraised and know what its trade-in value is toward the purchase of a new Radiobar with Philco. I am not obligated in any way.

FREE CATALOGUE

☐ Send me free catalogue describing new Radiobar with Philco.

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

RADIOBAR

WITH PHILCO

GILBEY'S SCOTCH WHISKY

A BLEND

100% SCOTCH WHISKIES

AGED 10 YEARS IN WOODEN CASKS—

MADE IN THE GILBEY DISTILLERY AT ROTHES, SCOTLAND

Look for two things on the label of your favourite Scotch Whisky...

1. The Age of the Whisky
2. The Name and Address of the Distillery

...the first gives you a correct idea of its quality...the second assures you of its uniform taste *wherever you buy it.*

85.6 proof

GILBEY'S SPEY ROYAL SCOTCH

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND

R. C. Williams & Co., Inc., New York • Sole Distributors

115 Years of Authentic Fashions for Men

Country Suit

BY KUPPENHEIMER

A characterful herringbone in the classic three-button model, tailored with due regard for the informality and ease requisite in country clothes. (No Fashion Law against wearing it in town, either.) . . . $45

BROWNING, KING

NEW YORK: 551 Fifth Avenue, at 45th St.
243 Broadway, Opp. City Hall
BROOKLYN: 547 Fulton St., Cor. De Kalb

Inquire about an extended charge account

What a Blend!

What an Offer!

Get Acquainted With

WALNUT

America's Premier Pipe Tobacco

THE WALNUT
AROMATIC BLEND
JOHN MIDDLETON
1211 WALNUT ST
PHILA, PA.

Our 81st Anniversary Offer!

HERE IT IS

Two 30c packages Walnut Blend	$.60
One Middleton Silvay Briar Pipe	1.50
Guaranteed value	$2.10

ALL FOR $1.00

This offer is free from overstatement. The Middleton Silvay Briar is a true value and Walnut Blend is America's premier quality tobacco at 30c a package.

We know of no better way to give every discriminating smoker an opportunity to meet and to know Walnut Blend.

WALNUT BLEND
for Connoisseurs

This marvelous pipe tobacco was originated many years ago for a group of University students. Today, pipe enthusiasts proclaim it the perfect pipe tobacco—*mild, cool and naturally aromatic.*

On Sale at Leading Dealers

A product of John Middleton, Inc., established 1856 in Phila.

If your dealer is without this offer send $1.00 to John Middleton, Inc., 1211 Walnut St., Phila., Pa., and we will mail it postpaid anywhere in the U. S. Pipes available in light, dark and rough finish.

NOTE . . This offer for a limited time only . . . each dealer has his full allotment. Best to act at once.

BORN FROM THE MARRIAGE OF

Beauty and the Brute

DALE TUFRAW RAWHIDE LUGGAGE

The most dramatic luggage of modern times. Looks as fresh and gentle as a daisy, but laughs politely at life's hardest knocks . . . because TUFRAW is nature's hardiest hide! Unscratchable . . . washable . . . water-resistant . . . available in black, brown, grey or ivory. "Tough" under all circumstances, but really not expensive at DALE. Choose Dale-designed "TUFRAW" luggage for wedding gifts, for the honeymoon, for your vacation grips.

FULL SIZED 10 Hanger TRUNK

In natural TUFRAW ivory rawhide and lined with washable leatherette of luxurious maroon. Polished, solid brass hardware; automatic lock—"a twist of the wrist and it opens". TEN hangers, FIVE deep drawers and a shoe box. Set in ball bearing rollers and priced at only $85

12 Hanger size . . . . $ 95
16 Hanger size 110

PULLMAN WARDROBE CASE

29 inch size; the largest case to fit under a Pullman seat but you'll hate to hide this FORTNIGHTER—it's made of TUFRAW Ivory Rawhide! Silk lining for women or durable linen lining for men. Holds up to 15 dresses or 3 men's suits wrinkle-free—loads of room for accessories. Equipped with SESAMEE keyless, combination lock. Only $35

HAT and SHOE CASE

that wears the high hat of style! TUFRAW Ivory Rawhide, silk lining; equipped with SESAMEE keyless, combination lock. Pockets for 12 shoes, plenty of hat space and a tray for lingerie. 20 inch size. Solve that hat and shoe problem. Just $25

Striping and initialing to your taste at no extra cost.

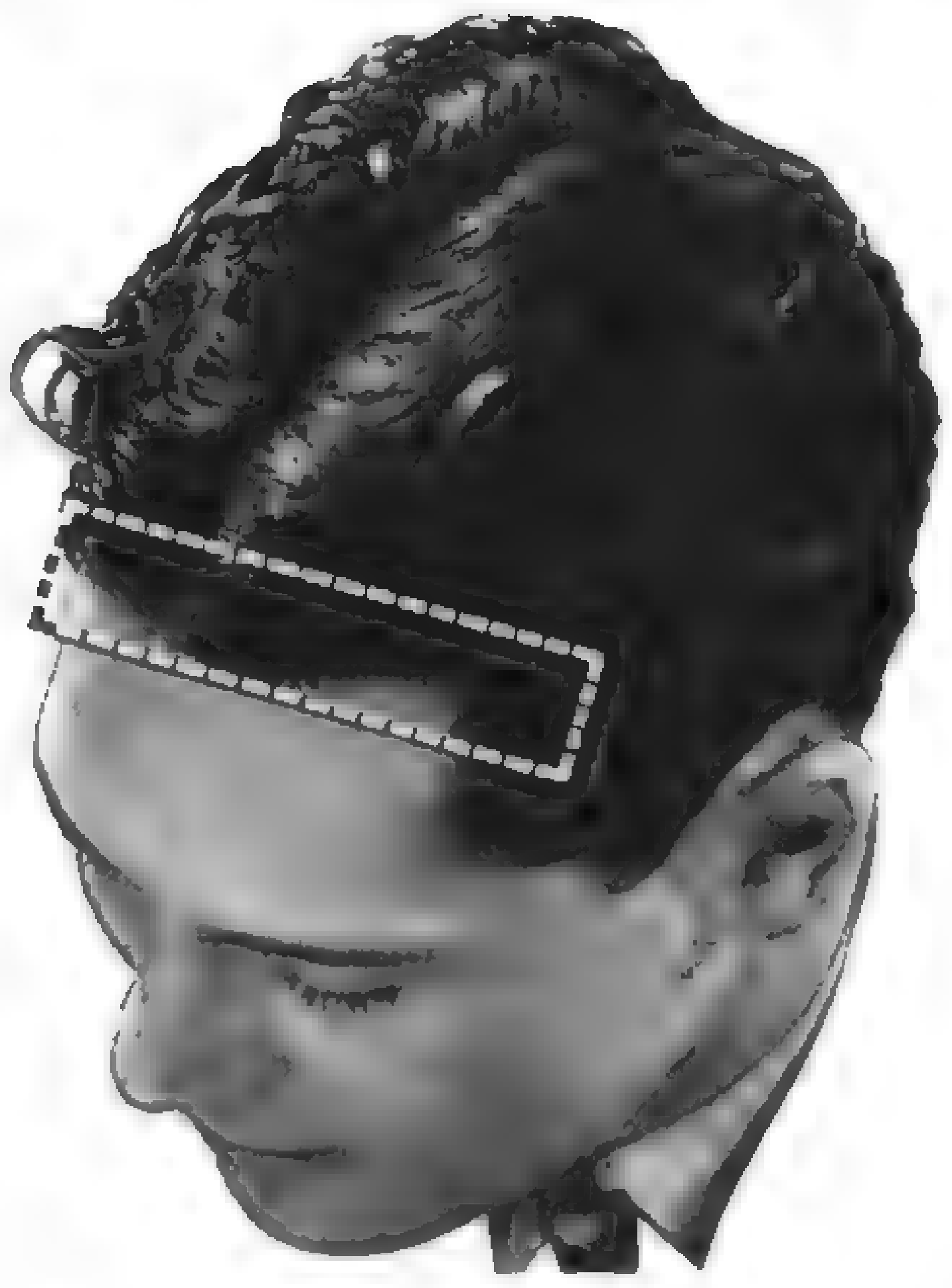
DALE
MODERN LUGGAGE

589 Fifth Avenue (at 48th St.)
719 Fifth Avenue (at 56th St.)
367 Madison Ave. (at 46th St.)
New York, N. Y.

Oshkosh Trunks, Luggage and Service

HOW TO AVOID BALDNESS

Watch these danger zones

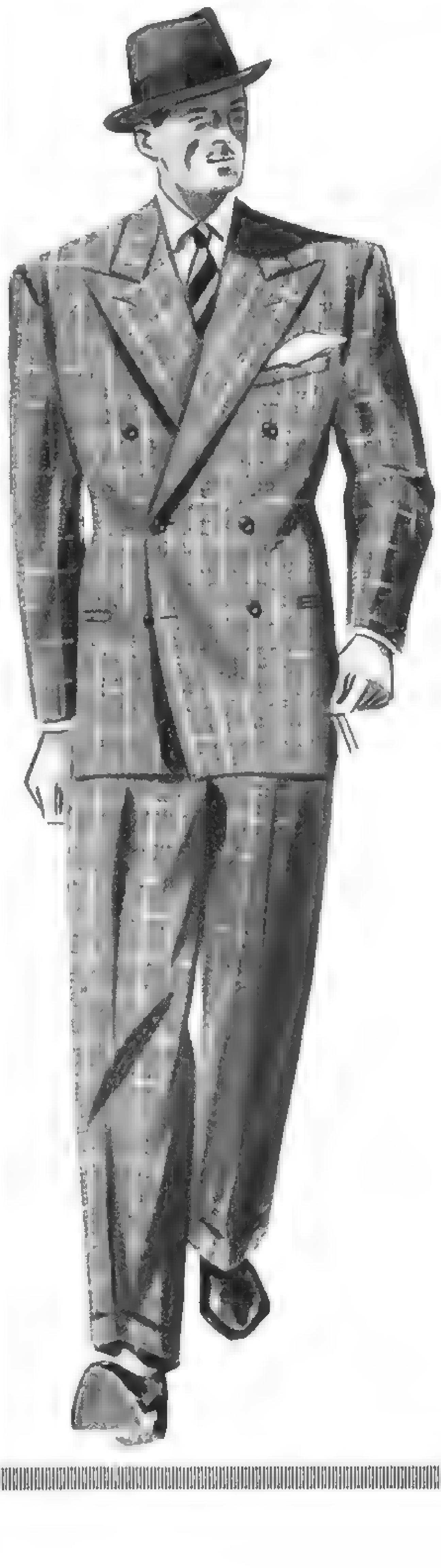


DEFINITE warning signals always precede baldness. When your scalp itches or is laden with dandruff, and when your hair falls abnormally in the "danger zones" (forehead and crown) you are being warned that baldness is approaching. You must act at once if you wish to avoid baldness.

Do what a quarter-million other men have done—consult Thomas. Thomas treatment is proved by almost two decades of success—is reliable, dignified, and inexpensive. It ends dandruff, stops abnormal hair loss, and promotes hair growth on the thin and bald spots. Call today for a complete scalp examination. No charge is made for the examination nor for consultation and if you do not come within the scope of Thomas treatment you will be promptly told.

THE THOMAS'

World's Leading Hair Experts—Forty-Five Offices
NEW YORK OFFICES:
1450 Broadway. *Downtown*—165 Broadway (15 Church St. at Cortland)
41 East 42nd Street at Madison *(Separate Depts. for Men and Women)*
Brooklyn—16 Court Street *Newark*—744 Broad Street
HOURS—10 A. M. to 8:30 P. M. SATURDAY to 7 P. M.



BALINCOURT

IMPORTED

$55 to $65

The epitome of present day suit-craft . . . An elegant group of Imported British Fabrics, meticulously pre-tailored in the tempo of the Metropolitan Minute.

Leightons
CLOTHES
BROADWAY AT 47th
(open until midnight)

"Yes, darling!

. . . if you'll promise to bring me the World-Telegram every weekday evening!"

★ Try to get a World-Telegram reader to change his (or her) allegiance! For this is the newspaper of *urbane, sophisticated, alive* New Yorkers; an every-evening favorite in more than 400,000 prosperous homes.

If you've wondered where your friends get those sound opinions, those brilliant remarks, and that general air of knowing what it's all about . . . refer to the *featureful* World-Telegram — the chosen evening reading of more than a million intelligent, adult New Yorkers and their families!

Brilliant

is the word for the World-Telegram!

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School News — Crossword Puzzle — Stamps — Pets — Hobbies — Shopping News — Want Ads — Rental Directory

Joe Jinks and 8 other comics daily.

. . . and others!

New York World-Telegram

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BY-OF-AND-FOR NEW YORKERS

MEMBER OF THE UNITED PRESS—THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS AND MEDIA RECORDS, INC.

"SHE HASN'T GOT A THING I HAVEN'T GOT.... EXCEPT THE LANDSMAN METHOD."

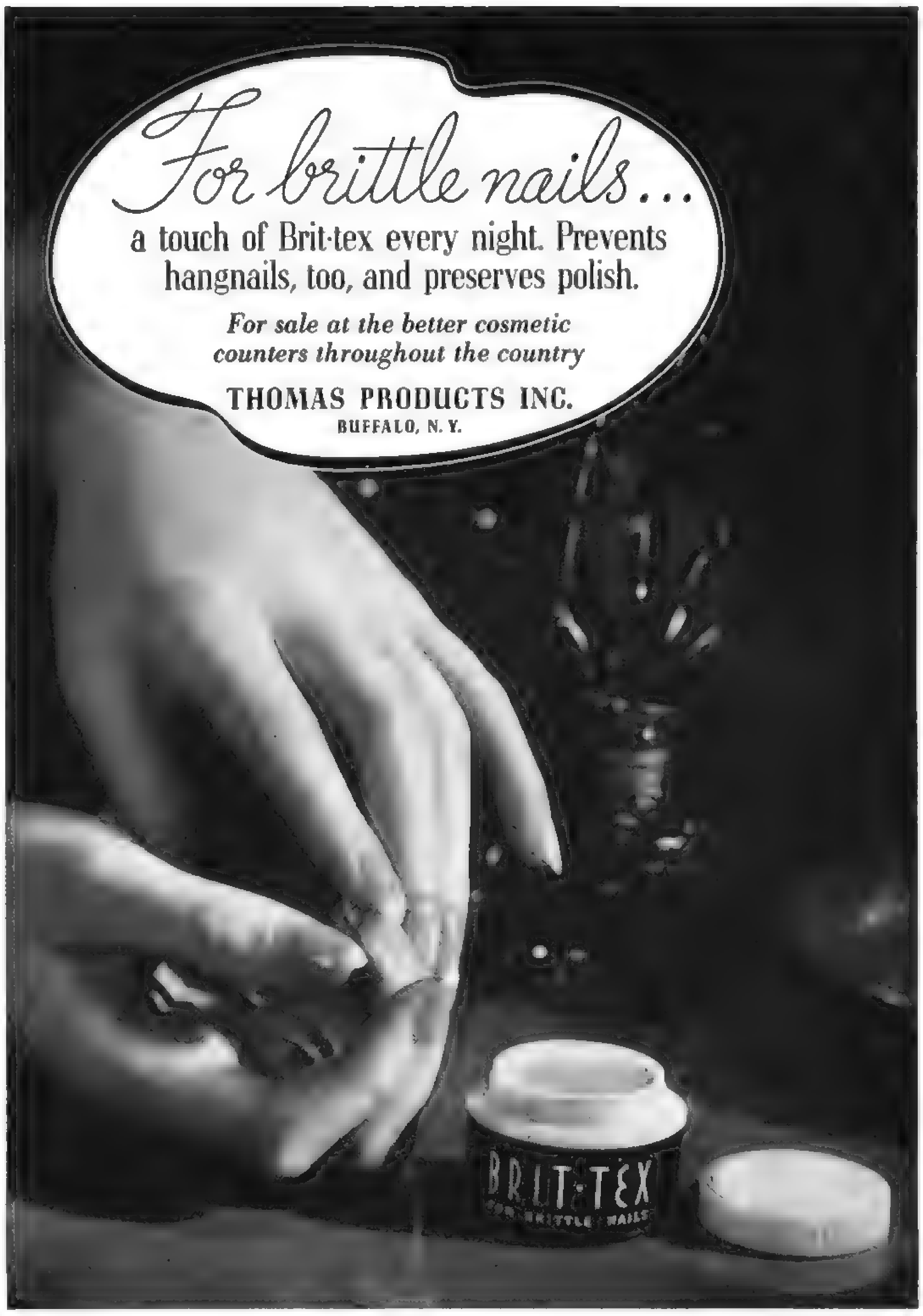
We can't guarantee that you'll make the boss, but a jaunty, well-cared-for wardrobe won't hurt the cause one bit.

The LANDSMAN method

Gentlemen's Suits $2.50 . . . Gowns $3.00 up

CLEANERS TO THE FASTIDIOUS • THE WALDORF-ASTORIA, NEW YORK CITY

Phone: STILLWELL 4-7815



For brittle nails . . .

a touch of Brit-tex every night. Prevents hangnails, too, and preserves polish.

For sale at the better cosmetic counters throughout the country

THOMAS PRODUCTS INC.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Nestled in the New Hampshire Hills–on the Sandy shore of Lake Sunapee

SOO-NIPI and Cottages

Opens June 20 . . . Limited to 200 guests . . . Reservations now being taken . . . Write for rates and interesting booklet.

BOSTON OFFICE
47 Huntington Ave.

LODGE
SOO-NIPI PARK, N.H.

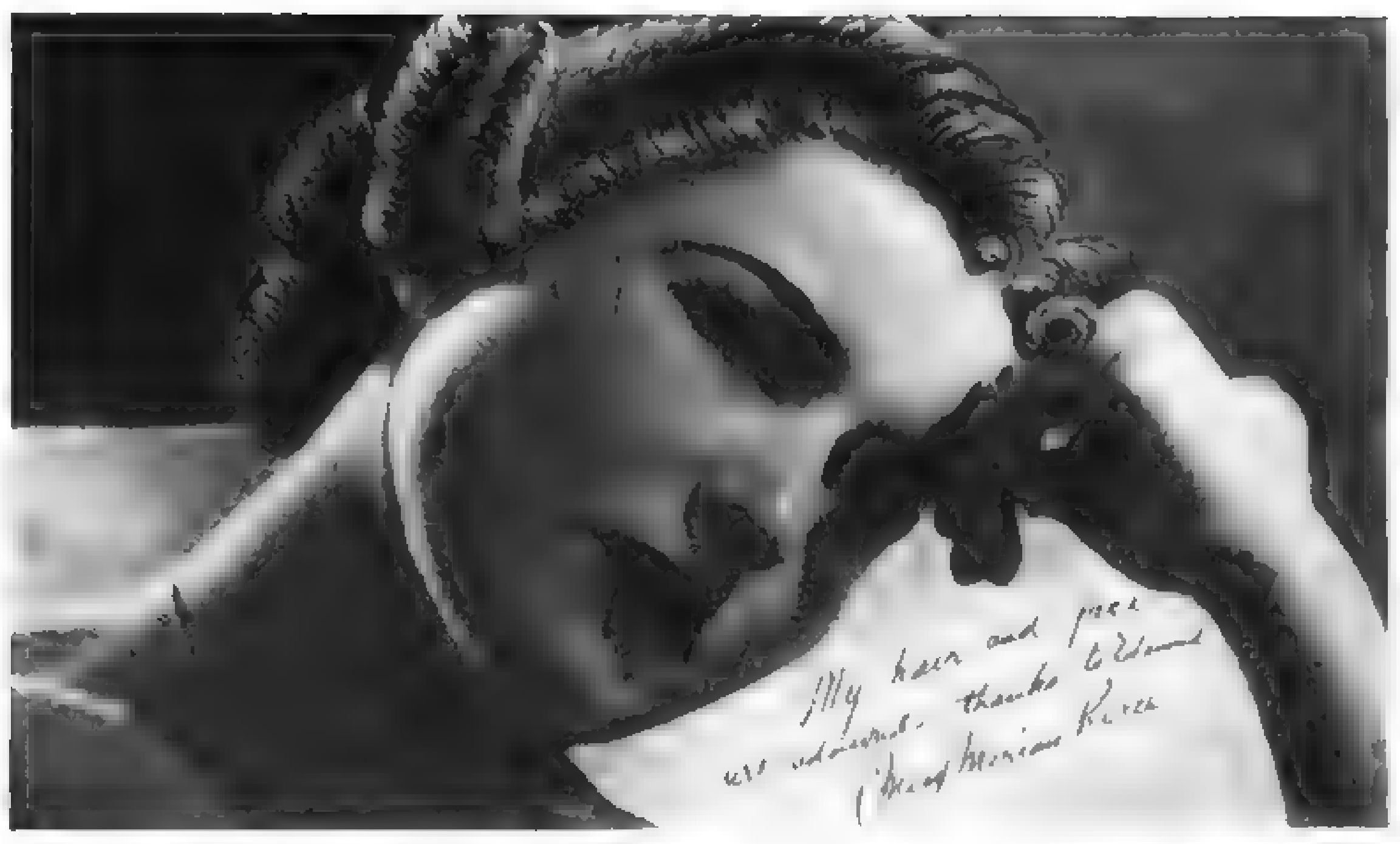
Miles of sandy beach . . . Boating, Canoeing . . . Golf Course . . . Tennis . . . Mountains . . . Lakes . . . Woods . . . 1100 ft. elevation . . . Restricted clientele.

NEW YORK OFFICE
551 Fifth Avenue

Never enjoyed myself more!

Colonel Chipperhale has an interested audience of one as he chats of his recent stay in Philadelphia. "Delightful? Oh, rather! Slept like a bally top. Those Warwick rooms . . . so comfortable, y'know. And George Lamaze's food . . . simply superb, my dear. Fact is, I think I'll go back soon, I found it so pleasant there."

The hotel Warwick
THE PLACE TO STAY IN
Philadelphia


My hair and face
are admired. thanks to Edmond

WOMEN *Love* *to be admired*

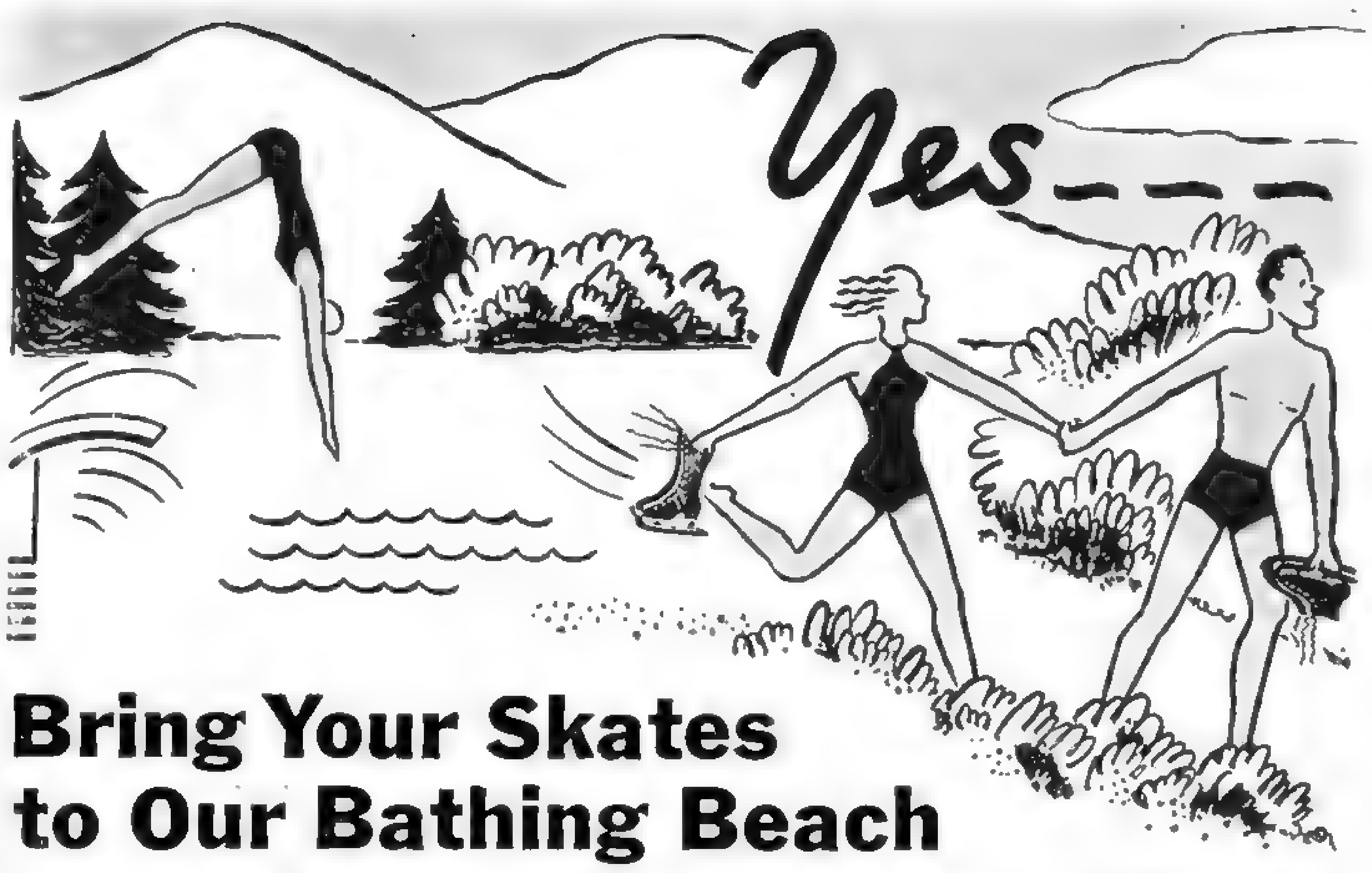
Men like the freshness and joy that radiate from a youthful face. They like the smart hairdress, full of color, that crowns the head. Guard every bit of your loveliness. Great skill is required to do that. Entrust it to a specialist. Edmond demonstrates his various beauty treatments at the Manhattan General Hospital branch and at his salon. It is a science with him.

Read what VOGUE, HARPER'S BAZAAR and NEW YORK WOMAN write about his work. Keep that child-like quality in your hair—silky, vital. So important to the modern hair styles. Be proud to go without a hat. One Prana treatment will bring back youth to your hair, especially before a Permanent Wave and Hair Coloring. Set of Cholesterol treatments for Crepe Neck for home use $22.50. Trial size $2.00. Edmond will be glad to advise you at a free consultation. Send for booklet.

EDMOND

Queen Marie's Beautician

24 East 55th St., N. Y. **ELdorado 5-6470**
and MANHATTAN GENERAL HOSPITAL



Bring Your Skates to Our Bathing Beach

. . . *for a Lake Placid Vacation is Different*

It's no riddle...dip in the lake...sun on the beach...then dip into the huge Olympic Arena and skate on *real* ice—right in July or August.

There is every delightful vacation diversion waiting for you at Lake Placid, plus six weeks of ice skating.

Excellent hotels and guest houses. Some on lakes, some in cool, green Adirondack forests. All await you with a cordial welcome.

Enjoy Lake Placid all summer long in your own home. Attractive cottages and camps for sale or rental. Modern shops and every convenience for better living.

Ice Skating Season July 3 to August 15....Figure Skating Operetta August 5-6-7....Horse Show August 13-14-15....Flower Show August 20-21-22....Championship Open Golf Tournament.

Write Chamber of Commerce, Lake Placid, N. Y., for booklet E, which tells of ice and golf and a better summer at Lake Placid.

LAKE PLACID
IN THE ADIRONDACKS

Your Copies of ESQUIRE in a PERMANENT BOOK

Tailored in the ESQUIRE distinctive style—it's new and smart—an asset to any club, home or office library—your name embossed on the front cover—making it your personal book. Six issues per volume. June issue completes Volume VII. January to June, 1937. We can supply most missing issues at regular newsstand price of 50c per copy. Send your copies with check or money order to

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ESQUIRE, INC.
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
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BUCKRAM—(heavy cloth)—distinctive 2-color Esquire design. A quality binding that is both attractive and durable.

Price........$2.50 per vol.
With gilt top, $3.00 per vol.

DE LUXE—GENUINE PIGSKIN—Rich embossed burned-in lettering. Gilt top. A luxurious binding comparable to the individual masterpieces of the Old World bookbinding craftsmen.

Price........$5.00 per vol.

I Cover New York

By Alvin Austin

Passing thought anent snickering caddies, by an indomitable Tee-He . . . No wonder their name begins with "**Cad**" . . . Well anyway, my swing is perfect as I swing along in my **Grayson Drape Tweed Suit**—the Big Power in N. Y.'s new Tweed Ring . . . Only **$32**—worth **$45** . . . To complete your Leon & Eddie-cation, join the candid cameraderie there Monday nights, and go niftily nuts . . . All N. Y. is going **Drape-Nuts** . . . My nomination for N. Y.'s No. 1 Enchanteuse, **Frances Maddux** . . . For No. 1 Comimic, **Sheila Barrett** . . . For No. 1 Retailor, **Grayson,** originator of the Drape . . . Literary Digest Editor **Funk** taboos "Swell", "Terrific", "Honey", and "Okay" . . . What's there left to say about Drape Suits? . . . See 'em and coin your own raves . . . **$32, worth $45.**

GRAYSON

CLOTHES ARE ALL $32 • 557 5TH AV N Y

Speaking of Sports

Who IS the BEST Sports Writer in Boston?

A SPORTS PAGE PREFERENCE INVESTIGATION recently conducted by the Hearst Newspapers, *Boston Evening American* and *Sunday Advertiser*, proves conclusively that

Bill Cunningham of The Boston Post is IT

The question was, "Who, in your opinion, is the best sports writer in Boston?"

Best——————Second Best——————Third Best——————

Here's the Box Score

WRITER	PAPER	1ST	2D	3D
1—CUNNINGHAM	*Post*	193	52	20
2—LAKE	*American*	48	85	45
3—CONWAY	*American*	9	27	9
4—JONES	*Globe*	8	8	15
5—SHANNON	*Post*	4	15	10
6—SAMPSON	*Herald*	8	11	9
7—DROHAN	*Traveler*	3	13	7
8—SIEGAL	*Traveler*	1	8	12
9—WHITMAN	*Herald*	4	6	9
10—GRIMES	*American*	2	6	9
11—CASHMAN	*American*	1	6	8
12—MOORE	*Globe*	1	6	7
13—DUFFY	*Post*	2	6	5
14—HURLEY	*Record*	2	4	7
15—WILSON	*American*	3	4	5
16—ATKINSON	*Traveler*	1	4	7
17—CARENS	*Transcript*	1	5	5
18—KAESE	*Transcript*	3	5	2
19—ALMY	*Post*	1	5	4
20—EGAN	*American*	0	3	6

Classification of men contacted—Clothing store salesmen, 24; firemen and policemen, 22; tobacco dealers, 21; financial men, 20; at race track, 20; cab drivers, 20; at ball game, 20; liquor dealers, 20, college students, 20; professional men, 20; automobile and gas dealers, 20; barbers, 20; truck drivers, 20; high school students, 20; advertising men, 18.

Cunningham Scored 193 Firsts all the other 19 writers combined scored **102**.

Bill is ONE of the reasons why **The Boston Post** sells **99,818** more copies each day than its TWO competitors, the Boston Herald and the Boston Morning Globe COMBINED.

The Boston Post

Net paid daily average circulation for 6 months ending September 30th.

361,877

By far the largest daily circulation of any newspaper in New England.

The Success Factory

Continued from page 112

Students with a taste of oratory continue long after the class has been completed and formally abandoned. They form clubs which are conducted by the students themselves. There are 24 of them; one in Philadelphia has been speech-making for seventeen years. Mr. Carnegie considers that some of his finest work has been done in Philadelphia.

But public speaking is not the only subject dealt with in the classes. For instance, there is "personal appearance" night when, one by one, the members stand up in front of the class and the other members tell them what's wrong with them. This is a bit delicate and has to be handled adroitly, but some way or other the amazing Mr. Carnegie manages it. This, however, is only catch-as-catch-can, for he brings in an expert to analyze the students. This gentleman is Richard Ford of the Rogers Peet Company. Mr. Ford looks a member over, tells him how he should dress, the colors that will set off his beauty, and even the kind of neckties he should wear—whether or not the man is married.

Once this function was taken over by Robert M. Brinkerhoff, the artist, who told the men, one by one, their proper color combinations. This session was voted an immense success. One wife told Mr. Brinkerhoff he had done more in five minutes than she had been able to accomplish in ten years.

Mr. Carnegie is very explicit about what the course will do for you, and has it down in figures, fifteen to be exact, and here they are: Think on your feet; develop courage; increase your poise; "sell" yourself; win more friends; improve your memory; write letters that pull; enrich your command of English; read more worthwhile books; become a better conversationalist; increase your income; inspire you with new ideas; know intimately forty ambitious men and women; develop your latent powers. It costs only $75.

This is a long cry from the first course which merely offered to teach people to speak on their feet. In 1912 Mr. Carnegie had to influence people or go hungry, and went around to the 125th Street Y.M.C.A. and tried to influence the secretary to put in a course, but Mr. Carnegie himself had considerable trouble as he had not yet mastered such problems. The secretary said it had been tried a time or two, but nobody had turned out and he felt pretty discouraged about public speaking in America. Mr. Carnegie influenced him a little further and the man said he would give him two dollars a night, and posters were put up and advertising sent out. Eight men anxious to speak on their feet came. Mr. Carnegie spoke on his, and all eight signed up. In three months he was making $30 a night.

The secretary said more must want to speak on their feet than he had realized.

The acorn planted in 125th Street is now such a lusty oak that it shelters eight professors and seven "special lecturers." Five of the latter names are easily recognizable. They are: Harry A. Overstreet; Vash Young; Arthur Frank Payne; Henry C. Link; Louis E. Bisch.

For a number of years Mr. Carnegie has specialized in a help-you talk which he calls his "W.I.R." speech. He gives it before not only every class, but before chambers of commerce, Rotary clubs, and colleges—a college in Maryland gave him an honorary degree for it. The full title is *How to Get the Welcoming-In Response.* The "Welcoming-In Response" is his own phraseology. After a time he expanded the idea and began to call it *The Secret of Winning Friends and Influencing People.* In the number of times he has given it he has begun to rival Russell Conwell with his *Acres of Diamonds.* Things were thus going along when Leon Shimkin, business manager for Simon & Schuster, enrolled. He heard the W.I.R., got an idea, and asked Mr. Carnegie to put it on paper. Mr. Carnegie didn't think much of the idea—too busy anyway, he said; but Mr. Shimkin had learned how to influence people and finally won out, exactly as the course had predicted. The manuscript was turned in, but did not get much of a W.I.R. Finally it went back to Mr. Carnegie who did a re-write, but even this did not arouse enthusiasm. And there it hung until Richard L. Simon went to the Hotel Astor, saw the W.I.R. in action, and determined to back the manuscript. He himself wrote the advertising copy, it was tried out in a small way, pulled, then the decision was made to give it everything the office had. The title had not been decided on and after quite a bit of hesitation and chance-taking *How to Win Friends and Influence People* was selected and in no time at all the book pushed ahead of *An American Doctor's Odyssey.*"

When his success factory is in full swing Mr. Carnegie is a very busy man, and sometimes finds himself in an awkward position. In spite of all his hustle and bustle he is a bit prone to absent-mindedness.

One night he arose to criticize a speech and, to explain a point, told what somebody in a previous class had said. One member, a puzzled look on his face, got up. "I don't know what you're driving at, but I'm the one who made that speech and I made it only an hour ago." It took quite a bit of thinking on his feet to get out of that, but Mr. Carnegie managed it.

And now as to what he is like and bit of his background. I shall do this part in the first person, as I think the intimate touches might add. He and I were born a few

Continued on page 240

12 Years Old
8 Years Old
"Ne Plus Ultra" Blended Scotch Whisky
John Dewar & Sons Ltd.
PERTH
"White Label" Blended Scotch Whisky
John Dewar & Sons Ltd.
DISTILLERS
PERTH

Age brings MELLOWNESS

As you enjoy the clean, extra-dry taste of Dewar's Scotch Whisky, it is cheering to know that as the years come and go, the age-mellowed tastiness of Dewar's will remain unchanged. Its quality is protected by huge stocks of fine old Scotch. You can always depend on Dewar's. A Blended Scotch Whisky, 86.8 proof. Schenley Import Corp., New York.

DEWAR'S THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD
(pronounced Doo-ers)
Schenley IMPORT
Copr. 1937, Schenley Import Corp., N. Y. C.

"At long last the perfect Sport Belt"
PIONEER

The STYLIST

Smartest and most beautiful sport belt to make its bow in many seasons, is the Stylist. Of ribbon fused over a rugged elastic base, it has just the right amount of "give" for active sports wear . . . and the right amount of style for after-hour and playtime wear! Your choice of fashionable stripes and favorite solid colors.

$1.00 everywhere

PIONEER

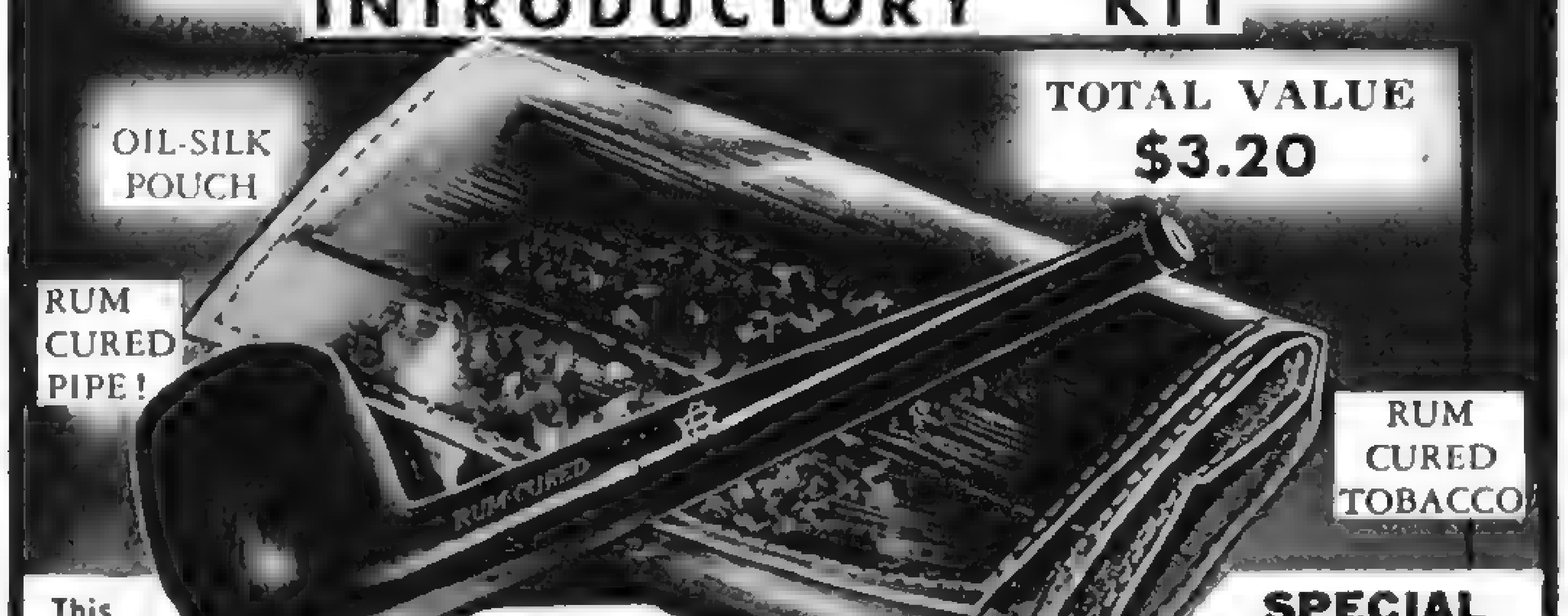
DEPENDABLE QUALITY
CORRECT STYLE
SINCE 1877

BRACES · GARTERS · BELTS · BUCKLES
Philadelphia

Father's Day Special

WALLY FRANK
INTRODUCTORY KIT

TOTAL VALUE
$3.20



This Is Shape No. 8

SPECIAL COMBINATION BARGAIN OFFER

PIPE, POUCH and TOBACCO COMPLETE

Here IS Value!

- 1 RUM CURED PIPE made from fifty-year-old genuine Algerian Briar Root, cured with finest Jamaica Rum by a secret WALLY FRANK process. (Imparts a sweet, mellow flavor.) Special Dri-Smoke filter keeps mouth dry and purifies smoke. Natural finish inside the bowl. NO PAINT—NO VARNISH—NO BREAKING-IN. REGULAR VALUE—$2.50
- 1 FISHERMAN'S POUCH made of Air-Tight, Waterproof, genuine English Oil-Silk. REGULAR VALUE— .50
- FILLED WITH our famous Rum Cured Tobacco (Mixture No. 77) extra mild and fragrant and will not bite the tongue. REGULAR VALUE— .20

TOTAL REGULAR VALUE—$3.20

$1 POST-PAID

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

To Make New Friends—

Available in following shapes in addition to Shape No. 8 shown ABOVE

No. 2
No. 18
No. 25

SPECIFY BELOW—SHAPE NUMBER DESIRED

WALLY FRANK, Ltd.

UPTOWN
10 E. 45th Street

—New York Stores—

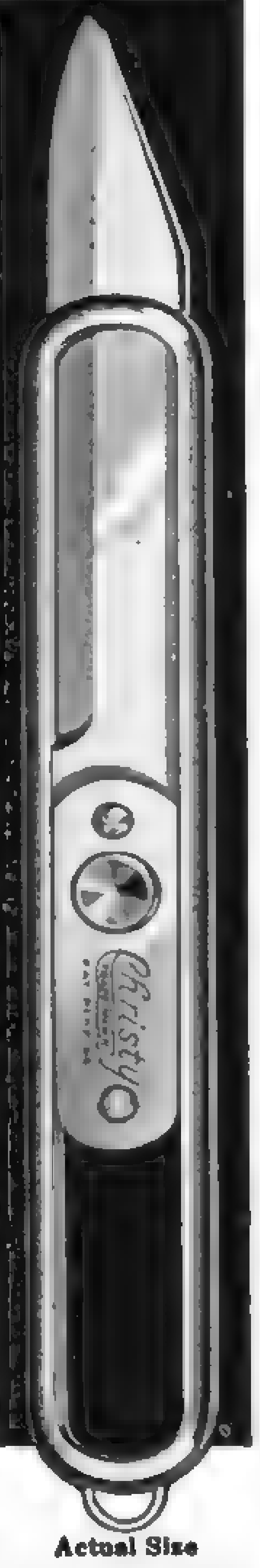
DOWNTOWN
Cor. Nassau & Fulton

Dept. 166, 10 E. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Enclosed find $1 ☐ Ship POSTPAID 1 Complete SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY KIT— Pipe Shape No.— . Ship C.O.D. ☐ I will pay on delivery, plus postage. My money will be refunded if I am not competely satisfied.

Name________ Address________

City________ State________

THE HANDIEST POCKET KNIFE EVER DESIGNED!



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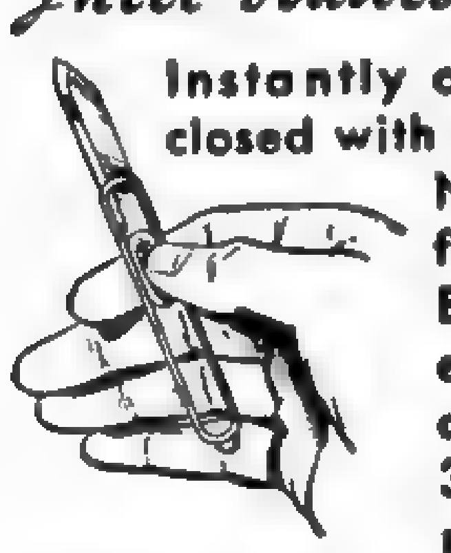

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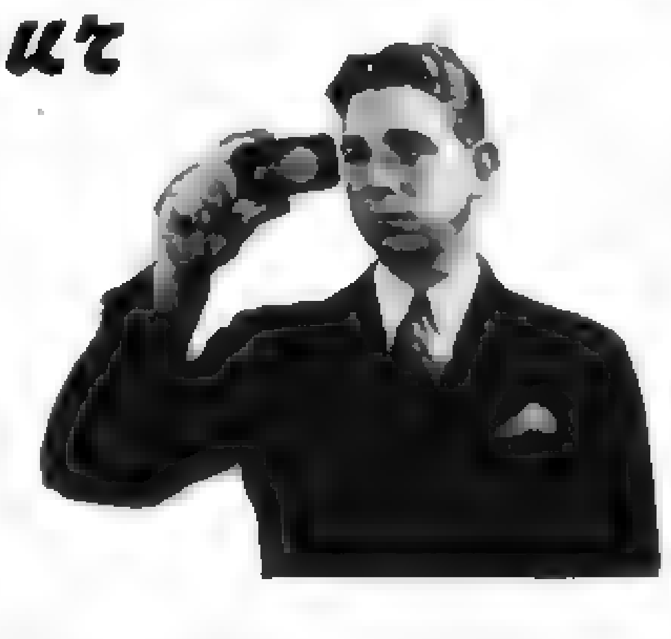

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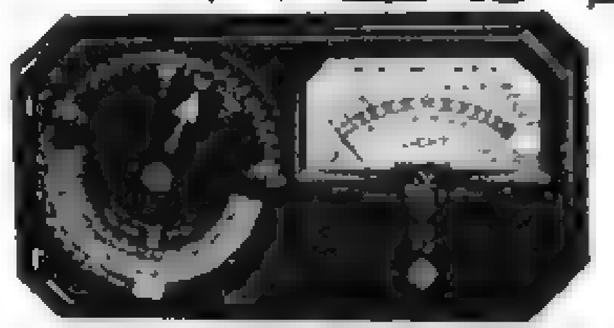

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The Success Factory

Continued from pages 112-239

miles apart, near Maryville, Missouri, where my first memory of his family was seeing them drive into town Sunday morning with a horse on one side of the pole and a mule on the other. This has significance, for it shows how impoverished the Carnegie family was. They were renters and had never moved out of the tenant class. They lived on the bottom, the 102 River usually took their crops. His father tried to make up for this by breaking "Westerns." That is, range horses were shipped in and he "broke" and resold them as work animals. Only the humblest of farmers undertake this.

His mother was a country school teacher, she met the hired man working at the farm house where she boarded, they were married, and Dale, the second child, was born. The family might be poor, but his mother was a power in the community, for she could get up on the platform and speak as well as any man. And she did. Sometimes she came to Brother Lytle's pulpit at our Methodist Church and preached sermons as good as his. At least, they seemed so. And she put the drive and fire and earnestness into them that Dale puts into his success classes today. Carrie Nation was the woman of the hour, and Mrs. Carnegie was much stirred and moved by her. But Mrs. Carnegie was on the religious side and preached and prayed and saved souls.

Her fame spread, and she went as far as Iowa, and once she went to Nebraska. During this time her husband stayed at home and tried to save the corn.

Today his parents live in Belton, Missouri. From their window can be seen the cemetery where Carrie Nation lies buried—on Missouri soil.

In the Carnegie barn was a hayloft. One day, when he was eight, some neighbor children came and they began to play in the mow. It was in the winter and was cold. Dale wished to get out of the hayloft door, but did not want to jump all the way to the frozen ground so took hold of the door and lowered himself to the length of his arms, then let go. On the index finger of his left hand was a ring. The ring caught over the head of a nail. The finger was pulled off. The family hitched the horse and mule to the lumber wagon and drove to town where Dr. Nash rounded and smoothed off the finger as best he could. Today Dale makes most of his gestures with his right hand and tries to keep the mutilated finger out of sight.

The problem of the hour was the saloon, and Mrs. Carnegie fought it tooth and nail, and her ardor inspired her son. His first public speech, made at the age of twelve, was *The Saloon, the Offspring of Hell.* (He has eased up on this a bit, for on his last trip to Bermuda he put all the money that is allotted returning travelers into Three Virgins Rum.)

In his 'teens the family moved to Warrensburg where oratory was more highly esteemed than in any town in the state. Here was the State Teachers' College where the debaters were as popular as the athletes and where the winners of an inter-state contest were carried on the shoulders of the crowd and bonfires sent aloft in their honor. And here, in the court house, Senator Vest had delivered the most famous bit of oratory ever to come out of the state, his *Tribute to a Dog.* Students learned it and recited it, and Dale was one of them; but he could recite it with more fire and pathos and appeal than could any of the others. It was not long until he was the best debater and the best orator in school.

He came into the world the year the blizzard of '88 did (Carnegie's own way of putting it) and blew into New York in 1911. He got a job in the road company of *Polly of the Circus* and roomed with Howard Lindsay. Once he saved Howard Lindsay from freezing to death in a snowstorm. Howard Lindsay has never taken Dale's course.

He goes about making his own personal friendships in his own way. He has a little black book with the birthdays of all his friends, and every time a friend has a birthday he gets, willynilly, a reminder of it. And he has his own way of sending Christmas greetings. Last December he went to Mexico City, Mexico, and was on the way back to spend Christmas with his parents when he met on the train a missionary woman. She could speak and read Arabic. Dale was in the midst of struggles to word a message to go to his telegram-receiving list. Inspiration seized him and he wrote out a greeting that took care of not only Christmas and New Year but things generally, and had the missionary woman translate it into Arabic; that is, into English letters which were the equivalents of Arabic sounds. The message ran to thirty or forty words. When the train stopped at El Paso he went to the telegraph office where he found that a Christmas message could be sent anywhere in the United States for thirty-five cents, but the word limit was fifteen. Dale's Scotch ancestry solved this by counting out fifteen words and penciling the rest.

His friends were a bit astonished at the puzzling telegram, but Harold Sigmund, a manufacturer of cleaning fluids, wasn't. He went to the library, got appropriate books, and worked it all out.

Then he sent the telegram back with the translation underneath, and to this added, "Continued next Christmas?"

Recently I was a bit astonished myself. I went over with him the manuscript of the book in its early stages and was none too

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complimentary. I left for Hollywood and heard no more about the book and thought no more about it; then came a parcel, the book itself. I opened it. It was dedicated to me.

The scope of the book is far wider than friend-winning and people-influencing. He soon leaves this and delves into domestic matters and settles them without much trouble.

One of the best chapters in the book tells how to keep a wife happy. He has been divorced about four years.

He follows, with a consistency that is second nature, his friend-winning and people-influencing precepts. On meeting a person he is "be lavish with praise," "hearty in approbation," "call the other's name plainly and distinctly," and "look him in the eye," just as the book says. But sometimes the master himself has a little trouble.

He lives near Forest Park. One day as he was writing the passage about Theodore Roosevelt's love of wood-cutting, he felt a love of wood-cutting mount up in himself. He went to the Park Commissioner, who has an office near Union Turnpike, and asked if he could cut fallen wood in the park. The Park Commissioner said this was allowed only to poor people and Dale said he wasn't doing very well just now. The upshot of it was that he got permission and a set of tools and, with his neighbor Boyden Sparkes, descended upon the fine old forest. Day after day he chopped and ricked and thought of the long evenings before his fireplace. One day, his tools on his shoulder, he went to his wood, but it was gone, every hand-sawed piece. He started out to find what had happened to it and at last located the ranger responsible. The ranger, new to the park, had seen the wood and had given it to another poor man.

Dale looked him in the eye and called his name plainly and distinctly, but his compliments were far from lavish.

He wants everything condensed—books, speeches, newspapers, magazines. He is Condensation's greatest zealot. He preaches this to his classes and follows it in practice. One day he looked at a rotogravure picture of a bronze tablet that was being put up in the Black Hills. Some genius had written the history of the world in four hundred words. America had one line. He studied it soberly for some moments, then said, "I think that's too condensed."

The success of the book does not mean much to him, for privately he regards it as a fluke. His real interest is in his classes. A friend complimented him.

He thought about it a moment. "The book's not helping my classes so much as I expected," he said. ⧺

The Old Boys of Bucharest

Continued from page 43

Teazle. They have seen such and such a car waiting in a side street. . . . They tell everyone their adventures, are not particularly jealous of their mistresses and much prefer to spy on the wives of their friends. For a week they will worry about an unknown man who has been seen entering the house of Princess E in the early morning. . . . They consult with each other and confer on this grave occurrence, they dig up information and are reassured only when they discover that the unknown gentleman is but the new cook. They are informed of everything you do and if, perchance, you exclaim: "Good Lord, I have forgotten where I am to dine tonight," they immediately answer in a chorus, "Why, tonight you are dining at Madame D..........'s."

The bachelors of Bucharest have had great passions, thwarted ardors that last a lifetime. They have been known to have small-town affairs, á la Stendhal. They call every society woman by her first name, Maritza, Aicoutza, Zozo. . . . They say:

"In my young days we really loved. We had time for it."

And they confirm the report of Le Cler, a traveler of the 1860's:

"In Bucharest, they are either making love or talking about it."

It was romantic love, arduous adultery, for on their way to clandestine meetings the lovers were recognized and saluted by the cab drivers, the servants on errands, the shopkeepers and bystanders of a city where everyone knows everyone else. But love and high-class eroticism triumphed and at every street corner women hunters were ambushed, whereas today, young men think only of defending themselves against men-hunting women.

The males of the older generation fought duels, many of them. One of them stepped on the field of honor fifty-seven times. They scorn the younger men who settle arguments with their fists. In their day they fought with sabers and army pistols. They smile at encounters in which bullets, propelled by an infinitesimal load of powder, are lost in someone's breeches. They laugh at sword combats from which the opponents return and say: "We did not know that fencing was so strenuous."

Times when people do not duel at the slightest provocation represent, to the old boys, the height of decadence. Still, Bucharest remains one of the cities where duels are the most frequent and the old boys officiate like high priests of a fast disappearing rite. Applying severely the rules of the field of honor, they have disqualified half the population of the town so that the unqualified, now innumerable, have nothing left to do but fight among themselves. ⧺

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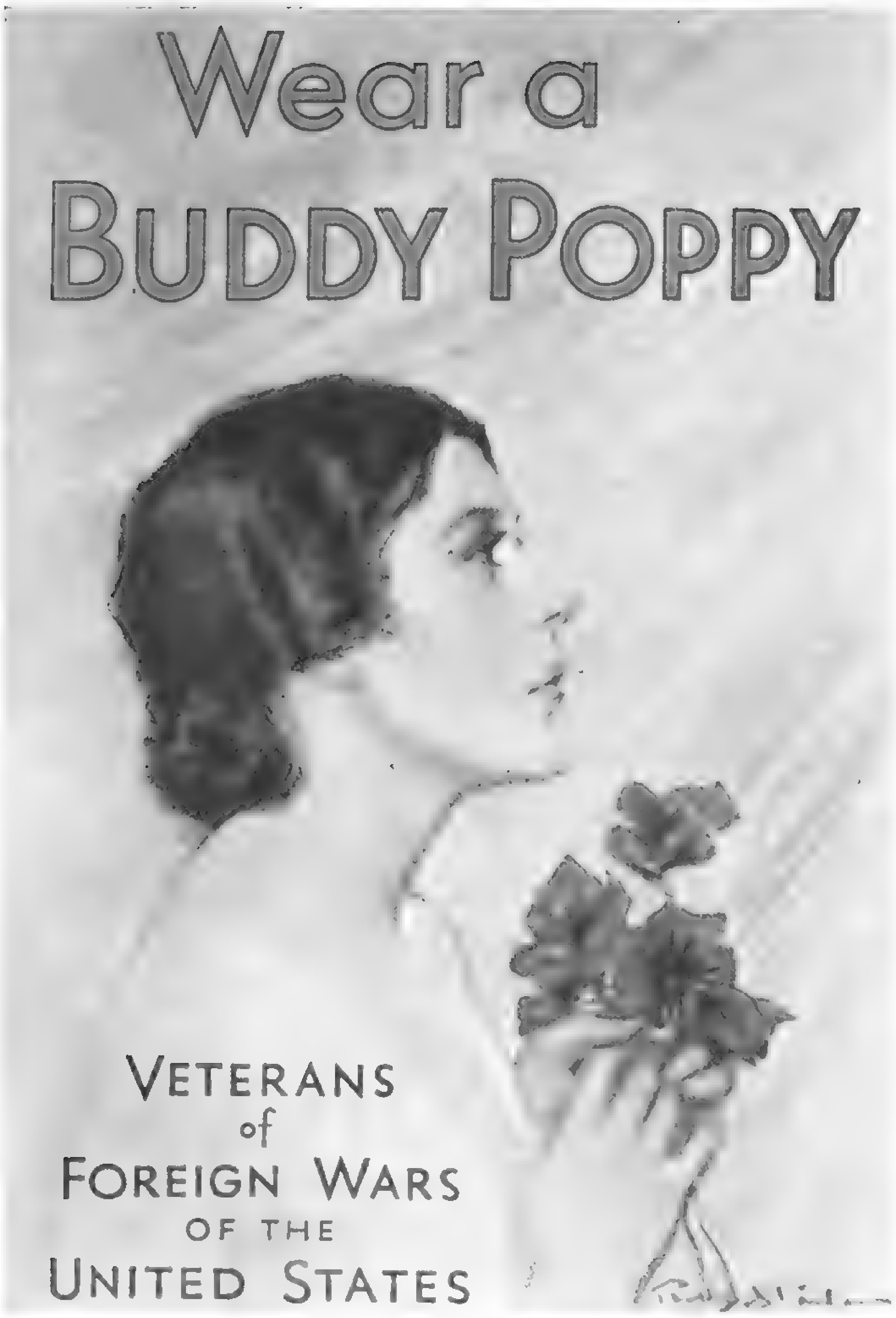

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Goin' to th' Buttin'

Continued from page 49

but when they went to get it—it got under the rock. But Pa got the snake and skinned it. Only the hide would keep. W'y eveybody come in and looked at its hide. It was shore a golly-whollopper. After Pa shot it in the eye—he finished it with a fence rail. That was in the day when young lovers run their horses up and down this road and made love under the chestnut shades. Wildcats in these woods then—and once a panter got after a woman—old Miss Spry—remember old Ugly-Bird don't you—W'y it was his mother—come around this ridge from town and a panter took atter her a screaming—she had a lot of things in her arms—a whole bundle of shoes and things—and she'd throw it a pair of shoes. It would take the cover off—mess around with the shoes—and then it would come right atter her. Just kept a doing that till she'd throwed the last bundle—and she run and pitched in at the door. The panter jumped upon the smokehouse and screamed. Old Jared Spry got the rifle and biffed him right between the eyes the first crack. W'y they used to tell us about it so much we's afraid to go outside the house atter night to the hen-house."

"Coming to the buttin'," says Arabella. "Look won't you at 'em lined up out there now. Look at the people won't you. Guess about the whole deestrict is there." And we see about three hundred people. They have come from the hills and the hollers—they have come to see a fight—to see a man and a ram get down and put their heads together and butt it out—best fighter win—man or brute—Men from the dogwood coves, from the fern-infested moors, from the mossy dells and the beech-shaded valleys—all come to see the fight. Lovers have come in their buggies—on horseback, muleback—lovers have walked by pairs out the paths—under the trees—all come to see and be seen and see the fight. A great living mass of young and old—middle-aged—boys and girls laughing—putting their arms around each other—standing under the tough-butted white oak trees and the big hickories.

"W'y hello, Chad," Birdie says to me. She's one of my old lovers. Went with her before Viney. "Hello, Arabella." "W'y hello, there Briarhopper. How are you old clodhopper. How have you been." "Hello, Viney—glad to see you." And it is hello to this one—howdy to that one and we mix and mingle with the crowd—a crowd under the white oak trees on a faraway ridge—laughing, talking, loving, cursing, betting, fighting—in love with life—all, all, under the Kentucky skies where life goes on slowly but surely among Kentucky's hills—where life is kind, cruel and very strange. Where we live, and love, and fight, and work and die—where we live by the fruits of our labor on the earth—eat it and drink it up—die in the end—lie buried in the soil—we worked and farmed—where the tough sprouts grow and the blackberry briars—and the stars shine over from the clear heavens—Kentucky nights—and the barking of the dogs running the fox apast where we lie still and dream—ah, maybe beside our lover my Viney by my side—Arabella by Briarhopper—live, love, work, fight, and die under a great expanse of clouds that roll across the heavens—high among the rocks and the shaggy oak trees—high among the hills in the music of the wind—the music we always hear, love, and know.

"Bet you my pistol," says Ferdinand Hardin "that Bull wins this fight from Chapman's ram. Even bet my forty-four agin your thirty-eight. What do you say? Tell you why I'm betting this way, Briarhopper, man's got more sense than a brute. Man is smarter. Bull will outsmart Chapman's ram. I know that is a bad ram and will fight till it's dead but Bull will outsmart it. I ain't give up my faith in man over the brute. Just as I was telling Pa that last night when he said the ram would break Bull's neck."

"I wouldn't trade my pistol nor bet it for this whole mountain. It's the best thing I own. I sleep with it. Sleep with it under my piller at night. See the moon come over the mountain and lay there with the thoughts of being let alone—nobody to come and call me out and hit me with a club. That's the way I feel—why? Just because I got my old blue thirty-eight that I can shoot a gnat's eye out with twenty yards—that's why. I just wouldn't bet it—for I never know when I'll need it and have to use it. Might have to before I get off this hill. You just can't tell—"

"Maybe you are right, Briarhopper. A body can't tell," says Ferdinand, "and a pistol is man's best friend if it shoots fast and straight. I believe a dog is his next best friend. Of course his wife comes in about third providing she's a true little wifey. I sleep with my pistol too. Keep it right under my piller. Never have it off'n me. When I am out I feel good in having a friend on my person like this old trusty. I feel the same way you do about betting pistols now. Your pistol wouldn't be a great friend to me—my pistol wouldn't be a great friend to you. We ain't used to one another's guns. That's it—all depends on what you get used to. Just like your wife—after you live with a woman sixteen or seventeen years it's hard to break away from her. I'd just rather not bet my pistol when I come to think about it."

"All right, all right, quiet please," says Felix Chapman, a little dried up runt pig of a man. "See this ram here. He's the boy that's going to fight Bull Callihan. He's broke eight ribs for me—two panels o' ribs. Just popped me twice. Would a killed me if it hand't been for Jerry Rice. He got him off with a fence rail—beaned him just in time. He'll fight till he dies boys and girls—men and women and if he gets the best of Bull don't want one of you to pull a gun and shoot my ram nor take a knife and stab him just because he's fighting with a man. Give 'em both a fair chance. Let'em fight it out. Best one wins. And if anybody pulls a pistol on that ram there'll be more than one pulled—and if the ram is shot there'll be more than one shot fired. I'm a little man but I've got a good finger for the trigger and a good eye for the man."

"I am Bull Callihan. Tee—tee. Bull Callihan. I fit the bear at the Flint County Fair. I pinned him down in his cage. First man to ever do it. Ram can't tell you all the calves it's killed. Can't tell you and boast about the things it's done. But I can—I'm Bull Callihan—never was whopped—never was rid in my life by man, bull, biting dog er bear. Ain't afraid of nothing and nobody. You heard about the Great Wild-Cat Fannin in Flint County. Well, did you ever hear about who tamed him? It was your old Bull Callihan. Let me tell you before the fight about it. I went over there to buy some fodder off'n Wild-Cat's pap—old Cherry-Bud Fannin. So, when I went up to the house—a little one-room log cabin on the bank—who should come out to meet me but old Wild-Cat and he says:

"Whopped two men already today. You are my third man to whop before the day is over. Vowed I'd just whop three today and four tomorrow.' I thought he was just a joking and he come up and says: 'Stop that laughing. You'll get me mad to laugh at me. I might just eat you blood raw.' I saw he was not joking.

"And I says: 'Well if you mean it—the bread is baked. We'll just eat it. Let's both haul our coats. Give me them, won't you?'

" 'Sure thing,' he says. So we hauled our coats and into it we went. I fooled my self. Didn't know I was that stout. God, I grabbed him by the jaw like my fingers was a eagle's toenails.

"He hollered: 'No gouging.'

"And I says: 'I'm not gouging. Come on and fight. You can't fight. You ain't fighting. Get into the game.' And I ups and flopped him on the ground—I hit him in the ribs hard as I ever hit a fence post with a maul. Water just poured out'n his eyes.

" 'Enough,' he says.

" 'All right,' says I, 'if you think you can make out on this. If you don't I'll give you a little more.' W'y I looked up and there stood old Cherry-Bud and another one of his boys a laughing fit to die.

"And he says to Wild-Cat: 'I always told you you'd meet your match some day. Din Callihan's boy—seventeen years old cleaned you—I always told you that when you got so good there was always somebody else a little better.' That made me the champion of Flint County—I never went around beating my chest about it. I guess I'm the champion yet. Down here to fight this ram. I've fit several rams. They are hard customers. Got heads like bullets. I am ready for the ram."

Talk about a man—you ought to see Bull Callihan—honest he's got his pants legs rolled up and his legs down next to his ankles are big as mine are at my thighs—a man not much higher than my shoulders. Nar across the hips and a pair of shoulders about as wide as a wagon bed. Damned if I ever thought men could grow big as Bull Callihan—great long arms that come below his knees—arms bigger than the common man's legs. He's out limbering up now—boring his head against the ground—walking on his hands good as he can on his feet. W'y he steps over the chop-block in front of Felix Chapman's one-room shack. You know Felix lives out here and runs this sheep ranch—he's got t.b. they say and that's why he lives high up here on this ridge among the pines and the white oaks—a old bachelor living with his sheep and cattle. Old Bull Callihan's neck is big as a flour poke filled with flour—and he's got a head shaped like a bullet—the sharp end turned up—maybe to turn the rain—red hair all frizzled up over his bullet-shaped little head hung upon that big pair of shoulders like a Irish-tater on top a barn door. Face is red as a beet and he's got little blue eyes that look cold as water on a November morning. No spark in them—mean looking blue eyes.

"Bet you my knucks that the ram wins."

"I'll call you on that. Bet you my knucks that Bull wins. Bet you a dollar on top of that that Bull breaks the ram's neck."

"I'll call you."

"W'y the fight is going to be a break-neck fight. The ram has to break Bull's neck—or Bull has to break the ram's neck. One has to break the other's neck."

"I'll bet you my fur piece of corn out there on the ridge agin your bottom-piece of corn below your house that the ram wins."

"I'll call you. It's a go."

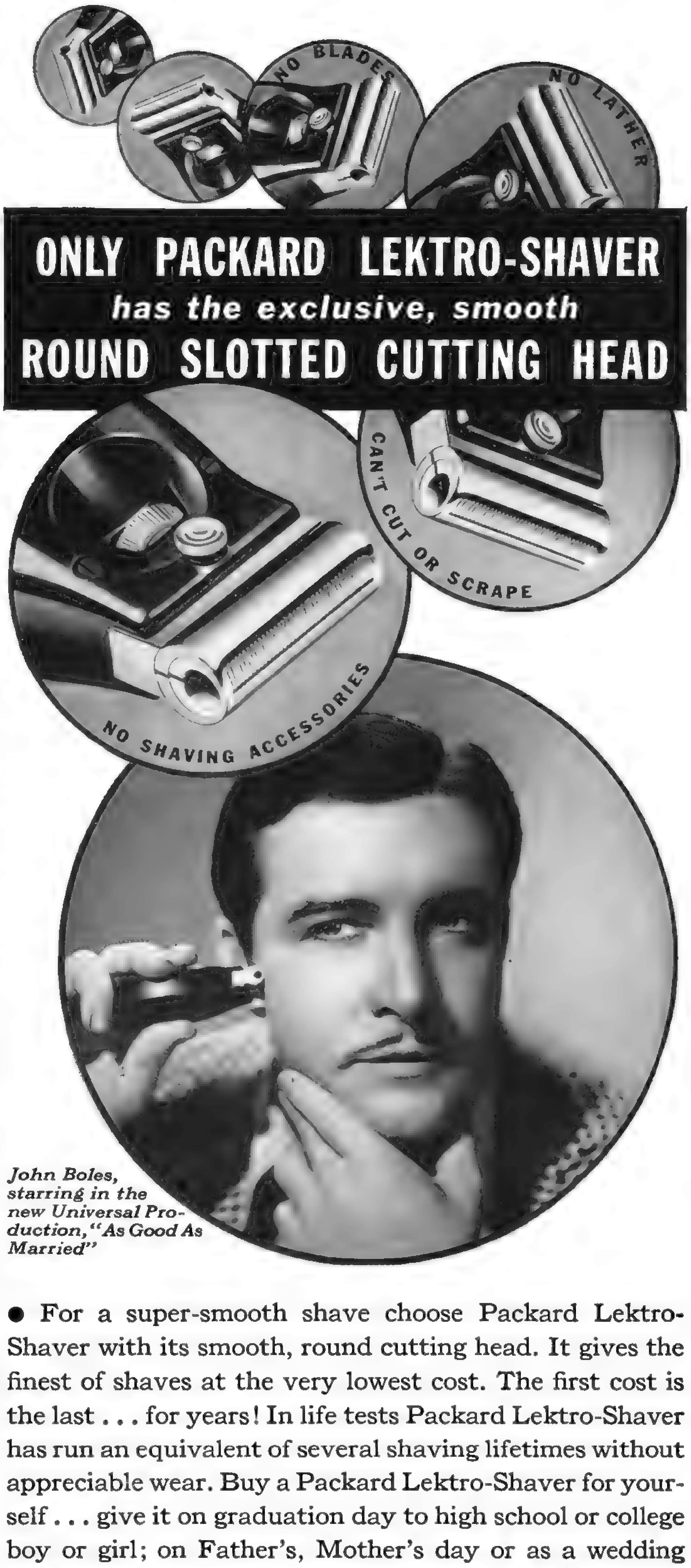
"I'll bet you my wheat agin your wheat that Bull breaks the ram's neck."

"I'll call your bet. I'll just double it. I'll bet the ram breaks his neck. I've seen that ram whop ever bull in this country. I just know what it can do."

"Maybe I'd a better not a bet you all my wheat. If I lose it what will my little children do this winter? I've never seen the ram fight but I saw Bull ride the bear at Flint County Fair. He's a powerful man. More powerful than a brute. He ain't made like a smart man. He don't look smart. He looks like he's marked with a bull. I heard he was marked with a bull."

"The bet stands good." "Yes—guess I can get on relief if I lose

Continued on page 244



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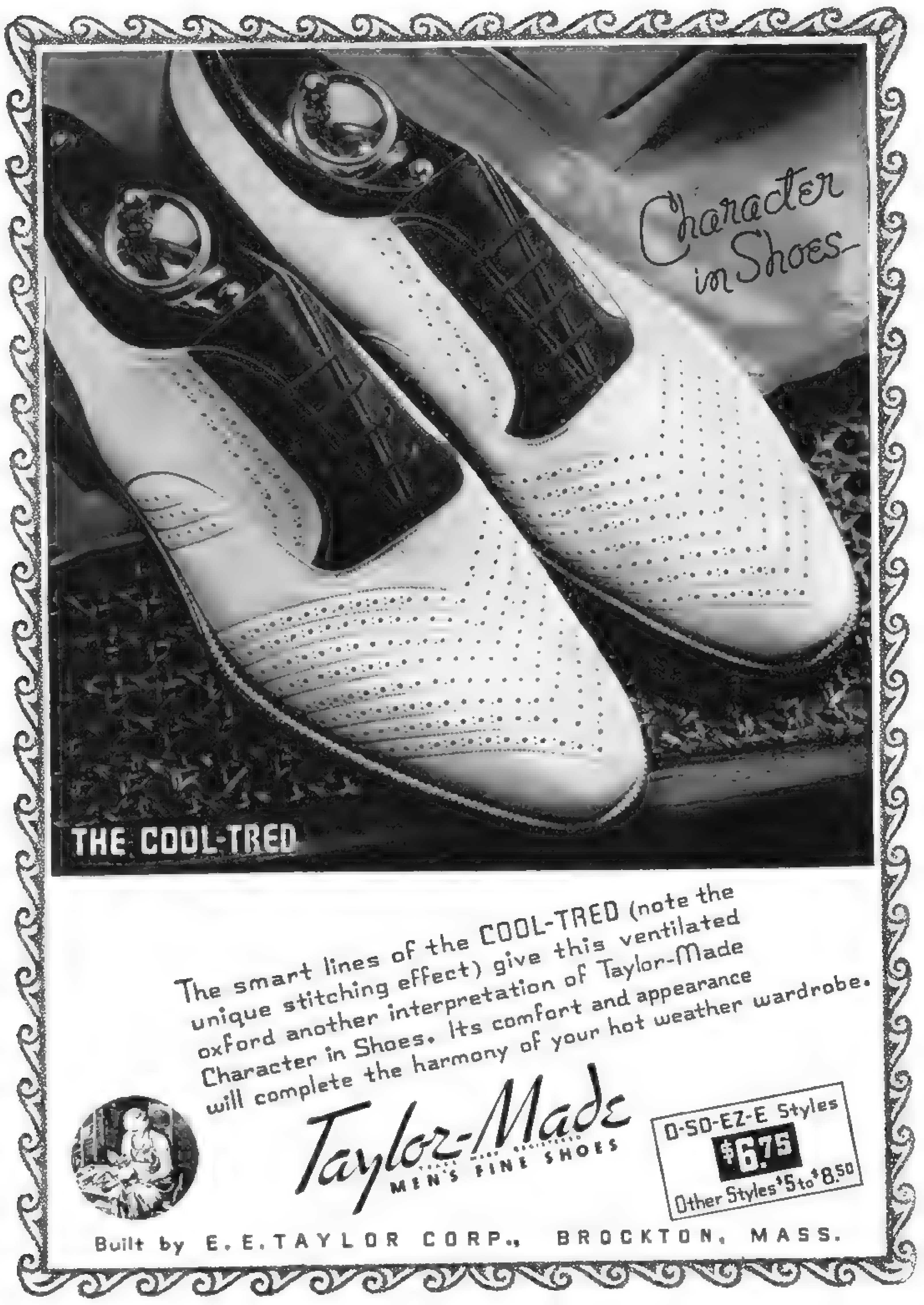

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Goin' to th' Buttin'

Continued from pages 49-243

my wheat." "I'll bet you my scarf Lizzie that Bull kills the ram."

"Won't bet agin Bull at all. I think he's a darling. Do you think I'd bet for a brute agin a man nohow. I wouldn't do it."

"Yes, if a few more of us had men like Bull we'd have more pertection, better workers and a lot finer looking men than we got. I like a big man like Bull myself. Tee-hee. Tee-hee. Tee-hee."

"Now Bull you know the ram don't have hands. It can't use hands. So you'll just have to use your head. The ram will use its head. That'll make the whole thing equal. So we're ready to start the fight. Right here under this white oak. Are you ready?" "I am ready." Felix leads the ram up—a nervous, inquisitive animal—prancing, prancing and rearing to go—nodding his head in a little halter. Bull gets down on the ground—braces his feet and looks up at the ram with half-moon, cold blue eyes—his red hair blowing in the wind and his bullet-topped head placed in the path of the ram. Felix is slipping the halter off now. The crowd is surging close in two long lines—just to leave a lane for the fight—they are fenced in by human beings.

Down the lane goes the ram—feet flying in the air—tail bobbing up and down like a rabbit's cotton-tail when the hound-dogs rouse him from his setting place on a October morning. Right down the path—whow-whow-whow—and whow again on Bull's head. Then it digs its feet into the earth and pushes with all its might—its little hoofs kicking sand in our eyes—and Bull shoving it back—all the women screaming for Bull—even Viney and Arabella looking on and screaming for Bull. Around and around and the whole crowd is going mad—hear them—hear them screaming—hear them roar like the wind in the trees—people shoving—men with their pistols pulled—not mad but by accident—just the fight—the glory of the fight—the love of the fight—the madness—the great roar of human voices like wind in the trees—hear them now—hear them—see the sand fly—wow-wow-wow—"No using hands Bull. Stay with him. You ain't fighting the bear now in Flint County and you ain't fighting Wild Cat the bulley of Flint County—but you are fighting Felix Chapman's ram. Stay with him, Bull."

"Hurrah for Bull—come on Bull—" And I turn—dogged if it ain't Arabella and Viney.

And I say: "Viney holler for the poor brute and not that savage brute—that stuck-up boastful thing that's fighting."

"I'll holler for who I please." And she goes back to hollering for Bull. God but it runs through me like water from a sieve. All the women hollering for that thing. I look and Briarhopper has his pistol out—just a twirling it around on his finger though—his index finger is through the trigger guard. God but the crowd is going wild—the ram's nose is bleeding and Bull's ears are knocked down flat as pancakes on the side of his head and the blood is just pouring—blood is running from his ears, eyes, mouth—his head is battered on top to a jelly with a matt of fine red curley hair mixed in the blood and the beaten flesh. The ram's head is bloody.

"What a fight what a fight. Never saw a buttin' equal this one. It's the best buttin' I ever saw. Can't tell which one is going to break the other one's neck. Can't tell it."

"W'y," says Felix, "all the women a hollering for old Bull. Wait a minute." And Felix runs to the gate—opens it—and out comes a swarm of yowes from the barn—just a baa baaing like their hearts will break—the ram answers with a little weak-baa—he has his head down against Bull's head—his forefeet braced in the earth and his hind legs braced. It looks like he can't be moved. The yowes run down to the crowd—scared like rabbits and panting—one has a bell around her neck. The ram works harder when they start baaing for him.

"Fair," says Felix, "the ram ought to have some of his kind to holler for him. You all just hollering onesided—you women." And there was Viney—and Arabella—just hollering for Bull when they could see that it made Briarhopper and me mad as all get-out. I was mad enough to bite tenpenny nails in two. I hoped the ram would clean old Bull's socks. I just started hollering for the ram. I think all the men did that had sweethearts or wives there. They all went so wild over old Bull Callihan. All the yowes and us men who hadn't bet on old Bull were a hollering for the ram—hollering louder than the wind in the tree tops or the mauls coming down on fence posts—or sledge hammers beating rocks. Lord it was a awful time.

See-see-see—the ram backbacks—gets a fresh start—and he comes right down the path—right down his heels flying like a rabbit's and the sand flying—whow—whoooooooooow—right down Bull's ribs—got him in the short ribs.

"God," says Bull, "he got a whole panel of my ribs that crack. Got a lot of my wind." Back up the path goes the ram. Back for a new start. Bull is just holding on by the skin of his teeth. Bull is a fighter. He won't give up. If you could see the way his head is battered. If you could see Bull's blood on the ram's head. If you could see the whole fight. Guess the ram is about as smart as Bull. It remembers how it knocked Felix out with two butts—one on each panel of Felix's slats. It's trying the same thing on Bull—got a panel of his short slats and about

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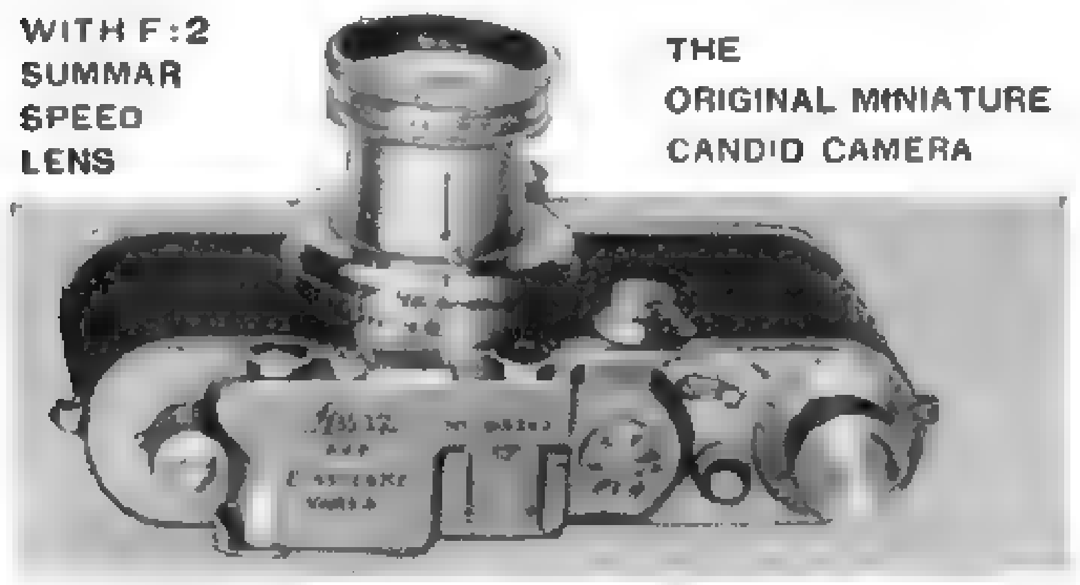

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half of his wind—back now to get the other panel and finish the fight—people a going wild—slinging pistols around. A thousand wonders someone don't get shot before this thing is over. Never saw anything like it in my life. I've seen many a fight—a few buttin's in my day—but never one like this. Right down the path it comes—sand a flying and the yowes a baa-baaing—and that puts more fight in him—and all our women a hollering for their man—old Bull—well, we men ought not to think anything about it. Old Bull bloody as a stuck hog and still in there fighting. We ought to be hollering for him too. Honest I can't holler for him though. The way he smiled around at our women and the way they holler for him. W'y it's the awfulest thing I ever saw—I feel for him—ram about butted out what few brains he had. Bloody as a stabbed shoat—can't see a dry hair on his head—all a mass of blood. All the men mad. Believe to my soul if he was winning from the ram somebody would pull a pistol and start shooting.

"Right now—got my wheat won—right after this charge."

"God, I'm glad I made that bet on the ram. Don't tell me that man can always win from a brute. Might be a little disappinted. Man might have more sense—some of 'em do and some of 'em don't—all depends. I don't believe Bull Callihan is a smart man with a head on 'em not much bigger than a big tater and shaped like a bullet—neck bigger than his head." "Guess I've got my corn and the other fellers too—wait till after this charge. And we'll be ready to go home—"

Dirt—sand—dry-leaves—kick of the ram's feet—into the air—strong—whow—whooooooooooow—wow—wow—right down Bull's other side—right among his ribs—fresh as ever—what a fighting ram. What a ram. What a ram.

"I told you," says Felix, "you can't tell about a ram. It hates a man. W'y it would a got me if it hadn't been for Jerry Rice with that rail. I believe a ram has sense. And to tell you the truth my ram's got about as much sense as Bull Callihan."

"That is what I was telling Effie here," says John Moore. "A man that would put him self on a equal with a brute ought to have his neck broke—not only has he put himself on a equal with a brute—but he put himself on a equal with a varmint—rid a bear at the Flint County Fair so he says. And she's a standing right up here and hollering for him loud enough to deefen me. Makes me so mad I can't see when my wife loses her head."

"The only time I ever lost my head John Moore was the day I married you. Hurrah for Bull—stay with 'em Bull."

"Bull's just barely staying in there. Doesn't even know he's fighting the ram. It's got him, see!"

"Got my wind," groans Bull, "got the rest of my ribs." And the ram goes back for the final charge. The last shot at old Bull's bullet head. Viney is crying. Arabella is crying. Briarhopper is twirling his pistol around and around—index finger through the trigger guard—sun a coming down—the warm autumn sun—and that ram a walking over the dead leaves smart as any man you ever saw—knows just what he is going to do—give old Bull Callihan the finishing touch. Briarhopper's eyes are twinkling like a thousand devils are in them. Briarhopper is mad—mad as a hornet that didn't get his fly. Mad as a lizard that missed his greenfly. Lord the noise is driving me crazy. Women a shouting:

"Come on Bull. Come on Bull." But old Bull just can't come on. The ram has got him all battered down. Now if Bull would a fit unfair and used his hands he could have laid the ram out. But Bull Callihan has fit fair as any man could fight. Just fit exactly like the ram—butted with his head. Played the game fair. But old Bull—he's knocked out—he's crazy.

"Say, that man's knocked crazy. Why don't you take him out before the ram kills him. It's a shame to see him punish like that."

"W'y it's a break-neck fight. Leave them in there till one breaks the other's neck." And the women begin to cry—a lot of them, when they talk about breaking Bull's neck. Just more tears shed around here among three hundred people than in a little light-cloud April shower. The ram is ready for the last charge.

"Take the man out or I will," says Everett Preston. "Let's see you," says Felix Chapman. "Agreement is agreement. We agreed to have a break-neck fight. We are going to have it—if Bull gets it or my ram gets it. It's going to be a fight to a finish fight. If old Bull right now had the sense to tell you—he'd say a fight to a finish fight. That's what we are going to have." And Felix pulls two long mean looking pistols and scans the crowd. The ram is getting ready for the last charge. Everybody knows it will be the last charge—and they have screamed until they are hoarse—cried until their eyes are red. Men have cursed and shouted and stomped their feet on the ground—shook up drifts of white sand on the ridge-path and rattled the dry leaves. Right down the old path—the yowes baa-baaing as their warrior goes by—a battering ram—that's all—head hard as a mountain stone—one of them with a little of that light green moss that lays out in the wind, sun and rain—the year around. A stone that looks like pig iron. That's the kind of a hard head Chapman's ram's got. But look—Bull goes down before the ram reaches him—down, down, down,—his head in the sand just as the ram was about to reach him—Bull knocked out—crazy—and the ram—running with great force—

Continued on page 246

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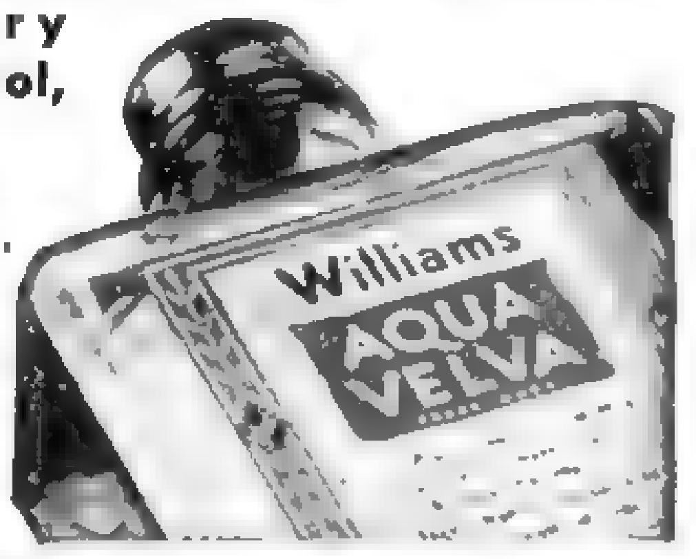

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Goin' to th' Buttin'

Continued from pages 49-243-245

the greatest yet—runs over his body—headed right for the white oak tree—and wow—wow—over rolls the ram—blood bursting in fresh streams from its nostrils—from its eyes and from its ears. "Stand back," says Felix—"stand back until I see."

He walks up—pistol in hand—a little man with a weasly voice—feels of the ram's head—feels of its neck. "Skull caved in. Neck is broke smack-dab in two."

"What about poor Bull there in the sand—examine the brute before you do the man," says Arabella. Felix walks over and puts his hand on Bull's heart.

He says: "It's still a pumping."

And Arabella lets out a big 'whooppee!' And the women wipe away their tears. "That tree is all saved the man. And they just fit around and twisted around until they got right in a bee-line with the tree. And it looks funny to me—God it's one of them funny things that happen. It looks so ordered that Bull's time to go was not today. Tree got in line and killed the ram. Bull about dead. Might not get over it. If he does I don't see how he can ever be right bright. Don't see how he can have as much sense as he did have and you know that wasn't any too much."

"Wait a minute," says Felix, "don't pay off any bets until you see whether Bull gets over it or not. Maybe a dead man before morning. He don't know where he is now or anything else. He was knocked out the whole part of the fight. Never did know nothing. He didn't get in line with the tree. I know he didn't. He didn't have his right mind atter that ram made the first pass at him. It just wasn't Bull's time to die. His time may be right close at hand though. Might be a dead man before morning." Well you ought to see the crowd. Believe to my soul if the ram had a won the fight somebody would a killed it with a pistol or cut its throat. Believe to my soul and God if Bull had a won the fight somebody would a plugged Bull over the heart or in between the eyes. The whole thing just worked out right. A lot of mad men there—way their wives and sweethearts hollered around and cried over Bull. They just felt like plugging Bull. But the ram got the best of Bull. It was the hard white oak tree that stood there so silent and said nothing that got the ram. Crowd still a going wild—can't hear your own self talk for the noise—the curses, the cries, the laughs—all under the Kentucky skies—all on the Sabbath too—what a time—better than any foot-washing in the country. Better than shooting at crows. Better than shooting at lizards or playing mumble-peg. We's just lucky to run onto Arabella and Briarhopper.

I get Bull by a leg and help carry him to a jolt wagon. Briarhopper has him by the other leg—he's put his gun down in his pants now and some of the devils have left his eyes. God, I'm telling you I don't see how a little light ram ever backed a man this heavy back unless he did hit him in the head hard enough the first round—hit him in the head like hitting him with a fence post maul or like beating a fatten hog's brains out with a sledge hammer. God but he is heavy as lead. I'm telling you I can pick up a barrel of salt and carry it—can lift a barrel of sorgum-lassies and drink from the bung-hole—but damned my cats and Tom Walker if one of Bull's legs don't make me sweat. We couldn't haul him home in a spring wagon with the rest of the crowd. They'd a break it down sure as two and two make four. Had to put him in a jolt wagon—one the Moores haul coal in. W'y that's what that little ram was a fighting. But we just throw him in the wagon bed like he was a big green beech saw log. He is just about as heavy. And we watched Feather Moore dive off the hill with him—just a tearing out—and old Bull without a piller for his battered bleeding head. Blood running through the cracks in the wagon bed and dripping on the ground—dripping on the dead leaves and Feather Moore just a hollering and cussing the mules—slapping them with the leather lines on the rumps—taking right around the road—wagon just going up and down and that poor Bull—W'y it's the first time my heart hurt a little for him—Just to think he is in the wagon senseless as a piece of wood—head battered to a jelly and bloody as a cow's liver. W'y they carried the dead ram in so's not to bruise its flesh for Felix is going to eat the ram. But poor old Bull—just taking him over the rough roads without mercy after that hard fight. No one to care enough for him to put a piller under his head in a jolt wagon— but if he could stand that ram he can surely stand a mild jolt wagon. That's the way to look at it.

The crowd started every way—down paths on mule back—two on a mule—boy in the saddle—girl riding bareback behind. Starts on horses out the ridge and down the pints from the ridge. Never saw as many people in my life—not as many at one thing I don't believe—not even the time old Tim Abrahams got killed and he had such big funeral—wasn't as many there as there was here today. You ought to see the people a leaving in wagons and on muleback and horseback—people a leaving in droves—walking in all directions—even tearing through the brush where there's not a path. And we start back—I take Viney by the arm and Briarhopper get Arabella. There's a lot of devils in Briarhopper's eyes yet. He's not quite over the way Arabella squalled around for Bull—I feel a lot better after I saw the

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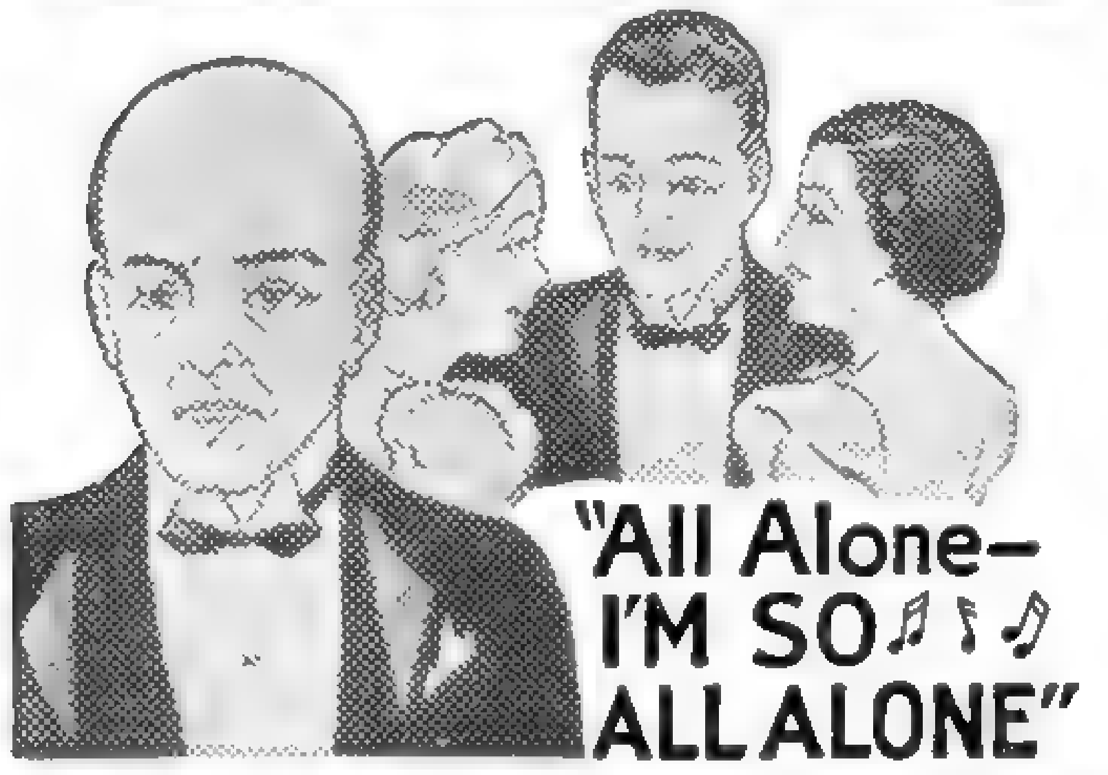

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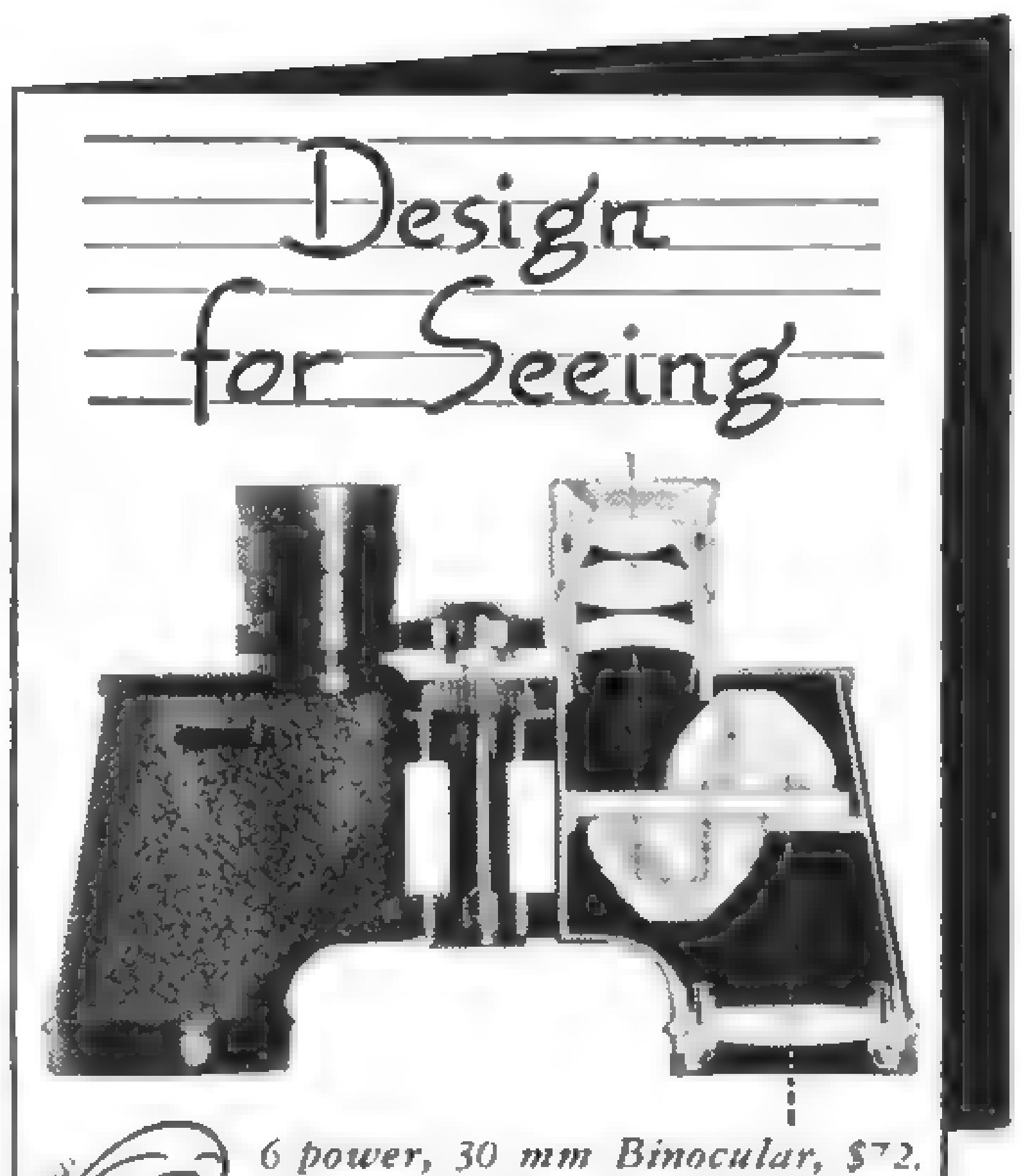

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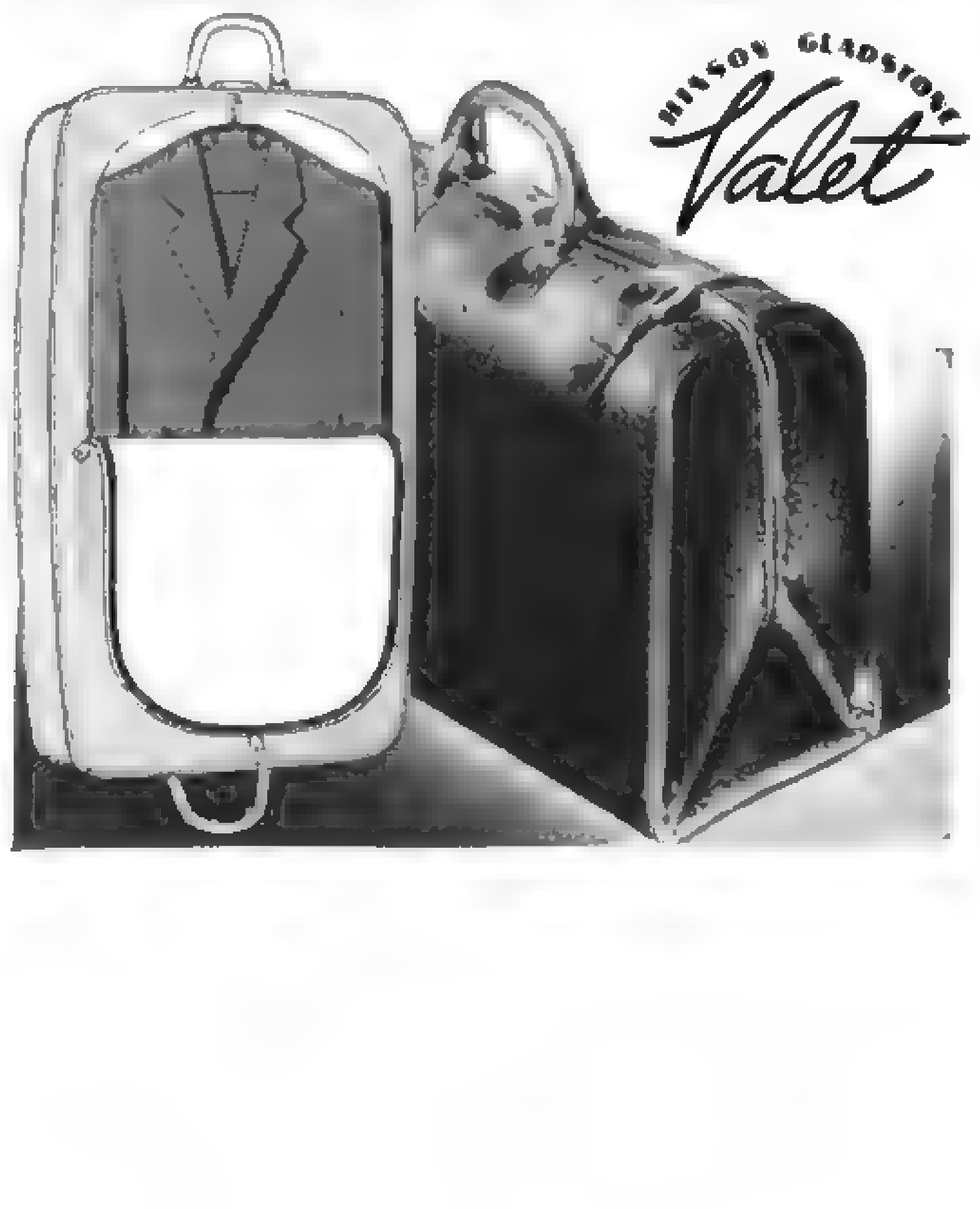

way Bull was done—I got to feeling sorry for him then.

The sun is in the sky. It's past high noon. Fields look dry and hard. Leaves rattling on the sprouts and the tops of the treetops that are mixed among the sprouts. "A lizard," says Briarhopper. And he pulls his pistol from under his pants. "Pow!" And the lizard tumbles from the log—works his little feet in the air—blood pours from his throat for his head is gone—pours on the dead leaves and runs a little stream. "Ah, got 'em didn't I?" says Briarhopper. And as we walk around the ridge road toward home Briarhopper pulls his pistol from under his pants and gets every lizard. Never misses a shot. "Feel all riled up," says Briarhopper. "A buttin' makes me feel that way. Get all worked up until I could fight a running saw mill or shoot a gnat's eye out at fifty yards if I could see it with old trusty here."

Lord I feel all worked up too. Never felt so worked up over a thing in my life. Could just fight anything now or turn a hill over with my hands. That's the way I feel. Such a pretty day. Sun on the dead leaves—and old weedy fields—sun on the old gray headed cliffs and the pine trees and the oaks. Sun on the hills of old Kentucky—where life goes on just the same—where the wind blows and we have our fun, our fights and our frolics at the buttin's, spitting at cracks and shooting at crows and lizards. Where we marry in the spring usually and start life all over new with the budding of the oak leaf and the blooming of the percoon. #

A Princess Steps Out

Continued from page 65

said pensively for I was almost never able to keep my lovers more than a few days. Unless they were my social equals they had to be put to death and of course I had no social equals and what is a girl to do in that case? Mr. Dulcet said he didn't know. Well I'll show you then said the Princess and she made a grab for him and in a second her lithe arms were about his neck and she was kissing him with all the fervor of one who has not kissed anybody for 3000 years. And at that moment the door opened and the professor who had been wakened by the crash of the vases glared in at them.

What's this! squeaked the professor. Dulcet who is this woman? O hello professor said the Princess. Silence you shameless hussy! rasped the professor. Dulcet I'll give you ten minutes to pack your things and leave my house and take this creature with you. Excuse me sir said Mr. Dulcet but this is the Princess Nephra—speak to him in Egyptian he said to the Princess. So the Princess did but the professor didn't understand her but just went on excoriating them in his best classroom manner and then he suddenly turned away to go call the police.

Isn't he a funny little fellow? said the Princess. Only she didn't say fellow. He means it said Mr. Dulcet and it's jail for us. What! exclaimed the Princess. They would lock me up—me? You're darn right said Mr. Dulcet for you may not realize it but times have changed since you were a girl. O said the Princess and she ran after the professor and caught him in his study just as he was picking up the receiver. Look! she said holding her ring under his eyes. The professor laid down the receiver. Where did you get that? he demanded. Look! she said again and she took it off and twisted the bezel and pressed it into his hand. Ouch! said the professor. You've scratched me, imbecile! And then he gave a little whistle and fell over on the carpet.

Well Mr. Dulcet was pretty horrified at this and he rushed forward and knelt by his employer. But the Princess laughed and said O come on George it's all right. All right nothing said Mr. Dulcet he's been taken sick. He's dead said the Princess though really you know that poison's gotten pretty weak in all these years—they never used to whistle that way. You poisoned him! exclaimed Mr. Dulcet. O do come along George said the Princess crossly. You're not being very entertaining you know. I don't feel entertaining said Mr. Dulcet My God I wonder if I can't revive him with that spell. Sure you can said the Princess but I thought you said he'd send us to jail? Do you know what they'll do to us if they find him like this? said Mr. Dulcet. And he told her what they'd do.

Well said the Princess it seems like an awful fuss about one little man who was half dead anyway but if we can't leave him and can't revive him I tell you what we'll do—we'll embalm him and wrap him up and put him in my sarcophagus. Then they'll never find him. Swell said Mr. Dulcet but what do I know about embalming? You don't have to said the Princess. I know all about it.

Well of course nothing could be done that night so they carried the professor back into the museum and the next morning Mr. Dulcet went out and got spices and chemicals and then while the Princess was at work he went out again and bought her some clothes and called up the college and said the professor had been called out of town and as the professor was always dashing off to deliver a lecture or see a man about a mummy the college didn't think anything. And that afternoon when the professor had been fixed up and the label put on him and the case closed Mr. Dulcet got the Princess into her new clothes and took her to a movie.

Well the Princess was delighted

Continued on page 248

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A Princess Steps Out

Continued from pages 65-247

with the movie and the clothes and everything about her new life. What was fortunate too she was also delighted with Mr. Dulcet although she gave some of the college boys the eye in a way that seemed to him unnecessarily archaic. But after all for all her antiquity she was only seventeen. Though very mature in some ways.

After the movie he took her home and introduced her to the other servants as his wife. It got by because in order to avoid the schemes of ambitious cooks and parlor maids he had always claimed to have a wife somewhere. They thought she was pretty young at first. But after they had heard her talk a little they didn't think she was so young. And after she had thrown a knife at the cook for some slight criticism they were quite respectful.

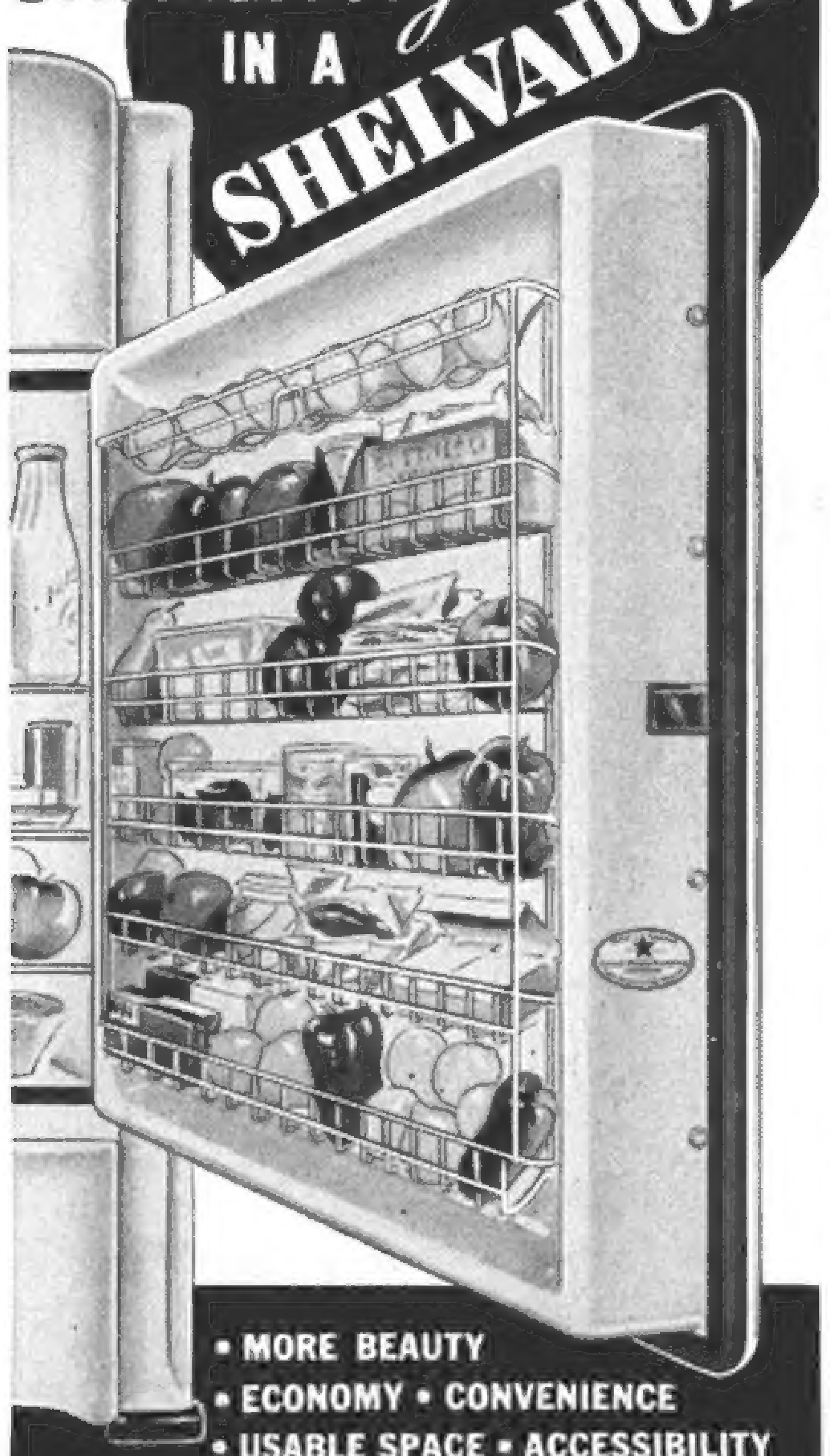
So everything went along all right for a couple of weeks and then one day the president of the college Dr. Herbert Bingley brought some visiting savants to inspect Professor Bagby's collection. Mr. Dulcet showed them around and explained things and Dr. Bingley was surprised and pleased at the extent of his knowledge and complimented him highly. Well sir said Mr. Dulcet Professor Bagby has permitted me to work with him on his researches for many years and indeed he has been to me more a colleague than an employer and as a matter of fact we were planning to do a book together. *Are* planning to he said realizing his slip. And it occurs to me he went on that my wife being familiar with the ancient ritual dances and moreover a native Egyptian herself it would perhaps interest you and your friends to have her do some of them for you. That is very pleasant of you said Dr. Bingley and very kind of her if she will favor us.

So the Princess put on her ancient costume consisting mostly of jewelry and danced for them. The dances were not really temple dances but they were ancient all right for they were the ones that her father's concubines had used to perform and she had learned them by peeking through a curtain but the savants were charmed with them. Mr. Dulcet was pleased too though he thought they would be more effective with draperies or even a fan. And when they left Dr. Bingley drew Mr. Dulcet aside and said I cannot offer you a tip Mr. Dulcet but now that I understand the situation I would like to offer a suggestion and that is that you take over Bagby's classes during his absence if you do not think it would offend him. I am sure it would not said Mr. Dulcet. Professor Bagby's absence at this time has embarrassed us a good deal said Dr. Bingley but if you could substitute until he returns—I quite understand said Mr. Dulcet. Only of course the ritual dances said the doctor. Quite sir said Mr. Dulcet. One realizes that they would be rather over the heads of the undergraduates though of course if the faculty members—Excellent said Dr. Bingley and left.

So Mr. Dulcet took over Professor Bagby's classes for the rest of the term and at the beginning of the next term the college arranged to have him appointed as custodian of the professor's effects pending his return. And so Mr. Dulcet took over the house and the salary. And since as the Princess said the treasures of the museum were really her own family heirlooms they sold some of the more valuable pieces and were thus able to realize Mr. Dulcet's childhood ambition. And they worked together on a book which was to be called *The Private Life of the Princess Nephra* and which the Book of the Month Club after examining the first chapters had practically turned somersaults over. For reticence was a modern virtue which the Princess did not possess. And then one day in March Professor Hirsch came.

This Professor Hirsch went around to museums with a portable X-ray outfit taking pictures of mummies for the purpose of locating jewelry beneath the wrappings. He presented a year-old but very cordial letter from Professor Bagby inviting him to X-ray his mummies and without thinking much about it Mr. Dulcet took him into the museum and told him to go ahead. The next afternoon Professor Hirsch called up. A most extraordinary thing has happened Mr. Dulcet he said and one which bids fair to upset some of our most cherished theories about the XIIIth Dynasty. For he said the pictures I took of the Princess Nephra show that she wore false teeth and what is more Dr. Clinch of the dental clinic says that the teeth are mounted on a metal plate which as far as he can judge is made according to the most modern scientific dental methods. Good God said Mr. Dulcet that is indeed interesting. It is the most amazing discovery in all my experience said Professor Hirsch. But said Mr. Dulcet there is always the possibility of a mistake and before anything is given out to the press I suggest that you come up so that together we can unwrap the mummy and—Dear me said Professor Hirsch I am afraid that Dr. Clinch has already made a statement to the press. But in any case he said the publicity will be of the greatest value and as to the possibility of a mistake—But Mr. Dulcet did not listen to any more.

He dropped the receiver and rushed to the library where the Princess was giving her little weekly talk to some of the post-graduate students on the manners



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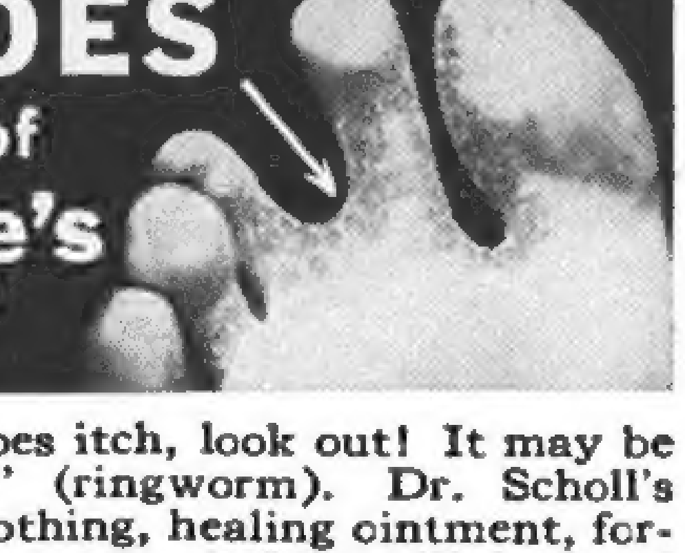

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and customs of the ancient Egyptians. This unofficial course had added greatly to the Dulcets' popularity because apparently the manners of the Egyptians had been uniformly bad and their customs or at least those which the Princess could remember had been of a type always interesting to young men. The Princess too had found the course very stimulating and was thinking of enlarging its activities to include some experimental work and possibly also some field work.

Well when Mr. Dulcet told her she said the only thing was to bring the professor back to life. For we can't explain his corpse she said but if he's alive—He'll have us arrested said Mr. Dulcet. Pooh! said the Princess you go work your spell on him while I get rid of the boys and leave the rest to me. So Mr. Dulcet got the salt and wine and started for the museum. He was pretty upset as you can imagine. Indeed he was so upset that he became confused and said the spell over the King instead of over the professor and it wasn't until the King sat up in his sarcophagus and said Ha Dulcet! And about time too! that he realized what a dreadful mistake he had made.

I—I beg your pardon sir said Mr. Dulcet. A little late for that isn't it? said the King. You know the law. You—you mean about your—quavered Mr. Dulcet. About my daughter—yes said the King and he picked up a few strips of the bandage and began to wind them into a rope. I know sir said Mr. Dulcet but things have changed nowadays and in this country all men are now considered equal. There is something in that said the King and I might have been willing to make certain allowances. But good God! he said. A butler! And he smiled grimly and put one wiry hand on the edge of the sarcophagus and began to get out. And just then the Princess came in.

George! she said there are a lot of men outside and two of them are state troopers so—O hello father! she said. He—he wants to strangle me! said Mr. Dulcet. Well I've wanted to myself sometimes said the Princess but there's no time for that now father. We're in a jam. The law—began the King. O gosh he's going to argue said the Princess and she snatched the wine bottle up from the floor and hit the King over the head with it and shoved him back into the sarcophagus. Sorry father she said but a couple more years won't matter to you. And now for heaven's sake she said to Mr. Dulcet get busy.

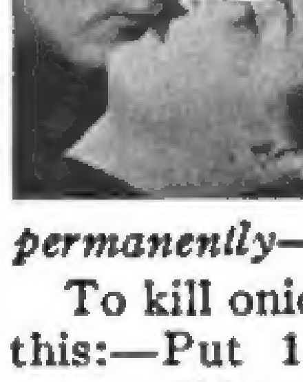
So Mr. Dulcet went to the other case and opened it and got busy and was just beginning on the magic formula when the door opened and the troopers came in followed by Professor Hirsch and Dr. Clinch and Dr. Bingley and some newspaper men. And one of the troopers said Are you George Dulcet? Yes said Mr. Dulcet but just one moment. Sorry sir said the trooper but we've come to investigate a rather queer report about one of your mummies here for Dr. Clinch seems to think that he's wearing a dental plate that was made for Professor Bagby. Go on George said the Princess and she took the trooper's arm and began to talk to him. And Mr. Dulcet mumbled the words and the professor burst his wrappings and sat up.

The professor looked around dazedly while the others stared at him. H'm said the trooper publicity stunt. Nothing for us here Joe. And he winked at the Princess and started to go and then stopped for the Princess had winked back. And he went over and said something to her in a low voice and she looked at Mr. Dulcet and then she nodded and followed the trooper out of the room.

Dulcet said Professor Bagby what the devil is all this? I don't know sir said Mr. Dulcet We just came in and found you here—er like this. Everybody outside please said Dr. Bingley suddenly awakening to the danger of a scandal involving the college. And he took the newspaper men outside and explained that there had been a mistake and that Professor Bagby had merely been engaged in an experiment.

I don't understand this at all Dulcet said the professor. I don't either sir said Mr. Dulcet wrapping a piece of tapestry about his employer in lieu of a dressing gown. H'm said the professor. What day is it? Thursday sir said Mr. Dulcet and the professor glanced up at the clock and said Good heavens! I shall be late for my lecture! and he wrapped the tapestry about him and hurried off to get dressed.

Well Mr. Dulcet went up to his quarters but the Princess was gone and so were her clothes and all of Mr. Dulcet's money. And on the dresser was a note which said Father was right I could never live with a butler. Hell said Mr. Dulcet and then the bell rang and he went to the professor's room and said Did you ring sir? And the professor said See here Dulcet why does this calendar say March 7th? Because it *is* March 7th sir said Mr. Dulcet. Good gracious said the professor I must be getting absent-minded for I thought it was April. No sir said Mr. Dulcet. Is that all sir? No said the professor there was a young woman downstairs and haven't I seen her before somewhere? I think not sir said Mr. Dulcet She was just—ah—just a young woman. And excuse me sir isn't it time for your lecture? Dear me so it is said the professor. Get my coat. And he said I would like an early dinner tonight. I seem to be very hungry. Did I forget my lunch today? I'm afraid you did sir said Mr. Dulcet. So the professor bawled him out good for letting him forget his lunch and then he went to his lecture and Mr. Dulcet heaved a sigh and went downstairs and ordered the dinner. ⌗



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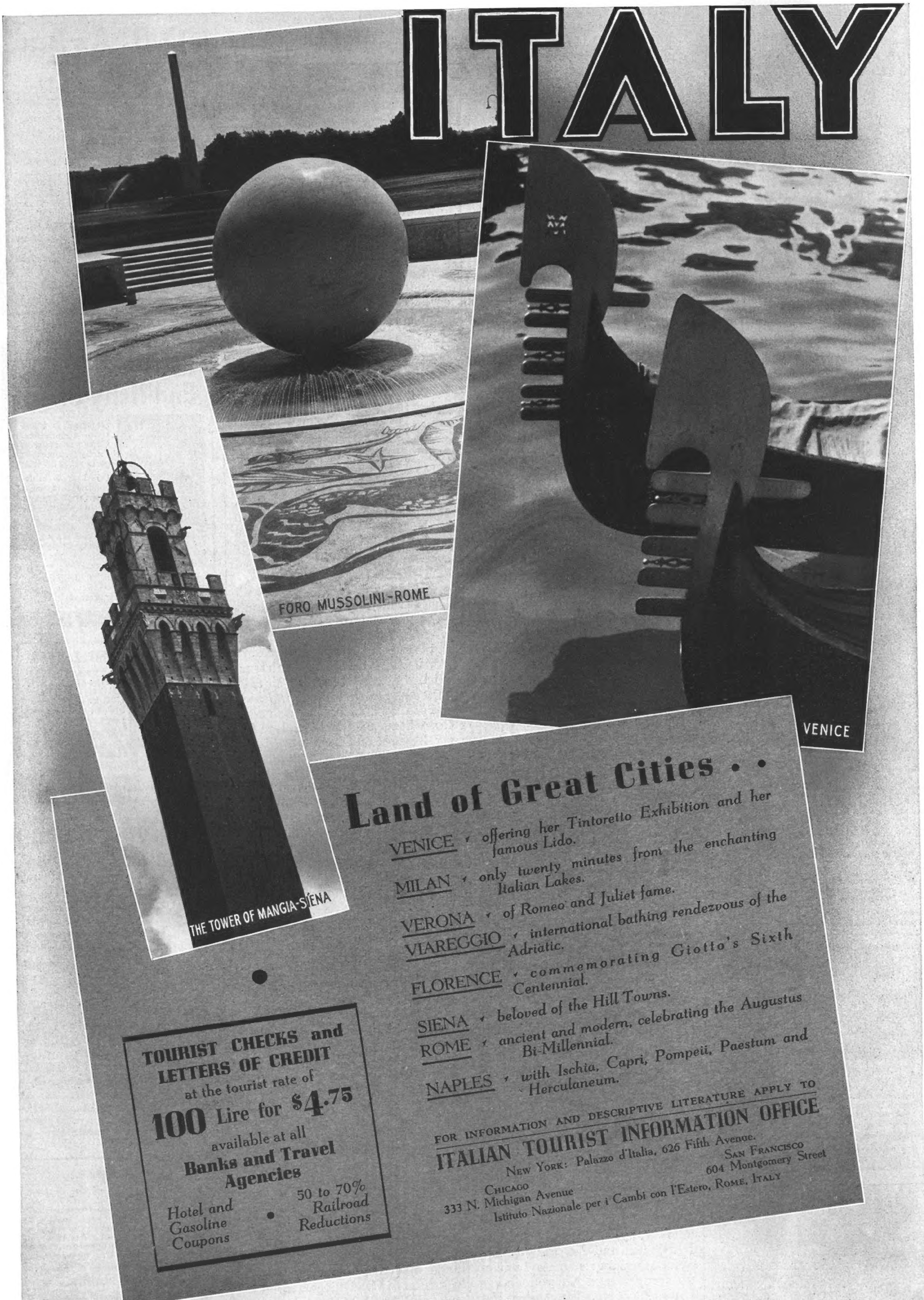

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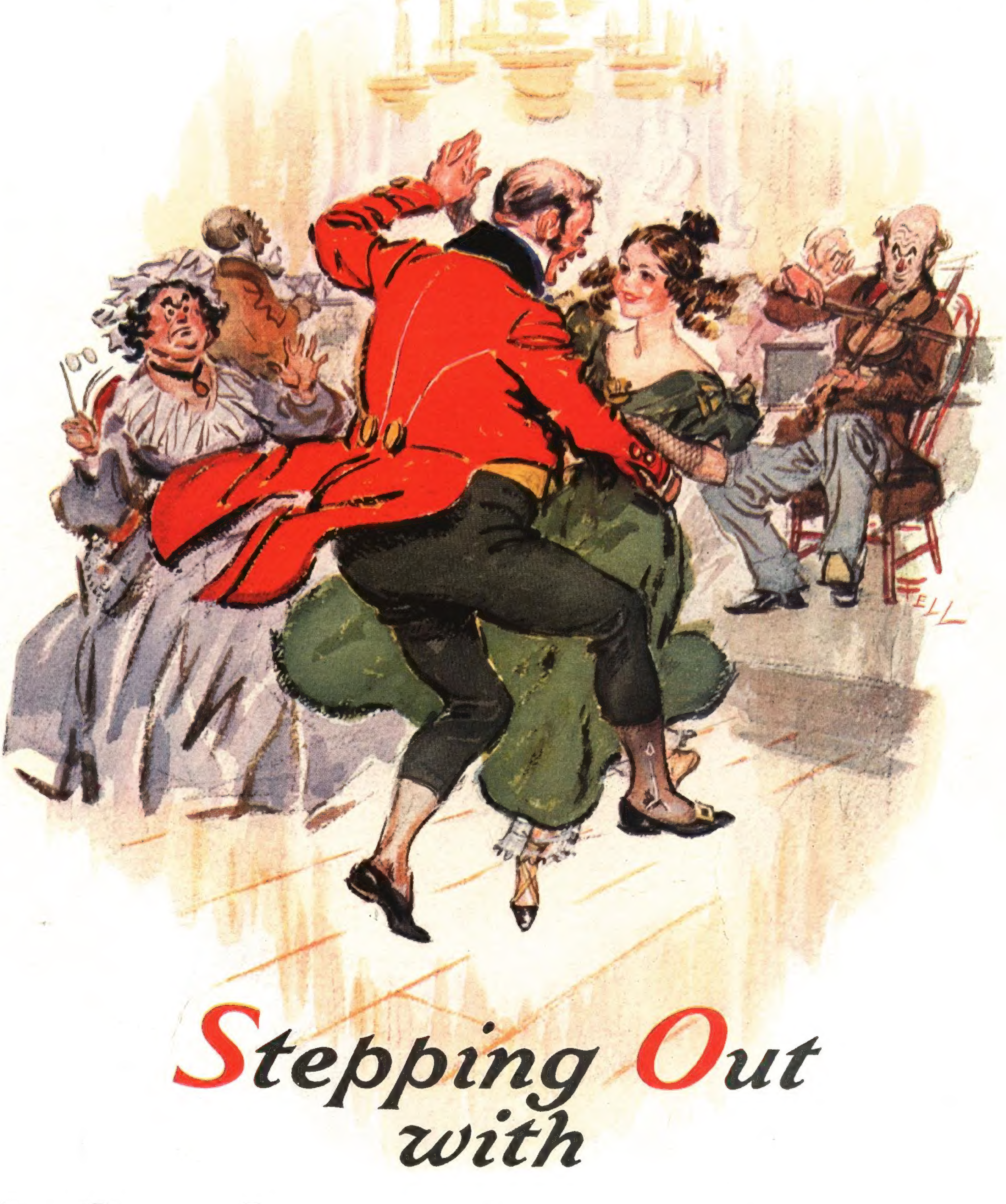

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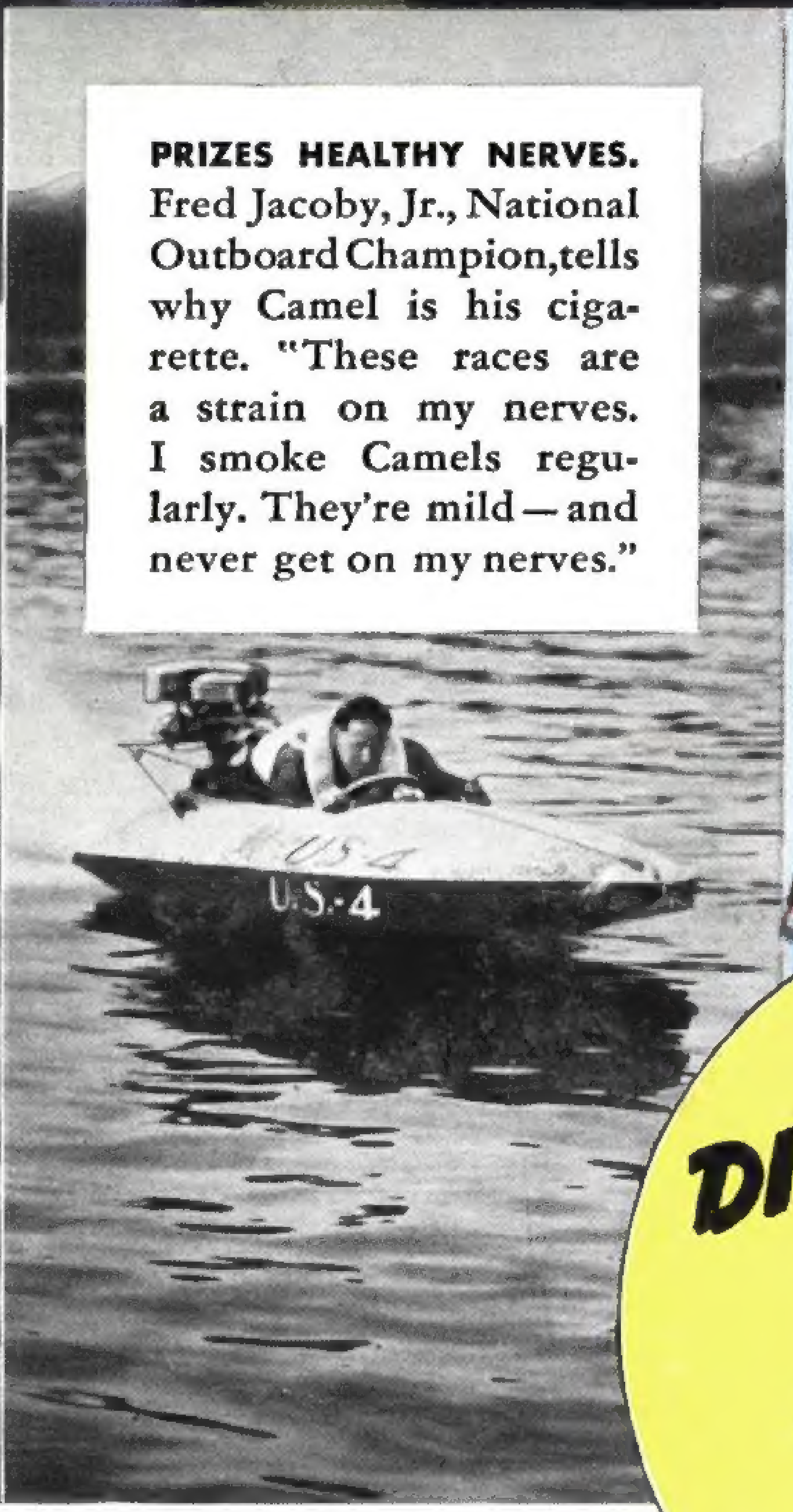

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